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Editor's Notes

MEMBERSHIP IN THE EMERSON SOCIETY will cost $4.00 a year beginning with the present issue.

AN EMERSON INDEX, a new tool for researchers, in a limited edition, is announced following page 115. Libraries should order at once.

THE COLORFUL INSERT on page 21 was supplied by Charles E. Feinberg, Esq., who has encouraged Emerson research on many fronts.

IF THERE IS A RED CHECK MARK in the little box, your membership expires with this issue. Please send your $4.00 promptly.

THE LITTLE POND – WHAT IT MEANS TO US

By THE EDITOR

First of all, Walden Pond is a symbol of our country's richest literary movement, the American Renaissance, which for many reasons—one of them being its natural beauty—centered in Concord-on-Musketaquit-near-Walden. As the little town's most notable landmark —not trademark—the Pond is associated with Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Alcott and their fellows, who wrote enduring literature beside its shores.

Second, Walden is the only lake in the world with an adequate biography or "family history." It has no peer in this respect. It is a monument to a book, which, in turn, is a monument to the lake. Never ought the twain to be separated. A Coney Island can be formed out of mud and stones anywhere. Walden Pond is the rare product of Mother Nature's direct gift to men and her indirect action upon the generous human heart and imagination. If it should be violated today by politicians and the unlettered, it can never be restored.

Third, Walden was a gift to the State of Massachusetts and to its people as a perpetual preserve by the Emerson family. The terms of donation were specific. Its shores and contiguous woodlands were to be protected as a memorial, and these conditions the State of Massachusetts clearly accepted. The Emersons had it in mind especially to preserve the haunts of R. W. E. which had so often been transmuted into his best verse. Witness what he wrote of Walden Woods in Journals, VI, 263-264:

> **Wise are ye, O ancient woods! wiser than man. Whoso goeth in your paths or into your thickets where no paths are, readeth the same cheerful lesson whether he be a young child, or a hundred years old, comes he in good fortune, or bad,—ye say the same things, and from age to age. Ever the needles of the pine grow and fall, the acorns on the oak, the maples redden in autumn, and at all times of the year the ground pine and the pyrola bud and root under foot. What is called fortune and what is called Time by men—ye know them not. Men have not language to describe one moment of your eternal life. This I would ask of you, O sacred woods, when ye shall next give me somewhat to say, give me also the tune wherein to say it. Give me a tune of your own, like your winds or rains or brooks or birds; for the songs of men grow old when they have been often repeated, but yours, though a man have heard them for seventy years, are never the same, but always new, like time itself, or like love.**

Fourth, for many men and women today, as in Emerson's day, Walden has become a shrine for quiet meditation. Heaven knows how much we need these spots, and we quote Maude F. Zimmer's article, syndicated through Eastern newspapers, as a typical opinion:

I am in favor of founding a society for the preservation of the last remaining vestiges of quiet. The first step would be to locate an environment which would be both suitable and safe. We could not choose any of the places on the ground or in the air where the noise of motors and machinery would quickly destroy it. We would have to discard crowded areas where workers are building up or tearing down, and the woods and native hills echoing with the sound of vehicles speeding over the network of superhighways.

We could not consider regions where the loud voices of people at work or play are accompanied by the perpetual obbligato of television, radio, juke boxes, and piped-in background music. We would even have to avoid farms where the same background music increases the output of milk, eggs or manual labor, depending upon whether you are a cow, a hen or a hired man.

THE SEARCH FOR a sanctuary for preserving quiet becomes discouraging but not vain. Besides the faraway, hidden havens, I have discovered a few others which are easily accessible.

I know a church where the door is always open. Beneath the vaulted ceiling there is a special quiet which is more than the absence of sound. It has a positive quality which envelopes you; so that you become a part of it; and your cares and troubles are absorbed by a pure tranquillity as surely as your breath becomes a part of the peaceful air which surrounds you.

I know a library where thoughts are transmitted without words from the volume of your choice, and wisdom lies all about you like a silent harvest waiting to be garnered.

I know a museum where art treasures communicate soundlessly the messages of men who have spoken through the genius of their minds and the consummate skill of their hands.

* * *

I KNOW AN HOUR in the deep of night when your eyes are lifted up from the darkness of earth to the lighted glory of heaven; where the persistent whine of daily doubts and frustrations is absorbed by the awesome vastness of a universe moving with silent certitude toward fulfillment of a divine, unalterable plan.

There are other islands of quiet in the sea of sound which surrounds us; but, unless these refuges are protected, they too, will inevitably go the way of the dodo and the dinosar.

For fear my crusade does not capture the public imagination or is not launched in time, I feel that I should start immediately to make room for quiet. I do not know where I can find a space in my life which is not already usurped by rapidly growing tumult. Perhaps I'll just have to start with the rock in the middle of my back yard.

Fifth, the threat to Walden Pond is a threat to the idealism which once stimulated the American people. On every side, holy objects are being secularized, homes of authors are being neglected or destroyed, and literary monuments are being defaced like, for example, the attractive one in the Longfellow Memorial Park in Cambridge, from which the noses and toes have been chipped with sledge hammers. This secularization—this wilful destruction of significances—extends, today, to the desecration of churches and synagogues and to the bombing of public schools. Past ages were often negligent of important landmarks, as was the England in which grew the tree of the poet, Alexander Pope. But our generation is actively iconoclastic and wilfully destructive. Our children like "toys you destroy to enjoy." And if any of our significant treasures are to survive for our children's

children, men of good will must make a vigorous effort to protect them NOW. That is why we urge you generously to contribute to the SAVE WALDEN FUND announced below. (The list of donors we hope to publish in a future issue.) If you teach in a school or college, will you kindly ask your students to contribute a dime or a dollar to the cause? No gift will be considered too small, and all will be acknowledged.

Truman Nelson, the novelist, in an unpublished paragraph which he has here permitted us to use, expresses the conscience that is speaking in many of us within the Emerson Society. He has been on the special committee in the Greater Boston area which has experienced the inconveniences of the current legal action and, in one or two cases, mild martyrdom. Whether you agree with him in all particulars does not matter in this emergency. We can save Walden Pond for the future, if we will bear a share of the burden NOW!!

> Of the five work horses of the Save Walden Committee, I was the only one not to testify. I feel guilty about this, seeing the punishment the others endured, standing in a pillory where their professional status was debased, their honesty disputed, their breakdown and failure the object of their questioners. I knew they were trembling inwardly for fear they would not say the right thing and be condemned as snobs or as 'against the people.' But I knew if I went on the stand and swore to tell the truth, I would not say the <u>right</u> thing but disastrously the wrong thing. I would say to hell with the People if they keep waving the bulldozers on to make every wild irregularity in the country, level, accessible and convenient, with plenty of parking and clean rest rooms. And to hell with the Red Cross if they think their pious public service is more important than the preservation, in its wholeness, of this monument to a book. I have a few pieties of my own to defend. One of them is that this little green pond should be left alone; that the buildings already there should be taken away; that if people want to go swimming, let them go as Hawthorne did; Emerson and Thoreau. If they want to have a picnic, let them sit on the ground and carry their garbage off the premises entirely. If they want to fish from a boat, let them carry it in on their backs. Let the People go on building their broad and flat churches and their narrow and tall churches and leave my green and crystal one alone. I do not use yours for a recreational facility, to bathe in, to loll in, for a comfort station, for a cook-out. Let Walden alone!

CHECKS AND MONEY-ORDERS SHOULD BE MADE PAYABLE TO: "SAVE WALDEN FUND---EMERSON SOCIETY"
AND MAILED TO OUR USUAL ADDRESS: THE EMERSON SOCIETY
P. O. Box 1080
Hartford 1, Connecticut.

ALL REMITTANCES WILL BE ACKNOWLEDGED. ALL DONORS WILL BE LISTED IN A FUTURE ISSUE.

EMERSON

By LEONARD B. GRAY

New England culture flowed in you
From many generations back
And you became its flowering.
To little Concord, you withdrew
To light a lamp of truth that shone
Afar and lit the minds of men
In many lands and down long time.
Your roots were in New England's soil
But no frontier could stake and hold
The far-ranged sweeping of your mind
Nor quell your zeal to carry truth.
You had the spirit of the West
And went far west to blaze new trails
For strong and eager pioneers
Who found in you a pioneer.
You were an universal man
Whose mind encompassed all mankind
And what the eagerness of men
Had found in many realms of thought.
Amid the human mud and scum
You saw divinity in men,
Their discontents and restless dreams
That kept them reaching for the stars;
And so you flung before their eyes
Far-off horizons of bright hope
And roused their souls with robust faith
In their own powers to scale the heights.

EMERSON AMONG THE LITERATI OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY

By THE EDITOR

On the list of resident and corresponding members of the Massachusetts Historical Society (See its <u>Handbook</u>, Boston, 1949), Emerson appears in the following company:

Henry W. Longfellow
James R. Lowell
Robert Southey
John Lothrop Motley
Sir Walter Scott
Sir Francis Palgrave
William Cullen Bryant
Richard Henry Dana
Ralph Waldo Emerson
Oliver Wendell Holmes
Washington Irving
Bp. George Burgess
Henry Hart Milman
Thomas Carlyle
August Wilhelm Schlegel
William H. Prescott
James Kirke Paulding

POPE'S TREE.

[Pope's Tree, at Binfield, Berks.]

The village of Binfield, in Berkshire, situated about seven miles west of Windsor, and within the precinct of the forest, is remarkable from having been the residence of Alexander Pope, during his early years. The father of the poet, having accumulated a considerable fortune by business in London, retired to this place during the infancy of his son, and here purchased a house and estate.

Speaking of this house, which, although probably much altered from its original state, is still standing, Pope calls it

> "my paternal cell.
> A little house, with trees a-row,
> And, like its master, very low."

About half-a-mile from the house, an interesting memorial of the poet still remains, or at least did so a few years since, when the writer last visited the spot. There is here a fine grove of beeches, pleasantly situated on the gentle slope of a hill, which commands an agreeable though not extensive view of the surrounding country. This grove was a favourite resort of Pope's, who is said to have composed many of his earlier pieces sitting under the shade of one of the trees, below which a seat was then placed. The recollection of this circumstance was preserved by Lady Gower, an admirer of the poet, who caused the words "Here Pope sung" to be cut in large letters in the bark, at some height from the ground; and as this inscription, at the time we mention, was distinctly legible, it was no doubt, at one period, occasionally renewed.

About twelve years ago, when first seen by the writer the tree was standing in a sound state, and apparently little injured by time, although the bark, to the height of seven or eight feet, was nearly covered with the names of visiters, many of which, with the dates, were cut deeply into it.

This interesting relic of the poet (if still in existence) will not, however, endure much longer. When the writer last saw it, a year or two after his first visit, it presented a sad appearance of dilapidation, the upper part of the tree having been entirely broken off by a violent storm which had happened a short time previous, and lying prostrate on the ground, stripped of its branches, as shown in the annexed drawing, which was made at the time.

It is somewhat remarkable that none of the neighbouring trees were injured by the storm, which thus destroyed the object which, for near a century, had consecrated the spot.

— The Penny Magazine, IV, no. 185 (Feb. 21, 1835), pp. 65-66.

WALDEN IMPROVED. A close up of the new road to the shore. (Photo by Keith Martin)

THE WALDEN POND OF R. W. EMERSON

By TRUMAN NELSON

For ten years before the other fellow took title to it, Emerson had been slipping out of his back door at Concord and through the low and tawny meadow, across the Mill Brook and up the grassy lane to Walden. It is sometimes overlooked that this little green pond (so much in the news these days because of the destruction by chain saw and bulldozer of the tree-covered hillside at its northeast corner) germinated not one, but two of the world's masterworks. Emerson's Essays and Thoreau's Walden are a pretty good yield for some eighty acres of Yankee woodlots, still covered for the most part with arrowy pines and hale oaks rising from a tangle of blueberry bushes, wild pepper, cinquefoil, johnswort and the like—so richly pungent that a good herbalist can joyously smell his way clear around the sixty acres, enjoying perennial spring in their midst. No wonder Emerson took time out from a life of advocating the just man poised on himself, who needed neither property nor authority, to buy up or act as trustee for most of these eighty acres. This in order to keep their tonic wildness pure and whole.

He was so aware of his debt to Walden that he considered calling his best known book "FOREST" ESSAYS. Everything in it, he said, came from his woodland walks. But the reader is hard put to find any configuration of the humble pond in the orbiting sonorities of "Self-Reliance," "Compensation" and the "Over-Soul." Emerson saw it and used it, not as a predictable microcosm of man's earth, as Thoreau did, but as a lens through which the mutable universe converged, illuminating the shadowy landscape of the human spirit. The symbol fits the pond right well, although it is not perfectly round like a real lens, but rather, with its east-west elongation, the shape of a boy's kite reflected in softly rippled water. Its thick-wooded shores, rising sharply, have the effect of an enclosing and focusing ring and screen out the world he called the painful kingdom of time and place. The hour at which he liked Walden water best was when it lay as a pit of splendor, a deposit of still light, not radiant. At other times it was a dazzling crystal, for it was, and still is, entirely spring-fed from depths which lie concentrically over a hundred feet from its blue-tinged surface.

Every student knows that Emerson's conceptual thinking and composing were done away from his study, in the austere woods. This does not wholly account for the passionate attachment he had for Walden. Its real leverage for him lay in the deep therapeutic effect it had on the anguish, tension and confusion he felt about the past, which was blocking the communication of his real personality. When he moved into his Concord house he had just suffered the loss in five years of two brothers and a bride of eighteen months—from TB, a family scourge which he knew was active in his own body. "Infinite compunctions embitter each of these dead names and all who surrounded them," he wrote in his journal. They haunted his study. He tried working in his garden to drive out the languors they laid on his spirit only to find himself unbearably inept. ("Papa, I wish you would not dig your leg," chided his little boy.) The myriad new life of Walden exorcised the dead past and his own death fears. There was another guilt begetter. His well-known sequence of revolt against authoritarian preaching, a literal scripture and anything which tended to limit man's right of private judgment brought hundreds of would-be disciples to his door. They wanted him to lead a transcendental revolution, but he could not submit to having messiahship thrust upon him. His frame for man was not the cult, the sect, the party, but the galaxy. He turned them away with contrition, for he was emotionally nubile to reform all his life. "In my heart I beseech them, begone...and I flee to the secretest hemlock shade in Walden wood to recover my self-respect."

He was not a sentimentalist and paid for all debts incurred, despising those with that impulse for generosity which costs them nothing. In the fall of 1844 he encountered some men selling a field at Walden, and although he was barely solvent financially he bought it, rightly, he thought, because "for years I have had a sort of daily occupancy in it." The next day he decided the pines in the abutting woodlot might get cut down and bought that too. Walking there one day with Henry Thoreau, he heard him complain most eloquently that Society's selfish institutions were crowding him out of nature. He begged Thoreau, having this maggot of freedom in him, to write it all out in good poetry and free himself of it. But Thoreau had a better idea. He got permission from the new landlord of Walden, built himself a hut there in 1845, and lived out his protest in some of the best prose ever written. Emerson put a clause into his will, leaving Thoreau this land, and bought a parcel across the pond and began to plan a hut of his own. This was to be more of a "petty tower" perched on a rocky head rising sixty feet from the shore, a favorite loafing place that he called "My Garden" and wrote a poem about. From this ledge he could see cherished images of polarity—Monadnoc and the pond, the mountain mass for strength and the fluid for the tender core. Bronson Alcott was to be his builder and he invited Thomas Carlyle to come and abide with him there while they grappled with the infinitudes of the private man.

This project never materialized, and Thoreau, after two years' residence in the woods, felt that he had confronted all the essential facts of life and moved back into town to publish its meanness and sublimity and prepare for a farther excursion. Emerson cancelled him out of his will and began to set his mind to the problem of preserving the real aura and wholeness of Walden for all time. In 1866, he thought he had closed the ring around the pond against mercenary intrusion. His friend John Murray Forbes bought fifteen acres near the railroad track, and George Heywood, a sympathetic local banker, had control of the horseshoe bend at the east end. The only unguarded spot was a trifling strip of less than an acre along the railroad right of way. A demon promoter working for the Fitchburg Railroad induced his bosses into creating a picnic ground here, and they jammed into the strip a hideous melange of gaudy bath houses, bowling alleys, a dance hall, a band stand and other dollar-making devices to be fed by frequent excursion trains. The faithful complained that Walden, now hallowed by the dead genius, Henry Thoreau, was irretrievably ruined. Emerson was urged on all sides to sell and get out. His answer was: "I am willing to let my land lie, in spite of the Fitchburg Railroad, so long as it continues to give me forty cords of wood every winter."

In due time a most fortunate fire permanently cauterized the catch-penny ulcer on the railroad strip. Emerson never sold a square foot of his beautiful woods. His daughter Edith, of all his children the most aware of his powerful and even sacrificial passion for his woodlots, asked him why he hung on so. "I will keep these woods until everything else is gone," he told her. "It is my camel's hump. When a camel is starving in the desert he eats his own hump." It was Edith, when near death herself, who arranged in 1922 that the Heywoods', Forbeses' and her father's holdings be given to the State as a memorial to Emerson and Thoreau and thereby prevent threatened speculation in house lots and the building of a sanitorium there. The conditions were carefully thought out. The deed states that it is "the sole and exclusive purpose of the conveyance to aid the Commonwealth in preserving the Walden of Emerson and Thoreau, its shores and woodlands for the public who wish to enjoy the pond, the woods and nature (as they had always been free to do in Emerson's time). The right to "bathing and picnicking" was also included with the understanding that these forms of recreation would be spontaneously enjoyed without impairing the area's natural features and without being organized so as to be inconsistent with the traditional concept of the place as a genuine, though humble, bit of wilderness. The administration of the site was turned over to the Middlesex County Commissioners.

The ink was hardly dry on the deed of gift before the Commissioners erected ugly bath houses on the natural beach at the east end. Many people, including the Emerson family, judged this a violation of the agreement that no facilities be added out of harmony with the pond's "woodland character." The issue was fogged somewhat by the buildings being inserted in such a way that no trees were cut down and the green perimeter of the pond was left unbroken. Also, the donors were old and ailing, and the Commissioners mitigated the incident by promising to restore the woods by reforestration to the condition they were in at the time of Emerson and Thoreau. This promise was not kept, and the Commissioners of today admit that well over ninety percent of the money allotted to Walden goes to the beach facilities. Because of this long-standing neglect, conservation experts claim that unchecked erosion of the banks and trails has brought the whole area close to ruin. Nevertheless, when the Massachusetts Legislature voted $50,000 this year for Walden, the first $9,000 was spent for chain saw crews to destroy nearly two hundred full-grown oaks and pines and innumerable saplings. The chain saws were followed by bulldozers, which attacked the beautiful slope of moraine with its leafy undergrowth and used it as a gravel pit, excavating tons of the forest humus and topsoil and pushing it into the water to make an artificial beach. The rest of the money was intended for a twenty-foot-wide, black-top hair-pin road from the highway to the water's edge and a hundred-foot, cinder-block bath house along the now barren shore. Nothing whatever was done about the tragically eroded path not twenty feet from the evacuated area.

The attack was so brutal and sudden (the entire operation took only fourteen days) that the Thoreau Society alone, in Concord for its annual meeting, was in position to mount a counter-offensive. This group is exquisitely unfitted for massed militancy. It gathers just once a year from all over the country to listen to some "papers" and then atomizes into bemused solitaries marching off to Walden, each to the sound of a different drum. But sight of those hell's acres of dusty death—the raw cut where the green peace of this great literary monument had been breached—and the awareness that from now on the roar, glitter and affront of highway traffic would be visible from all quadrants of the encircling path, resolved them into appointing a committee to demand of the County Commissioners why this obvious and senseless violation of the agreement to preserve Walden had occurred. The committee went forth to confront abysmal ignorance and found instead that they were up against a firm stance of civic virtue.

It had all been done at the request of two solid citizens of Concord, one representing the local Red Cross Chapter, the other, the town Recreation Committee. The new beach and its planned facilities were for the worthy and exclusive use of the Red Cross Swimming Program. Concord itself was destroying Walden—the Concord Emerson had called over a hundred years before "that craving, thankless town."

By indignation and retort which aroused answering echoes all over the world, the Thoreau Society tried to shame those who were so generous about giving away that which they did not own and which cost them nothing into letting Walden be. A fair compromise, they thought, was to let the Red Cross keep their artificial beach and use the existing facilities not more than two or three hundred feet away. But the Red Cross insisted on going the whole hog, and the Recreation Committee solidly backed them up.

Many people thought that Walden had been lost long ago. Others, like myself, seeing the site of the railroad honky-tonk now obliterated by new green growths, remembered that Emerson and Thoreau had seen this beloved acreage maimed and burned time and time again only to heal itself with shoots and then saplings and then tall-springing young trees climbing towards the light. Walden is a garden, after all. "Self-sown my stately garden grows; the wind and wind-blown seed, cold April rain and colder snows, my hedges plant and feed," Emerson had chanted on his towering ledge. This is the last place in the world to give up faith in renewal and replenishment: the noble men whose memorial this is were the very prophets of the power of nature and man to rise above accident and ignorance to freshen and restore themselves.

The Thoreau Society is backing a bill to be offered to the next session of the Massachusetts Legislature to place the reservation under the State Department of Natural Resources where it can be intelligently restored and preserved. But all Thoreau's magic and all Thoreau's men cannot put Walden together again once the black top and cement are laid down. A court case whose costs are bleeding the Society white has already brought about an injunction commanding the Commissioners "to desist from destroying the shores and nearby woodlands of Walden by the erection of bath houses and the construction of paved roadways to the shore." But this is only temporary: the real question must go before a Master now to winnow the facts and then to the Massachusetts Supreme Court to judge if Emerson's loving, straitening and legal guardianship of the most seminal of woodlots and his family's gift of them to the people of the world are to add up to their being "preserved" as just another suburban swimming pool with accompanying black-top roads, artificial beaches and cement bath houses. So it is Emerson's title that will save Walden in the end, if it can be saved.

WALDEN—The tranquility of the famous pond—which inspired Emerson as well as Thoreau—is being threatened by a beach-building program.

Shores of Strife

By TRUMAN NELSON

THE controversy over whether the shores of Walden Pond should remain immune from bulldozer attacks by the Middlesex County Commissioners in an effort to enlarge beach facilities there—the case recently came up for hearings in a Cambridge court—would have grieved Ralph Waldo Emerson of Concord. For Emerson—although the fact is not always remembered — also drew stimulus from the tonic wildness of these eighty acres of Yankee woodlots, surrounding a pond as clear as a perennial spring. Two masterworks, not one, germinated there: Emerson's "Essays" as well as Thoreau's "Walden."

For ten years before Thoreau built his hut there (he built it on land owned by Emerson, at the latter's invitation), Emerson had been slipping out the back door of his house in Concord and through the low and tawny meadow, across the Mill Brook and up the grassy lane to Walden. He was so aware of his debt to the place that he considered calling his best-known book "Forest Essays." Everything in it, he said, came from his woodland walks.

YET the fact that he could compose there does not wholly account for the passionate attachment he had for Walden. Its real leverage lay for him in the effect it had of freeing him from the anguish, tension and confusion he felt about the past—tensions that were blocking the communication of his real personality. When Emerson moved into his house in Concord in 1835, he had just suffered the loss, in five years, of two brothers and a bride of eighteen months from tuberculosis, a family scourge he knew to be active in his own body.

"Infinite compunctions embitter each of these dead names and all who surrounded them," he wrote in his journal. They haunted his study. He tried working in his garden, only to find himself unbearably inept. It was only the myriad new life of Walden that exorcized the dead, past and his own death fears.

IN the fall of 1844, Emerson encountered some men selling a field at Walden. Although he was barely solvent, he bought it—rightly, he thought, because "for years I have had a sort of daily occupancy of it." The next day he decided that the pines in the abutting woodlot might be cut down and purchased that plot, too. Walking there one day with Henry Thoreau, he listened to his young friend describing how society's selfish institutions were crowding him out of nature. Emerson thought Thoreau should write it out in poetry. But Thoreau had a better idea. With permission from the new landlord of Walden, he built himself a hut there in 1845 and lived out his protest in great prose over a space of two years.

Emerson, meantime, purchased another parcel of land across the pond (he planned to build a "pretty tower" of his own there, but the project did not materialize) and set his mind to preserving the aura and wholeness of Walden for all time. By 1866, he thought he had closed a ring around the pond against mercenary or defiling intrusion. His friend, John Murray Forbes, bought fifteen acres near the Fitchburg Railroad's tracks and George Heywood, a sympathetic local banker, had control of the horseshoe bend at the east end.

Rptd. from The New York Times Magazine of April 27, 1958, with the permission of The Times and Truman Nelson.

The only unguarded spot was a trifling strip of less than an acre along the railroad's right of way. A demon promoter working for the railroad talked his bosses into creating a picnic ground here and they jammed into the strip a hideous array of gaudy bathhouses and bowling alleys, a dance hall, bandstand and other dollar-making devices to be fed by frequent excursion trains. The faithful complained that Walden, now hallowed by the dead (aged 45) genius, Henry Thoreau, was irretrievably ruined. Emerson was urged on all sides to sell and get out. His answer was: "I am willing to let my land lie, in spite of the Fitchburg Railroad, so long as it continues to give me forty cords of wood every winter."

IN due time, a most fortunate fire permanently cauterized the catchpenny ulcer on the railroad strip. Emerson, who did not die until 1882, never sold a square foot of his beautiful woods. His daughter, Edith, of all his children the most aware of his powerful and even sacrificial passion for his woodlots, asked him why he hung on so. "I will keep these woods until everything else is gone," he told her.

It was Edith, near death herself in 1922, who arranged that her father's holdings, with those of Heywood and Forbes, be given to the state as a memorial to Emerson and Thoreau and to prevent threatened speculation in house lots and the building of a sanitarium there. The conditions were carefully thought out. The deed states that it is "the sole and exclusive purpose of the conveyance to aid the Commonwealth in preserving the Walden of Emerson and Thoreau, its shores and woodlands for the public who wish to enjoy the pond, the woods and nature." The right to bathing and picnicking was included, with the understanding that these forms of recreation would be enjoyed without impairing the area's natural features. The administration of the site was turned over to the Middlesex County Commissioners.

The ink was hardly dry on the deed before the commissioners erected ugly bathhouses on the natural beach at the east end. Many people, including the Emerson family, judged this a violation of the agreement that no facilities be added out of harmony with the pond's "woodland character." The issue was fogged somewhat by the fact that the buildings were inserted in such a way that no trees were cut down and the green perimeter of the pond was thereby left unbroken.

THE damage wrought to the shores last year was more obvious. The first $9,000 of the $50,000 voted by the Massachusetts Legislature for the improvement of Walden was spent on a chain-saw program which destroyed nearly 200 full-grown oaks and pines and innumerable saplings. The chain-saws were followed by bulldozer crews, who excavated tons of forest humus and topsoil from the ravaged slopes and pushed it into the pond to form an artificial beach. The rest of the money was intended for a twenty-foot-wide, blacktop road from the highway to the water's edge and a hundred-foot cinder-block bathhouse along the now barren shore.

THE attack was so brutal and sudden (the entire operation took only two days) that the Thoreau Society, in Concord for its annual meeting, was the only group in position to mount a counter-offensive. This group is exquisitely unfitted for militancy. It meets just once a year, listens to some "papers" and then breaks up into bemused solitaries marching off to Walden, each to the sound of a different drum. But the sight of those hell's acres of dusty death spurred the society's members to appoint a committee to demand of the county commissioners why this obvious and senseless violation of the agreement to preserve Walden had occurred.

The committee went forth, thinking to find abysmal ignorance, and found instead that it was up against a firm stand of civic virtue. The cutting and excavating had all been done at the request of two solid citizens of Concord, one representing the local Red Cross chapter, the other the town's recreation committee. The new beach and its planned facilities were for the worthy and exclusive use of the Red Cross swimming program. Concord itself was destroying Walden, the Concord Emerson had called over a hundred years ago "that craving, thankless town."

The Thoreau Society suggested what it thought was a fair compromise: let the Red Cross keep the artificial beach, but use the existing bathhouse facilities not far away. But the Red Cross insisted on going the whole hog and the recreation committee solidly backed it up.

THE society is now backing a bill, to be offered at the current session of the Massachusetts Legislature, to place the reservation under the state's Department of Natural Resources. A suit brought by the society at considerable cost has so far resulted in an injunction ordering the commissioners "to desist from destroying the shores and nearby woodlands of Walden by the erection of bathhouses and the construction of paved roadways to the shore." And a master has been hearing testimony from the Thoreau Society and the commissioners in a Cambridge court.

But this is only temporary. The case must eventually go before the Massachusetts Supreme Court if we are to have a ruling on whether Emerson's loving—and legal—guardianship of these woodlots shall be honored as he would have wished. It is Emerson's title to the acreage that will save Walden in the end—if, indeed, it can be saved.

WALDEN ON TRIAL . . *by Truman Nelson*

From The Nation
July 19, 1958.

FOR SOME TIME now I have been looking for a small, Archimedean piece of earth on which to base a larger-than-life thrust against the cloying and crushing inertia of people who can no longer be outraged, who simply do not care any more. Having burned my fingers often in dangerous causes, this time I wanted a cause to suit my natural timidity, restricted spare time and peaceable mold of mind — something pear-shaped and inoffensive, without coloration from the Left or from the Right, and preferably without any political content at all.

On July 13, 1957, I thought I had found it when, at the annual meeting of the Thoreau Society, we were all shocked by the news that Walden had been invaded by chain saw and bulldozer and that over an acre and a half of the beautiful slope and scalloped shore line had been stripped of its trees and undergrowth and its top soil excavated to a considerable depth and dozed into the clear waters of the pond to make an artificial beach. Visiting the pond later as a member of the Save Walden Committee, I found that this dusty wound was only the incision for perpetual disfigurements; that a cinder-block bathhouse, one hundred feet long, twenty feet wide and twelve feet high, would be set along the water's edge. From it would come the creeping horror of a black-top road twenty feet wide, snaking up the ravaged shore in a deep bend to an enlarged parking lot where up to now there had stood a thick screen of ancient oaks against the abrasive intrusion of a mechanical world.

Never, it seemed to me, had there been a clearer call for action from principle; never a more gross violation of public trust. This land had been given to the people of Massachusetts by Emerson's children and friends as an evergreen memorial to the two great and noble men. There have been bathing facilities there for years, a concession faint-hearted purists have made to public administration, but they were cautiously installed on a natural beach without destruction of the enveloping tree screen or the natural slope and cover. It said in the deed of gift, "the sole and exclusive purpose of the conveyance is to aid the Commonwealth in preserving the Walden of Emerson and Thoreau, its shores and woodlands, for the public who wish to enjoy the pond, the woods and nature."

NINE MONTHS later I sat on a hard seat in a hot courtroom in East Cambridge, sadly pondering the high cost of action from principle as five lawyers, a Master and a court stenographer ground out ten days of small legalisms at the staggering collective expense of $1,000 per day. The man for whom this site is venerated had already put its values on trial, 130 years ago. *His* budget for truth-seeking was $28.12½ for a house, $18.14 for eighteen months' subsistence. The land itself had been bought by Emerson for $8.08 per acre; the rent paid by Thoreau was a masterpiece.

We tried to explain the lien of immortality on this little Yankee woodlot to the men behind the bulldozers in three rather tense meetings. They listened politely but uncomprehendingly and at last we had to sue for a temporary injunction against the Middlesex County Commissioners, the custodians of the pond, restraining them from altering or destroying the shores and nearby woodlands. This was granted by a Superior Court judge, after viewing the havoc, in a matter of minutes. But we were told that a permanent solution involved questions of law which should be decided by the Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth.

To save time and money, His Honor suggested that the facts in the case be stipulated by both parties and a trial avoided. We agreed, believing the facts were clear enough; no one would deny that the trees were down and the bank scooped out; and the commissioners had supplied the plaintiffs with a blueprint of future plans showing the location and the girth of every tree removed and the altered contour of the slope.

The judge's practical suggestion was adamantly resisted by the commissioners, who insisted on going through with the trial in the hope perhaps that the society, with its resources based on dues of one dollar per year, might fall by the wayside, worn out by this contrived attrition. It did not seem to bother them that this was sheer cannibalism, for the commissioners' legal expenses would also have to be paid by us and the other citizens of Massachusetts who have already lost nearly a hundred beautiful trees and their uniquely historical setting.

On April 7, the trial began and the commissioners' lawyers at once created a turbulent atmosphere of combat and tension, although there was no jury to be emotionally affected, not even a judge, but a most patient and forbearing gentleman-Master, so mindful of the historic significance of his stint that he allowed the fullest latitude possible under the law to avoid a time-wasting review later on under some technicality.

For instance, the commissioners' lawyers, with the ferocity and cunning required to keep a client out of the electric chair, resisted the introduction of a report in which twelve distinguished men of letters, four of them Pulitzer Prize-winners, agreed to meet with the commissioners and discuss the significance of Walden. The document also contained recommendations made by Walter Gropius and Norman Newton, who is president of the American Society of Landscape Architects, as to the condition and future of the pond, made on the spot at our request and at a survey arranged for the accommodation of the chief commissioner, who did not show up. Our lawyer and members of the committee had seen this report handed to the commissioner, or laid on his desk. Now he rejected it out of hand; said he did not read it because it had not been properly signed. It was kept out of the trial record for the same reason: certain objec-

tions by the commissioners' lawyers made it mandatory for the Master to exclude it unless we fulfilled some technicalities which, at that stage, could drag the trial on another day. So the point was dropped while one of the commissioners' lawyers shouted, "The people in the report are nothing but rabble-rousers!"

The personality of this lawyer set the tone of the hearing. He adopted the role of Public Prosecutor, defending the right of elected officials to use their judgment in any matter under their jurisdiction without being questioned and harassed by a mere citizen. He implied that there is something sinister about calling commissioners to account. He was tiresomely loud-mouthed, swaggering and pompous. No trick of the criminal courts was too coarse or brutal for him to use against our witnesses. His first question put to them was: Are they not prejudiced because they belong to the society and are appearing as experts for nothing? (As if getting paid for their opinions would have made them impartial.) Then he calls them evasive because they cannot answer all his questions yes or no.

He kept our landscape architect, who holds a Master's from Yale, under cross-examination for six and a half hours, sometimes catechizing her from a book—which he had purchased the night before—with such primitive absurdities as, "What are the three elements of Landscape Architecture?" and expecting her to answer in the exact words on the page. He demanded the names and addresses of her clients, writing them down as if he were going to investigate them all as to her competence. For a whole day, he tried to get her to admit that if she knew her job, she could restore the stricken area to its former natural appearance, questioning in such a way that denial would be tantamount to admitting personal failure in her profession. Heroically she said no, she could not, not for a generation; and with the bathhouse there, never. He forced her close to tears when, after asking if she had ever worked for the county as a horticulturist and receiving a yes answer, he triumphantly produced a card he had ransacked from the files made available to him at the commissioners' office, listing her as a Home Demonstrator. She explained to him that this misnomer was due to some arcane arrangement of the payroll department. But she stood as a perjurer until she brought in the retired chief of her department the following day who swore that she was, indeed, employed as a horticulturist.

WHILE this licensed brutality was going on, Edward Forbes, a grandson of Emerson, came into the courtroom. He is a tall, erect man of eighty-five with an incomparable gentleness of manner and a striking resemblance to his grandfather. He quietly took a seat in the front row beside me, but the prosecutor, now so absorbed in his inquisitorial role that he could no more be cut off than a siren once the string is pulled, whirled around and advanced on him with heavy, perhaps unconscious, annoyance at the extraneous movement. Mr. Forbes, startled at this threatening approach and never having been in a courtroom before, got to his feet to defend himself. The prosecutor then rudely turned away and went back to his browbeating examination while Mr. Forbes again sat down with a baffled look. "Can't somebody stop him?" he asked me after listening a moment or two.

Later, Mr. Forbes was put on the stand and was questioned very gingerly by our lawyer so as not to bring down an attack from the ravening wolfpack on so sensitive a witness. His evidence was that he had been at Walden in 1922, the time of the gift, and recently, and that there had been changes. Even so much was admitted only under a tommygun fusillade of objections. He reached into his pocket for a piece of paper and the commissioners' lawyers closed in on him as if he was drawing a six-shooter. After a squabble, he was allowed to read it. It was no more than an affecting story told him by his uncle Edward, one of the donors, (his mother, Edith Emerson, was the other) about being taken out on the pond by Thoreau, who had slapped the water with his oar to make thunder in the far-off hills. Their second-string lawyer then asked him some trifling questions about his residences in Milton and Naushon, and he was dismissed with a look of massive frustration on his face, an expression well understood by me, for although I cannot claim close acquaintanceship with him, I know the Prophet's blood of his grandsire was deeply stirred in him by the sack of Walden and its uglification over the years.

This egregious evasion of truth disgusted me; surely the people of the state, who are actually paying these lawyers' fees, have the right to know the opinions of the man who by the strongest ties of blood and recollection, could give the best evidence of what the preservation of Walden really means.

OUR last witness was a gifted architect and planner, with a Master's from Harvard, and who lives a half-mile from the pond. He has been so wrought up over the desecration (he calls it man fouling his own nest) that I thought he would shatter like crystal under the hammer of the Philistines. The prosecutor accused him of being a racist and a snob. "You say unauthorized people go in there. By unauthorized people you mean the newer races, don't you?" After a stunned look at the author of this vulgarity, our witness said with precision, "I do mean races. I have seen motorcycle races being held on the path around the pond." He then proceeded to put into the record clear evidence that every canon of conservation, engineering and park management had been violated at Walden for years.

Then came the commissioners' defense, already indicated by the constantly recurrent and atrociously-phrased question of the prosecutor, that was it not possible "to re-forestrate the new beach so that it conforms or assimilates to the configuration of the contiguous area"? Upholding this was a self-taught arborist who admitted to having been employed by the commissioners and looking for more work. He suggested that Walden be planted "with dogwood and colorful plants like that." There also appeared a man with a shop in which he sold seeds

and artificial manure, and described by the prosecutor as an "expert's expert." But even he could not claim to be able to grow trees on roads and bathhouses. Their last witness was the Chief County Commissioner himself, who said bluntly that he had not the slightest notion of what was meant by the "Walden of Thoreau and Emerson." He "was not contemporaneous with them." "That's right," cried the prosecutor. "Furthermore, Thoreau never owned an inch of land there and he has absolutely nothing to do with Walden now."

So it was on this piddling defense that this tragic waste of money and human powers had been expended! Judgment is now pending.

The record alone of this litigation will cost $1,800. Total legal costs to the society have now reached $4,494, of which we are many dollars short. The cost to the taxpayers is well over $50,000, and no restoration of damage has yet begun. What has made a simple act of principle so costly in this country today? Don't the people of this nation hold title to its natural resources and the great public sites that have shaped their destiny? And yet these beachheads, these commanding heights of our heritage, are almost always controlled by politicians who use them as their private property, who are generous about giving away that which they do not own and which costs them nothing; who will surrender anything at the drop of a tax rate to any promoter who can make a fast dollar from them, or to any contractor who can release, like the *Sorcerer's Apprentice,* leveling tides of black-top which engulf ancient strongholds of the people and drown them in oblivion. The beautiful profiles of old cities, the wild and tonic places of our youth, are eroding away forever; our children will never know them. Likewise our liberties.

So we must resist! In court, out of court, at any cost. These things are intended to be *inalienable.* The wholeness, the evergreenness of Walden Pond, a monument to a book—what are court costs compared to the preservation of this? For the beauty and the genius and the replenishment Thoreau and Emerson have created is, for mankind, inalienable.

Picture Collection, N.Y. Public Library

Walden Pond (Drawing by R. Ruzicka)

Master's Report Critical Of County Management

Attorney Nelson B. Vanderhoof who heard the Walden Pond case for two weeks last April has filed his report on the facts of the complaint by the Save Walden Committee that the management of the reservation by the County Commissioners was not consistent with the terms of the deed of the gift. This is a point of law to be determined by the Superior Court on Sept. 10.

The facts were, the master reported; erosion was general throughout the entire Reservation and the Commissioners have taken no steps to remedy this condition except as they have put meadow grass sods on the slope which they bulldozed. It was unnecessary to destroy the trees and excavate the slope.

. . . I find that the respondents acted in good faith in expanding the bathing beach . . . but there still remains the question whether by increasing the facilities they violated the conditions contained in the deeds of the gift.

Shrubs and blueberry bushes such as are now growing on the Reservation should be planted on the area. This requires careful planning. There is no documentary evidence that the Commissioners have prepared such a plan. There was a reference to a 20-year plan by Commissioner Brennan but no details of a plan to replant the denuded area or to check erosion were introduced in evidence. The Commissioners on April 16 had expended $29,007.31 of the $50,000 authorized by the Legislature in 1957.

The Superior Court will hear the case on Sept. 10.

Concord Journal, August 21, 1958.

UNCONSCIOUSNESS IN CAMBRIDGE

THE EDITING OF THOREAU'S "LOST JOURNAL" *

By ODELL SHEPARD

The first, best, and most important thing to say about this perplexing book is that it brings us a considerable mass of Thoreau's writing which has hitherto been accessible to few readers, and to them only under severe restrictions. Here are the contents of the third among the thirty-nine notebooks which, shortly before his death, Thoreau packed away in a box of his making and designated as his "Journal." That notebook was unknown to Bradford Torrey and Francis H. Allen when their edition of the Journal was published in 1906. Had it been available, they would have placed its contents after page 172 of their first volume.

So placed, these entries would have seemed no more and no less interesting than those that preceded and followed. Containing few novelties of thought or expression and no important biographical hints, they are simply good Thoreau. As such they deserve a warm welcome. Something has been added to their value by the editorial matter in tracing a number of them to their later appearance in The Service, Sir Walter Raleigh, the Week, and Walden. This work, although the report upon it is entangled with matters wholly extraneous, has been faithfully done.

Henry Thoreau was twenty-three years old when he wrote—between July 30, 1840, and January 22, 1841—these seventeen thousand words. Considering that he was teaching school for a part of that time and allowing for some distraction by a transient love-affair, one sees that the young man was an industrious diarist. For what we have here, of course, is by no means a series of hastily jotted memoranda about external events, but the record, rather, of an earnest mind exploring its own inner space. This mind has already some notion of its goal, and of the route thereto. Moreover it has found or fashioned, thus early, its own unmistakable idiom—a cadence, a rhythm, a marching-tune that often sends everyday words on and on into noble reverberations. This early style of Thoreau—not the only one he was to acquire—is terse, curt, muscular, masculine, somewhat peremptory. It has the verve and aplomb of a mind made up, and not a mind alone but a complete man. We feel that the writer is listening intently to some inward voice as he works, and implicitly obeying the mandates of what may be called his literary conscience. Not willingly or wittingly does he set down one lazy sentence, for he is an honest workman and never scamps his job. He is striving to make true sententiae, in the ancient sense of that term. His ideal, for writing as for living, is "Multum in parvo." "By your few words," he urges himself, "show how insufficient would be many words."

In his care for compact precision, and resulting neglect of continuity, the young man is breaking away from a tradition two thousand years old. He knows that tradition, and knows it is not for him. The architectural balance of Cicero, the solidity of John Eliot and Thomas Hooker, the magnificence of Bossuet, the amenity of Tillotson and the amplitude of Taylor, are not even sought in this style, any more than the sudden splendors of Pitt and the steady effulgence of Edmund Burke. This is soliloquy, not public address. For its closest analogues we must look to the French pensée writers such as Vauvenargues, La Rochefoucauld, Rivarol, and Joubert—men whose very names Thoreau probably never heard.

On the basis of the "Lost Journal" alone one might hazard a guess that Henry Thoreau at twenty-three had already chosen a life-work: to find out from day to day what Henry Thoreau was thinking, and, indeed, what he essentially was, by exacting sentences of him. If anyone thinks this an idler's task let him try it himself, meanwhile keeping in mind Thoreau's journal-entry for August 22, 1851: "Sentences which suggest far more than they say, which have an atmosphere about them, which do not merely report an old, but make a new impression; sentences which suggest as many things and are as durable as a Roman aqueduct. To frame these, that is the art of writing; sentences which are expensive, towards which so many volumes, so much life went; which lie like boulders on the page, up and down and across; which contain the seed of other sentences, not mere repetition but creation; which a man might sell his grounds and castles to build."

Manifestly, those words have been earned. Under the tone of exultation one hears the grind and groan of arduous toil. Henry Thoreau never pretended to be one of "the crowd of gentlemen who write with ease." If we ask what special kind of heroism he had in mind in The Service there is this clear answer: "That of the writing-desk." Wherever else he might falter and fail he would there be sternly true, caught and held by

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* Consciousness in Concord: The Text of Thoreau's Hitherto "Lost Journal" (1840-1841) Together with Notes and a Commentary by Perry Miller. Boston (Houghton Mifflin Company), 1958. Pp. xi + 243. $4.00.

"the fascination of what's difficult."

The themes of the "Lost Journal" are miscellaneous, but there is a frequent return to the topics of heroism and music, closely related in Thoreau's mind as they are in the third book of Plato's Republic. Another favorite topic is the ancient and perennial concept of the microcosm which underlay his lifelong feeling that Concord was a sufficient miniature of the world. In numerous ways we are made aware that the diarist is a deeply happy man. Already he is reaching toward one of his most memorable utterances: "If the day and night are such that you greet them with joy, and life emits a fragrance like flowers and sweet-scented herbs, is more elastic, more starry, more immortal—that is your success."

For our present purpose the most significant passage in the "Lost Journal" is the one given on page 162 of Consciousness in Concord: "Prosperity is no field for heroism unless it endeavor to establish an independent and supernatural prosperity for itself. In the midst of din and tumult we hear the trumpet sound. Defeat is heaven's success. He cannot be said to succeed to whom the world shows any favor. In fact it is the hero's point d'appui, which by offering resistance to his action enables him to act at all. At each step he spurns the world. He vaults the higher in proportion as he employs the greater resistance of the earth."

That may be called, from one point of view, a kind of inverted tall talk. It may vaguely remind us of the way Antisthenes, the Cynic, made a boast of the holes in his garments. (Indeed it is high time for us to recognize that Thoreau, by no means a Stoic as Emerson called him, resembles the ancient Cynics in several ways.) But let us take sharp note of two things about that passage: first, that it was written years before its author had experienced any personal success or defeat to which it may be attributed, and, second, that one feels it to be highly characteristic, utterly sincere, and completely corroborated by the man's later life.

Now perhaps it will be agreed that there can be no more precise criterion of any man's character and career than that to be found in his theory, if he has one and we can get at it, of "success" and "failure." Here Thoreau tells us in good set terms what his theory was. We do well to recall this passage whenever it is asserted or implied that he was greatly downcast by some outward defeat and so took to crying "Sour grapes!" A good way to approach the present book is to read the passage thoughtfully through, perhaps several times, before turning to the Introduction.

* * *

In the act of introducing a hitherto unknown piece of writing by an author of established fame a sensitive man will be aware of certain responsibilities. Realizing that most of his prospective readers are somewhat acquainted with the writer in question he will try to provide them not so much with opinions as with information connecting this new matter with what they know. He will wish to be minutely accurate, honest, clear, consistent, self-effacing, and brief. Simple courtesy and the code of editorial good manners will keep him in mind that this is not his book.

Professor Perry Miller of Harvard University seems to imply some awareness of these obligations when he says that "after all, our concern is, as far as possible, to read what Henry Thoreau wrote." His readers agree, with emphasis; but that statement stands, amusingly, not to say "amazingly," at the end of an Introduction three times as long as the document by Henry Thoreau which it ostensibly introduces. By the time a reader comes to it his "main concern" has already been ignored for one hundred and thirty pages. Those pages are made to seem much longer and more numerous than they are, moreover, by frequent inaccuracies of statement, by assertions unproved and unprovable, by confusions and inconsistencies of thought, by the dragging-in of matters wholly adventitious, and by the use and abuse of violent language in a prose style habitually feeble, fumbling, slovenly, and dull.

All this sums up to a considerable tedium, and it is with a corresponding sense of relief that one comes, in "Part II," to "The Journal" itself. But that feeling is short-lived. Almost at once there begins a drum-fire, a barrage, of footnotes, some of them useful and pertinent but too many others impertinent in both senses of the word. These run, by a rough estimate, to about one-third as many words as the text, and after them come the "Notes" proper, nearly three hundred in number. Six pages of really valuable "Notes on Textual Variants" and a three-page makeshift for an Index round out what looks like a book—by Perry Miller, of course—which if not quite an opus is at least a well-padded opusculum. On the jacket we are informed that "this present study of Thoreau, which Mr. Miller modestly terms 'a commentary,' may well prove the most comprehensive and penetrating evaluation ever offered of the lonely consciousness in Concord."

Among several reasons for doubting that statement we may note first of all that Professor Miller is unable to decide about the nature of Thoreau's Journal as a whole, although he correctly sees it as the man's life-work. On page 4 it is called "a deliberately constructed work of art," on page 6 "a deliberate accretion," on page 25 "a self-conscious effort to create a 'myth-

ology,'" on page 27 "a highly schematized pattern of words," on page 30 "a self-portrait," on page 93 "a clinical study" of the "literary libido," on page 94 "a 'sublimation' of inhibited loves, a 'compensation' for a ghastly sense of inferiority, a neurotic defense against a fear of humiliation," on page 106 "a retreat before the ever-pressing assault," and on page 148 "a literary exercise." ——The reader is left to take his choice, but meanwhile he has an uneasy feeling that this editor does not really know what he is talking about.

The question of Thoreau's motives in writing the Journal proves equally baffling to the Commentator. On page 31 we are told that it was "a contribution to the greatness he dreamed of, to the prestige which is in America the reward of success." Two pages farther on the Commentator reaffirms that notion in louder tones, declaring that "this lover of Nature was not a lover of nature itself" and that he went to her for his metaphors with a purpose of exploiting natural resources "as self-centered, as profit-seeking, as that of any railroad-builder or lumber-baron, as that of any John Jacob Astor." ——It would seem, then, that he has made up his mind; but just here it should be observed that one of the several respects in which the Commentator differs from Socrates is that he has two demons, only one of which prods him into vociferations like that just quoted. The second then admonishes him not to talk nonsense——or, if he must, then always to balance a violent remark by its opposite. In this instance the contrary opinion is intelligent. It runs thus: "Thoreau cherished a sneaking love for the activity [of journal-writing] itself, without regard to consequences or utility.... The real impetus of the Journal, assuredly, even in these first years, is something quite other than the young writer's ambition to become someday as famous as his patron." ——For a moment one is encouraged, but then on the following page the Commentator returns to his utilitarian hypothesis. Once more, the reader must choose.

In sharp contrast with these mental tergiversations is the consistency of the Professor's emotional conduct throughout this book. The prevailing tone of his commentary is the tone of contempt, varied now and then by patronizing commiseration. Always he sees to it that Thoreau gets "the dirty end of the stick." We do indeed find a few admissions that the imprisoned "egoist" of Concord wrote here and there a "great" passage, but no inference is drawn that he was on that account, or on any, a great man. In one way and another, most often by the help of a "snide" adverb or adjective, the debits are regularly made to cancel out the credits. Thus, as we have seen, the acknowledgment that Thoreau loved to write is poisoned by the word "sneaking."

In the notes and footnotes of Consciousness in Concord Professor Miller doggedly continues the revelation of his own unconsciousness with regard to most things that make Henry Thoreau worthy of remembrance. Humorless himself, he never suspects that his man may, occasionally, be jesting. Himself unremarkable as an exemplar of certain Christian virtues, he brings the charge of "blasphemy" against a man whom Emerson called "a person of rare, tender, and absolute religion...incapable of any profanation." In accents of shrill self-assertion he calls Thoreau "truculent," "arrogant," and "egoistic." In a ludicrously long-winded note meant to show that Thoreau had no musical knowledge or taste he makes it quite clear that he himself has no faintest notion of what Thoreau meant by "music." He finds it pathetic that Thoreau invented "private names for two ordinary spots on the Sudbury River." The answer is, of course, that all "spots" are ordinary to ordinary men, and that Henry Thoreau was extraordinary, among other ways, in his feeling that every spot has its own genius loci—or, as he might have said, its numen, worthy of a nomen. In the admirable map of Thoreau's Concord made long ago by Herbert W. Gleason we find dozens of these private names set down and precisely located. Emphatically they do not indicate what Professor Miller calls Thoreau's "still unavailing effort to feed his imagination on merely Concord stimulants," but something quite to the contrary.

Mr. Alfred Kazin has said in a recent review that Professor Miller's study of Thoreau's Journal is more "systematic" and "passionate" than any other that he can recall. Whether he means that it is systematically passionate or passionately systematic does not appear, but in fact it is neither. Instead of system we find here a confusion steadily more confounded, and in place of passion we find spite. If one word can suggest the state of mind and nerves that produced this tumult of undisciplined thoughts and unbridled feelings, that word is the adjective "spastic."

It serves most occasions, but when the Professor feels quite sure that he has caught his man in flagrante delicto—in the Vulgate, that he has the goods on him—then his chronic spasm swiftly mounts into a paroxysm of indignation. A fair example of what he can do in this way is shown on page 119, where we are told that "Henry Thoreau—master of woodcraft—set fire to Concord woods and almost destroyed the town." Now, letting alone the question whether Thoreau was at the time, or ever, a "master of woodcraft," those words are calculated to suggest to the uninformed or unwary that the fire was deliberately set and that it did destroy most of the buildings in Concord. But the Professor is certainly aware of the far less sensational truth, that by a really culpable

carelessness Thoreau and a young comrade built a fire near the river on a windy day, a fire which caught in tall dry grass, got away from them, burned perhaps a hundred acres of woodland, and, if it had not been controlled by the fighters summoned by Thoreau, might have endangered the central village, which it did not in fact come near. ——Why, then, does the Commentator choose words bound to give a false effect? Why does he suggest, quite gratuitously, that Thoreau may have had a sense of "glee" when he started to run for help? What meaning are we expected to derive from the statement that "his vice kept up with him" unless it be that Thoreau was a confirmed pyromaniac? Finally, what interpretation of any sort can be put upon the frenetic remark that, after six years, Thoreau was "internally compelled to vomit forth the cancer of his guilt?"

Apart from the fact that cancers are not quite so easily got rid of, that last statement is obviously unrelated to scholarship, to criticism, or to the duties of an editor introducing a literary text. It is a wildly emotional statement, and the emotion involved appears to be some queer, sour, sick kind of animosity—toward what or whom one does not care even to guess. At this point one reader, at least, ceases to take any interest in Professor Miller's opinions as such, and begins to watch his aberrations from common sense with an amusement often rising to hilarity.

In this same frenzy about Thoreau's fire the Professor has more entertainment to offer. "The memory of it," he tells us, "still remains in Concord, furnishing proof positive [the italics are added] that he [Thoreau] was both shiftless and dangerous." Now one can see that there might be something to this if Concord's memory of the event, after one hundred and fourteen years, were minutely accurate in all details, and if Concord's judgment in all matters involving human nature were quite infallible. Several months of residence in that town, however, have given this reviewer no assurance that the hard conditions can be met. He feels, therefore, that "proof positive" of Henry Thoreau's depravity, if it exists, must be sought elsewhere.

Rather early in Professor Miller's studies of Thoreau—and no implication is intended that they have been going on for very long—it probably occurred to the noisier of his two demons that an expeditious way of cutting this "bachelor of nature" down to size would be to cast doubt upon his sexual normality—perhaps even to impugn his "morality"! But the other one, the nay-sayer, with some notion of what the late Irving Babbitt meant by "inner check," didn't like this. He had seen that mode of man-slaughter used so often in academic circles that it seemed to him trite and outworn. "And besides," he objected, always striving for at least a semblance of consistency, "how can we let the Professor say on the one hand that Thoreau's Journal is 'a literary exercise' and then go on to assert that it is a 'confession of lusts' not too artfully hidden? In addition, we have to remember that psychologizing by laymen is dangerous, and that even skilled analysts have made fools of themselves in trying to diagnose a work of art."

In this manner the debate continues from page 93 to page 95 of Consciousness in Concord, producing a hurricane of mixed metaphors and non sequiturs unsurpassed in this turbulent book. But the outcome is never in doubt. Demon A insists, and Demon B cannot deny, that here is good pay-dirt. Eventually they agree, braving the chance that he may make a fool of himself, to let the Professor "probe below the topsoil of the Journal" and so get at its "literary libido...related to some more biological or psychic neurosis." This jargon is meant to indicate that we have now entered a scientific "frame of reference," and that the Journal, previously called "a work of art," is to be considered as a "clinical study."

Yet the second demon's counsel of caution is heeded for a time. There is something of Iago's technique in the Professor's gradual approach, by one little poisonous innuendo and another and another, to his final statement—for once most carefully muffled and modified—of the charge he means to convey. He begins with two or three comparatively sensible pages about friendship as it was experienced and expressed by certain members of the Transcendental group. Then he says, on page 88, that within this group "love and friendship are interchangeable terms," the truth being that there, as everywhere, they overlap. Having introduced "love" he is ready for "lust," and can soon assert that "the Transcendental fellowship...found in their idealization of friendship an escape analogous to that which the younger romantics of France found in sexual promiscuity." Now the approach is nearly complete, and the next thing we hear comes in the raucous voice of the first demon: "With Thoreau a luxuriating in friendship and in its inadequacies becomes simply monstrous."

If another quite amateurish psychologist may cut in at this point, he would like to say that the Professor's paroxysms somewhat resemble the flight of a space-rocket. His fuelled fancy leaves the launching-pad of common sense when triggered by some such phrase of its own as that quoted just above, and thereafter it is propelled on its way by a series of internal explosions until it has quite out-flown the pull of the facts and begins to gyrate on its own momentum. An interesting thing to watch in these per-

formances is the way they are arranged in steadily mounting crescendos of denunciation. Thus shortly after the "simply monstrous" charge we are told that at the root of these Transcendental tantrums "there is something terribly black, something devouring." What this horror is we are supposed to guess from Thoreau's poem called Sympathy and its opening line, "Lately, alas, I knew a gentle boy." Lest we should miss the point even there we are provided with this clue: "Only within recent years have studies had the courage to call attention to the androgynous character of Thoreau's monomaniac discussions of friendship."

That sentence is obviously the product of Professor Miller's two demons working in concert. As ugly in sound as it is venomous in purpose, it must be regarded as a masterpiece in the art of calling a man a sexual pervert without taking any responsibility for the assertion.

"Studies" of recent years turn out to be two unpublished dissertations, neither of which Professor Miller has read. He has, however, seen digests of them, from one of which he culls the affirmation that in the "Friendship" section of the Week Thoreau displays "an unconscious homoerotic orientation."

Almost as though he doubted whether half a sentence from an academic exercise would carry conviction with other people, Professor Miller calls the Sonnets of Shakespeare to his aid, feeling sure that all literate persons will know what they are about. All the Transcendentalists knew, he declares, and were worried by their knowledge; but one doubts both statements and denies their relevance. Indeed the argument for a "homoerotic orientation" rather peters out toward the end, perhaps because of a slow start.

Yet the Professor has other, and even more courageous charges to make regarding the "literary libido" of his intended victim. Like a faithful and well-trained smut-hound he noses out the familiar passage in the Journal for 1856 where Thoreau praises "the dear wholesome color of shrub-oak leaves, so clean and firm..." and where he says "I love and could embrace the shrub oak with its scanty garment of leaves rising above the snow, lowly whispering to me, akin to winter thoughts, and sunsets, and to all virtue." But to Professor Miller this "obsession," as he calls it, is exceedingly close, akin to vice, and he likens it to what another man would feel in finding himself "surprised by an irresistible desire for a neighbor's wife." Here he "divines something of the libertine whom Thoreau hid behind what Emerson miscalled his 'Stoic' exterior," for "again and again in these spasms," he tells us (page 205), "the language becomes highly erotic."

Professor Miller on the topic of "spasms"! ——This is probably the most hilarious passage in his book.

So now we have Thoreau charged with being a lover of trees—or, to make it sound more scientific, more depraved, more "terribly black and devouring," let us call this vice of his "dendrophily." And one fears that the charge will "stick." Thoreau himself would plead guilty. Perhaps that is the reason why the pure-minded Commissioners of Middlesex County are rooting out the trees that stand round the site of Thoreau's cabin, meaning to put a public bath-house in their place. But let them have a care, for Professor Miller points out on page 198 that this amazingly and miscellaneously libidinous young man had still another erotic obsession, a perversion even more recherché, which one fears must be called "lacustrine." He was, to be "frank," in love with Walden Pond! The evidence is overwhelming, and our Commentator contents himself with citing what seems a minor example, namely that in "A Winter's Walk" Thoreau "concealed the name of the Pond as a poet might conceal the name of his mistress."

(Query:— Should not Walden Pond be drained, to make room for a parking lot?)

But we can't stop there. Once we fall into this way of thinking, dark suspicions crowd in from every side. What was the real "low down" of Thoreau's relations with a loon on the Pond, of his long interview with a woodchuck, of his intimacies with the mouse that ate from his fingers? Precisely what kind of obsession was it that drew or drove him on, like Prince Charming in quest of Sleeping Beauty, until he discovered, hidden in a thicket across the Assabet, the Azalea Nudiflora—what a suggestive name!—herself?

* * *

If the Commentator would restrict himself to those absurdities for which he has a natural talent our joy would be unconfined. It is only when he assumes the role of literary critic, or begins to pontificate as a judge of character and a censor of morals, that he deserves the severe treatment he seems to expect and possibly seeks. As a critic he does not recognize literature when he has it before him. In his reading and writing alike he shows himself blind to metaphor and deaf to the harmonies and cacophanies of English prose. In judging character and conduct he does not so much think as feel—with his sore spots. Of his moralizing, mostly implied in his vituperations, one need only say that it is devoid of charity and does not issue in good manners.

(These remarks are meant to bear exclusively upon the editor of the book in

hand. The shocking difference between his work and that of the Perry Miller who, some twenty years ago, produced The New England Mind is nothing to the present purpose.)

Our Commentator has a thesis—a good deal banged and battered in the fracas of his commentary but still discernible as a set of notions he would like to prove, or, failing in that, to enforce by vociferation. He holds that what Thoreau really wanted was "the prestige which in America is the reward of success," and by "success" he means—well, prestige. He believes that Thoreau was bitterly disappointed by the failure of his two books, that he took to crying "Sour grapes!" and that the last years of his life, as represented in the Journal, show a steady deterioration in the man, partly due to his "imprisonment" in the "parochial round" and partly to his increasing pre-occupation with himself.

Now this thesis, tantamount to calling Thoreau a liar in every word and deed, simply will not wash. It derives from a vulgar notion of success which Thoreau himself, who was no vulgarian, reviled and derided by every means within his power.——But instead of refuting the Commentator's opinions item by item let us witness one more of his paroxysms and see what they lead him into.

In the last two pages of his Introduction he fixes attention upon paragraphs 5 to 8, inclusive, of the chapter called "Spring" in Walden. Those paragraphs deal with the thawing of sand and clay in the newly made railroad cut near the Pond. They take high rank among the most fascinating passages that Thoreau produced. Nowhere else in such small compass can we find so many facets or aspects of this multiform man brought together. For here is the exact observer and faithful reporter in him alongside the bold speculator, the inveterate seeker-out of "correspondences," the amateur and frequently mistaken etymologist, the prose-poet who knows that "a true account of the actual is the rarest poetry," and, finally, the master of language—all fused and made one for the nonce by pure intellectual excitement. "I am affected," he says, "as if in a peculiar sense I stood in the laboratory of the Artist who made the world and me—had come to where he was still at work, sporting on this bank, and with excess of energy strewing his fresh designs about.... Thus it seemed that this one hillside illustrated the principle of all the operations of Nature. The Maker of the earth but patented a leaf.... There is nothing inorgainc.... The earth is not a mere fragment of dead history...but living poetry like the leaves of a tree which precede flowers and fruit—not a fossil earth but a living earth...and not only it but the institutions upon it are plastic, like clay in the hands of the potter."

These scattered quotations do scant justice to the passage as a whole, but they may suggest the man's sheer joy, mixed with religious awe, at reaching thus far toward the central arcanum of creation. He has been long on the way. For years he has studied the "foliaceous" forms of ice-crystals. Since the age of twenty, in all likelihood, he has known something about Goethe's theory of the primordial plant and leaf as outlined in the Italienische Reise. Probably he also knows about that moment of clairvoyance in the Jardin of Plantes in which Emerson saw "the upheaving principle of life everywhere incipient, in the very rock aping organized forms." Yet Thoreau's discovery is his own, and it comes to him not in a foreign land, not in a museum of specimens brought together in an artificial and tendential arrangement, but beside the railroad track where he walked almost every day between his cabin and his home. Because of that "imprisonment" which his Commentator so frequently deplores, he discovered strangeness and beauty and divine presence in things near and familiar. In melting clay and sand he saw and recognized "the one Spirit's plastic stress."——Such was consciousness in Concord.

The Commentator begins his attack upon this passage with three highly inaccurate statements. At the top of page 126 he says that it stands at the "conclusion" of Walden. It does not. A whole chapter entitled "Conclusion" is to follow. At the foot of that same page it is called the "climax"—a word applicable here in none of its several senses. Thirteen lines farther on we are told that it is the "end," but the fact is that thirty-four paragraphs—about twenty pages—intervene between the railroad-cut passage and the close of the book. That is really too much reading-matter to be inadvertently ignored. Indeed, there is no inadvertence here, but deliberate misrepresentation. Those thirty-four paragraphs are left out of account because they give the lie to the Commentator's implication (page 126) that Walden is a "hymn to death."

And there is another thing which, in the interest of complete denigration, must be avoided by the Commentator, and that is any hint of the depth, range, direction, and essential nature of the thought in this passage. Such avoidance will be somewhat difficult because the Commentator is dimly aware of a certain grandeur in these sentences, and cannot fail to see that the man who, according to his thesis, should be utterly miserable is in fact profoundly glad. Yet out of this very awareness of something fine and lofty he gets a stimulus for his destructive instinct. He takes to himself the solace of those unable to smile: that they can, at any rate, sneer.

Merely leaving things out, the Commentator sees, will not suffice. He must also

manage to put things in, as the heathen Chinee did the supernumerary jacks that he held up his sleeve. Here the main sleight of hand is the quiet substitution of "slime" and "mud" for the sand and clay of which, according to Thoreau who was there and saw it, the "luxuriant foliage" of the spring-thaw was composed. The pejorative intent is as obvious as it is disingenuous, and on page 127 it becomes grotesque in the words: "This afterbirth of mud and clay is filthy because it precedes (and must precede) the flowery spring of youth and music."

All the filth there is here has been imported by the Commentator, and his "afterbirth" that "must precede" is brought from the same land of chimaera in which he found the cancer that must be vomited forth.

But we have had more than enough of that sort of thing, completely unrelated as it is to Henry Thoreau, that clean-living, vigorous and upright man. A good way to cleanse one's mind is to read and reread the "Lost Journal," ignoring all editorial interruptions and eruptions. For it will bear repeating that "after all, our concern is, as far as possible, to read what Henry Thoreau wrote." The Commentator has made it a little difficult for us to do that, but not impossible. He may, in time, attempt it himself.

EMERSON'S FATHER TO SAMUEL LAWRENCE ON PRIVATE AND PUBLIC MATTERS (1794)

The following manuscript is owned by the Connecticut Historical Society, 1 Elizabeth Street, Hartford 5, Connecticut, and is edited here with permission.

THE EDITOR

My dear sir,

Since I wrote to you last, I have received, I believe, two letters from you; one dated Aug. 7, and the other 20, Sep. of the last year. Between the writing of these friendly epistles, it seems, you received a line from me accompanied by a sermon &c. The letter, which gave to me this information, had a quick passage hither. I intended to have answered both sooner; but a multiplicity of personal concernments, added to the numerous duties of my public function, have prevented me from performing the pleasing task.

Accept my sincere gratulations on your recovery [fro]m the small-pox. I have sometimes thought you fearful of taking it. This has made me a little apprehensive of it's effects upon you. I want to see, whether the disorder have made any alterations in your benevolent countenance.

You speak of a manuscript sermon. Did I ever promise you one? If I did, I have forgotten it. The subject of mispending [sic] the sabbath is a good one; and I will, at some time, improve the hint, and forward you my thoughts.

For the future, I will thank you to send your letters for me to Mrs. C. Gray's, State-street, Boston, where I lodge when in Town, and whence they will be sure to find conveyance to Harvard. That lady, Mrs. Gray, has a nephew, who is lately settled in Lancaster, a town adjoining this, who is a particular friend of mine, and who has better means of communication with Boston, than this town affords. The name of this gentleman is Thayer, to whom I purpose you shall be introduced, whenever you come this way to fulfil your promise. By the way, when am I to expect that pleasurable moment to arrive? Be assured, when it shall arrive, you will communicate more happiness, than you have done, for a whole year past.

I am glad to see you so federally disposed, as to discountenance the business of privateering. (I refer now to a sentiment in yours of August last.) I hope you Connecticut folks still cherish ideas of peace and general neutrality, notwithstanding the clouds, that darken the face of our political sky. It is too true, that the aspect of the present times is gloomy. Perhaps, however, by the sadness of our national countenance, the heart of the nation, viz. its resources and morals, may be made better.

How does good Mr. Strong? I shall be happy, if I again should fall in company with that ingenious man. - - - - Mr. Webster, I perceive, has abandoned Hartford for Newyork. I think he may be right in so doing. You are full enough to the Northward; and as for Massachusetts, we are out of the world. Half a century hence, we shall come in for no share in the national grandeur.

Make my respects acceptable to your good father, and your worthy sisters. As long, as my memory retains any pleasant impressions, so long shall my visit at your hospitable mansion awaken grateful emotions in my breast.

Do tell me, if you have married, or if you ever propose to marry? You must let me know, when such a change is about to take place, that I may be ready with my epithalamium. Tell me, also, of such an another [sic] rare bird, as you describe Mrs. Rowland to be; and begin to make love to her, on the behalf of your frien[d.]

I could write to you more; but I am sure, yo[u] must be already tired of the uninteresting conversation of your

sincere friend and
very humble servant,

W. Emerson.

Harvard, April
18, 1794.

Mr. S. Lawrence

[Envelope:] Mr. Samuel Lawrence
Hartford.

[Endorsement by cataloguer:] "William Emerson born Concord Mass. May 6 1769, died Boston May 12 1811. Ordained pastor of Unitarian Church at Harvard [Massachusetts] May 23 1792, father of Ralph Waldo Emerson."

The American Scholar

ODELL SHEPARD

Read before the Harvard Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa on June 15, 1931

[Permission to reprint section XII of Dr. Shepard's poem, originally published in The American Scholar, I, no. 2 (March, 1932), pp. 148-163, has been kindly given by the editors.]

XII

There is a holy hill in Concord town
Rich with the dust of Emerson and Thoreau,
Where mournful ever-murmuring pines look down
Upon the little river winding slow
Among the water-meadows that they knew.
Serenely there the seasons come and go,
Bringing the bluebird back, bringing the snow,
But never a sight or sound of those great two
Who sleep beneath the green grass and the brown.
So still the place is that their work seems through,
Except that now they help the roses grow
And precious atoms of their bone and brain,
Recalled to earth's huge chemistry again,
Flutter in leaves against the morning's blue.

Upon that hill one follower of theirs
Has wrestled with his fear and his despairs
Hour after long hour, pleading for some sign,
Struggling to draw them back from wandering airs
Into the circle of our need. In vain! In vain!
Only the mournful murmur of the pine,
Remembering other days, answered my prayers.
They had done what they could do,
And I was left alone with a weak few
To fight this losing battle, theirs and mine.

Then strength surged through me from that hill of stone.
Were they not also alone,
Save for the mighty dead?
Did not our rivers in their time run red?
Was not their world
Bewildered, whirled,
Ruled by haphazard circumstance,
By drunken chance?
Heard they not everywhere
Loud frantic voices crying up and down
"Lo, here! Lo, there!"
As from men wrecked by night before they drown?
Ah, brothers, this our battle is not new.
These two,
These scholars utterly American,
Have fought it through.
Two arrows were they from this quiver of men—
Ah, swift and far they flew!—
Two arrows tipped with flame
Still burning, though the shafts fell whence they came.
Not all of them sleeps on that holy hill.
Our strength they are, our hope, our wisdom still.
There's something starry, something bold,
Eludes the clutch of the dark and mold,
Something that will not wholly die
Out of their dear familiar sky.
And I have heard prophetic voices run
Along the waves of Walden's plashy edge,
And where the bright slow river, brimmed with sun,
Winds murmuring through his meadowy miles of sedge;
I have seen at the solemn close of day
The pines of Walden swing and pause and sway,
Those sombre oracles
Whence the wise spirit has not fled away
But whispereth still his leafy parables.
The thought of them brings coolness to the brow
And patience to the heart.
Remembering their ancient song
Faith quickens and grows strong.
Out of the future fairer visions start.
Dimly I see some happier scholar stand
One hundred years from now
Before this band
Of scholars and of brothers,
Hear him show
The onward march of mind across our land,
Led by Thoreau and Emerson
Whose work is not yet done;
Faintly I hear him speak the names of others
That will resound in times we shall not know—
Masters of mind, of men,
Strong lords of the machine,
Who, knowing what things have been,
Discern what things must be again
And from the seeds of time foretell the branchy tree,
Scholars American!
Shapers of what shall be!
Thus may the prophecy come true
Which our great leader made to you
Almost one hundred years ago.

Thanks, then, dark pines of Walden Wood
Where Wisdom dwelleth still,
Breathing cool patience over the scholar's mood!
Deep thanks, slow rolling river,
Whose little amber waves forever
Liquidly loop and wind
Across the sacred country of the mind!
Great thanks, O holy hill!
If in my haste I have repined
And then found comfort, Concord is the giver.
From that belovèd town I bring
All that is worthy in my offering
On this fair summit of the days,
This perfect swiftly-passing hour
When lavish June lifts blade and leaf and flower
To glory along our loved New England ways.

...for I say at the core of democracy,
finally, is the religious element.
All the religions, old and new,
are there.
WALT WHITMAN
(Democratic Vistas, 1871)

artist: Anton Refregier

CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Transcendental Doctrine

EMERSON
THE ESSAYIST.
An Outline of His
Philosophical Development
Through 1836.
By Kenneth Walter Cameron. . . . *Vol. I, 461 pp.; Vol. II, 448 pp. . . . Raleigh, N. C.: The Thistle Press. . . . $50.*

Reviewed by
GEORGE F. WHICHER

IMPRESSIONISTIC criticism of a literary masterpiece is most satisfactory when only one critic is involved. Let two critics pose, and we get two divergent impressions which may in part cancel each other out. Given many criticisms, and the result cannot be higher than that low form of wisdom known as a consensus of opinion. It is more likely to be sheer confusion. To reach one demonstrably right conception of the meaning of a masterpiece it is necessary to abandon the impressionistic method, attractive though it may be, and resort to a careful historical analysis of the writer's thought, with special attention to the sources from which he drew his inspiration.

What such an approach to objective accuracy demands is strikingly shown by Mr. Cameron's huge monograph on Emerson's "Nature." In September, 1836, appeared the "little azure book," as Carlyle called it, out of which, as from the scriptural grain of mustard seed, grew the spreading branches of transcendental doctrine developed in Emerson's later works. To present "a greatly simplified approach" to this little tract of 95 pages Mr. Cameron uses over 900 pages of large octavo size printed mainly in small type. His indexes alone occupy 130 pages. But before exclaiming over the manifest disproportion between the "implement" he has constructed and the work on which it is designed to be used, remember that it takes a mammoth cyclotron to split the least of existing things.

The disproportion is, in sober earnest, not so great as it seems. Emerson poured into "Nature" a concentration of the thoughts that had engaged his mind during more than six years of eager reading and meditation. Mr. Cameron, in attempting a systematic retracing

mind had followed, has reproduced large sections of the works that were influential in the formulation of what Emerson entitled his "First Philosophy." One of these works, the earliest version of Bronson Alcott's "Psyche," has not previously been printed, and most of the others are difficult of access. Mr. Cameron is well within bounds when he remarks that his volumes should save busy researchers much time and expense of travel. They provide in effect the equivalent of a special reference library most helpfully arranged and indexed to illustrate the early development of Emerson's Transcendentalism.

Of the seven parts into which the whole work is divided the first three bear directly on the genesis of "Nature" itself. Two further parts are concerned with the general intellectual background provided by the Harvard of Emerson's time and the contemporary literature of idealism. Part Six contains miscellaneous bibliographies and letters, most notably lists of books owned by Emerson's father, of books drawn from the Boston Library Society by Emerson and his mother, and of books borrowed from the Harvard College library by Henry Thoreau. Part Seven consists of an index-concordance to Emerson's sermons. Much of the objective evidence here made available supplements, and sometimes corrects, the record of reading and thinking provided by Emerson's journals, so that it is often possible to tell within very narrow limits when his mind began to contemplate a particular idea and also the book from which he derived it.

The most important sources of Emerson's Transcendentalism previous to 1837 were, first, the classical idealists, beginning with the pre-Platonic Greek philosophers as presented in summary by Baron Gerando, and continuing through Plato and Plotinus to the English philosophical divines and Bishop Berkeley. Second, Coleridge, a most pervasive though hitherto neglected influence. Third, Swedenborg and such lights of the New Church as Sampson Reed and G. Oegger. Victor Cousin, Goethe, and Alcott served to confirm the idealistic leadings that Emerson had derived from his major sources, particularly from Coleridge and Swedenborg. Mr. Cameron indi-

sophic strain stimulated by the English poet was combined with religious overtones suggested by the Swedenborgians in Emerson's first attempts to crystallize his beliefs in poems, sermons, and lectures. "Nature" contained the full and triumphant statement of the idealism partly worked out in many previous attempts.

The importance of what Mr. Cameron has done may be demonstrated by a comparison of his full and scholarly analysis of Emerson's book on pages 217-233 of his first volume with any previous attempt to describe "Nature" and to place it in its intellectual setting. Critics who bring classical prepossessions to the task commonly find Emeron's little tract full of Platonic echoes. Critics with a Teutonic bent have seen in it an American application of the German romantic philosophy of Kant. Emerson did not help to resolve the confusion when he quoted a phrase from Kant and assigned it mistakenly to Plato. Once the genesis of Emerson's thought is traced, however, it becomes clear that the book derives directly from neither philosopher. And incidentally the Orphic Poet mentioned by Emerson was not his friend Alcott, as has commonly been supposed. Seen in its true relationship, as an offshoot of Coleridge colored by Swedenborg, "Nature" is less likely to be viewed as the product of a badly trained philosophic mind than to be recognized for what it actually is, a prose-poem by a thoughtful religious enthusiast. Once the book is placed in its proper frame of reference a sound critical estimate of it may be formed.

Little of the incidental value of Mr. Cameron's researches can be indicated in this all-too-brief notice. His volumes are not only helpful tools for the scholar, but they are full of suggestions for supplementary investigations. Fresh and reliable insights into the mind of one of the most stimulating personalities in American letters will surely owe much to the impetus supplied by his tireless labors. "Emerson the Essayist" is at present published in a limited edition of one hundred and fifty copies. It deserves a much wider circulation.

EMERSON THE ESSAYIST

AN OUTLINE OF HIS PHILOSOPHICAL DEVELOPMENT THROUGH 1836 WITH EMPHASIS ON THE SOURCES AND BACKGROUND OF *NATURE*, INCLUDING AN IMPORTANT CHAPTER ON THOREAU

By

KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

INTENDED FOR

All who wish to understand Emerson, as well as for Graduate Students, Researchers, Scholars and Directors of Dissertations in

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- PHILOSOPHY OF TRANSCENDENTALISM
- HISTORY OF IDEALISM
- ENGLISH ROMANTICISM

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VIII. Coleridge as the Key to *Nature*. Many readers will come to understand Emerson for the first time in their lives. The emonstration is clear, the parallels are exceedingly helpful, and the background of *Nature*, which Emerson did not trouble to xpress in the work itself, now becomes apparent. This chapter is indispensable for the understanding of the great essays.

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XIII. Victor Cousin and Eclecticism. For a time, all Boston was reading Cousin. This chapter evaluates his influence upon Emerson in the early period and presents a useful analysis of his ideas.

XIV. Emerson's Early Translations from Goethe's *Werke*——Moritz. Interesting evidence of the usefulness of Emerson's arly transcriptions from the original German and of the importance of some of them in his theory of aesthetics.

XV. Bronson Alcott——"A Welcome Influence." Just how much Alcott really influenced Emerson's speculation is the theme f this chapter. A useful chart of Alcott's philosophy, copied from the hitherto unpublished manuscript of *Psyche*, is included.

XVI. Miscellaneous Influences: John Norris, Henry More, John Mason, Dugald Stewart and Fénelon are emphasized, ogether with passages from their writings which Emerson valued.

PART TWO——THE EARLY LECTURES

The unpublished early lectures (1833-1836) are reconsidered in some detail with notes on their principal sources and chief philosophic tendencies. A new abstract is presented of the one which deserves to be considered a "rough draft" of *Nature*.

PART THREE——*NATURE* (1836)

I. Emerson's Daemon and the Orphic Poet. No problem in the Emerson field has been more embarrassing than that of the identity of the Orphic Poet. In a long chapter, Mr. Cameron solves the mystery and provides a commentary that conveys the poet's meaning for the first time in more than a century.

I. Reviews of Emerson's *Nature*. Contemporary reviews contain much of interest. All early criticism that could be discovered has here been analyzed, and one article tells the story of a banned edition of Emerson's *Nature* and the interesting circumstances which attended its consignment to the flames by the Swedenborgians!

III. Notes on the Text of *Nature*. A useful, running commentary on the text, supplementing the discussions in the earlier chapters. It is arranged according to a simple plan and should do much to clear up wide-spread misunderstanding of Emerson's chief metaphysical work.

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I. Candidates for the Ministry and Theological Students in Divinity College.

III. Emerson's Graduating Class and their Home Towns.

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V. A Table of Private Exercises——Extracurricular Opportunities.

VI. Special Lectures Available to the Student Body.

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VIII. The Minutes and Financial Records of the Society-Without-A-Name. For the first time this journal is published complete. From it we gain an interesting picture of young Emerson as debater and secretary together with valuable suggestions for modern education. Harvard College comes to life!

IX. "Emerson's College Days"——an interesting sketch by William Bancroft Hill, the son of one of Emerson's classmates.

PART FIVE——SELECTED DOCUMENTS OF NEW ENGLAND TRANSCENDENTALISM*

I. *Oration on Genius* (1821) by Sampson Reed (includes MS. variants).

II. *The Growth of the Mind* (1826) by Sampson Reed.

III. *The Free Agency of Man* (1827) by Sampson Reed.

IV. *On Animals* (1828) by Sampson Reed.

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* All are printed complete except "Psyche."

V. *Preliminary Essay* (1829) by James Marsh.

VI. *The Infinite in Nature* (1830) by Theophilus Parsons.

VII. *Coleridge's Literary Character——German Metaphysics* (1833) by Frederic Henry Hedge.

VIII. *On the Human Form* (1834) Anonymous.

IX. *Study of the Works of Nature* (1835) by Fordyce Mitchell Hubbard.

X. *The True Messiah* (tr. 1835) by G. Oegger.

XI. *The Physical Condition of the World* (1835) by Thomas H. Perry.

XII. *Psyche* (1835-1836) by Amos Bronson Alcott. This important work, once believed lost, has come to light. Large extracts are printed for the first time. Mr. Cameron has included all the portions which Emerson believed to be especially valuable.

XIII. *The Doctrine and Discipline of Human Culture* (1836) by Amos Bronson Alcott.

PART SIX——BIBLIOGRAPHIES, LETTERS AND MISCELLANEOUS

I. Catalogue of Books in the Library of Emerson's Father at the time of his death.

II. Book Borrowers at the Boston Library Society (1793-1850) including an account of an important and almost forgotten institution.

III. Books which Emerson and his Mother borrowed from the Boston Library Society (1815-1845).

IV. Additions to the "Census of Extant Copies" of the First Edition of Emerson's *Nature* and what facts these copies reveal.

V. Books Thoreau borrowed from the Harvard College Library——A list with a *catalogue raisonné.*

VI. Hitherto Unpublished Letters of the Rev. William Emerson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Charles Chauncy Emerson, Sampson Reed and Alexander Ireland.

VII. Corrections and Additions for *Ralph Waldo Emerson's Reading*, issued by Mr. Cameron in 1941.

VIII. Addenda to the Index-Concordance of *Nature*, published in 1940.

PART SEVEN: INDEX-CONCORDANCE TO EMERSON'S PUBLISHED SERMONS

A valuable concordance and index of nearly one hundred pages to words, ideas, persons, sources and allusions in *Young Emerson Speaks.* It should serve as a useful research tool for all future editors of Emerson's works and for those who wish quickly to trace an idea through the period 1826-1835. It deserves a place on the Reference Shelf as an aid to scholars in many fields.

INDEXES

Several valuable indexes (covering more than one hundred pages), one of them marshalling all references to the text of *Nature* according to page and line number. The author planned the final index as a very useful supplement to that of Professor Rusks' edition of the *Letters.*

THE PARALLEL PHILOSOPHY OF EMERSON'S *NATURE* AND FAULKNER'S *THE BEAR*

By IRVING D. BLUM

I

The fates of the characters of William Faulkner's The Bear, the events which link their life together, the literary treatment of the terrain of the mythical Yoknapatawpha County all form a pattern which, when I observe it as a whole, suggests a fictional development of elements in the philosophy of Ralph Waldo Emerson. When the arabesque pattern is examined more closely, its separate parts tend to substantiate my first impression. It is an Emerson brought to date, to be sure. But the central theme of Faulkner, the disintegration of the white land-owning aristocracy of the South, when examined in the light of Emerson's proposition that "Nature is the symbol of spirit"[1] clearly demonstrates that the disintegration results from the violation of the Emersonian principle. In The Bear, Nature, symbolized by the land and by man in their natural states, is constantly affronted by the aristocrats who strive to own and subjugate both. Nature, the whole which is greater than the sum of its parts, strikes back, ensnaring by means of these same symbols, the would-be conquerors.

I first became aware of the philosophical kinship of these two authors when reading the scene in the Faulkner story in which young Ike McCaslin, shedding the accoutrements of civilization, ventures into the forest with the intention of finding Old Ben, the bear. The boy has left his compass and watch behind him and is lost, though not panicked. Following the lesson taught to him by Sam Fathers, his mentor in woodcraft, he seats himself on a log, and as he does so

> ...the crooked print, the warped indention in the wet ground which while he looked at it continued to fill with water until it was level full and the water began to overflow and the sides of the print began to dissolve away. Even as he looked up he saw the next one, and, moving the one beyond it; moving, not hurrying, running, but merely keeping pace with them as they appeared before him as though they were being shaped out of thin air just one constant pace short of where he would lose them forever and be lost forever himself, tireless, eager, without doubt or dread, panting a little above the strong rapid little hammer of his heart, emerging suddenly into a little glade, and the wilderness coalesced.... Then he saw the bear. It did not emerge, appear: it was just there, immobile, fixed in the green and windless noon's hot dappling.... Then it moved. It crossed the glade without haste, walking for an instant into the sun's full glare and out of it.... Then it was gone. It didn't walk into the woods. It faded, sank back into the wilderness without motion as he had watched a fish, a huge old bass, sink back into the dark depths of the pool and vanish without even any motion of its fins.[2]

This richly symbolic passage recalled to memory the following passage from Nature:

> ... Every natural fact is a symbol of some spiritual fact. Every appearance in nature corresponds to some state of the mind, and that state of the mind can only be described by presenting that natural appearance as its picture....
>
> Who looks upon a river in a meditative hour and is not reminded of the flux of all things? Throw a stone into the stream, and the circles that propagate themselves are the beautiful type of all influence. Man is conscious of a universal soul within or behind his individual life.... This universal soul he calls Reason: it is not mine, or thine, or his, but we are its.... That which intellectually considered we call Reason, considered in relation to nature, we call Spirit. Spirit is the Creator. Spirit hath life in itself. And man in all ages and countries embodies it in his language as the FATHER.[3]

The faulkner excerpt readily lends itself to interpretation when the Emerson passage is used as a guide to understanding.

Young McCaslin, heir to land bought from the Indians, who began a series of iniquitous transactions when they sold the forest which was not theirs to sell, enters the woods in search of Old Ben, a bear who is considerably more than just another of his species. Old Ben is indomitable, invulnerable to bullets, crafty, aloof, disdainful of mankind. He is a symbol of nature, a personification of the universal, a land-bound Moby Dick. Sam Fathers, part Negro and part Indian, himself proud and aloof to the heirs of the white conquerors, and sharing with the bear qualities of harmony with the universal which the whites have violated, has advised the boy to leave his gun behind if he would see the bear. The gun, a symbol of man's art, is opposed to things in their natural state and must be left behind if Ike is to be admitted into communion with nature, symbolized by the privilege of the sight of Old Ben, a "natural fact," who is the symbol of a "great spiritual fact" which will be considered in a following paragraph. Guided by insight of his own, McCaslin knows that he must go beyond the advice of Fathers. After venturing a short distance into the forest, he is inspired to relinquish his watch and compass, other symbols of the art of man. Thus purified, the boy goes on to find grace in the form of a brief yet unhurried glimpse of Old Ben, who, as had been said, "sank back into the wilderness without motion...."

The sight of Old Ben granted to the boy is a symbol of a flash of insight which permits him to understand a pattern of life which is in harmony with nature. Ben, "the natural fact," proud and inviolate, who could vanish without a trace into the protective shades of the forest had meant to the boy

> ...what his senses and intellect had not encompassed yet: that doomed wilderness whose edges were being constantly and punily gnawed at by men with plows and axes who feared it because it was a wilderness, men myriad and nameless even to one another in the land where the old bear had earned a name....[4]

All this Old Ben had meant to the boy before he had seen him. Now he has contemplated the bear in all his majesty as he stood for an instant in the sunlight. McCaslin understands those things which he has only felt before. In addition to the bear there were other symbols of the universal. But "only Sam and Old Ben and the mongrel Lion were taintless and incorruptible."[5]

Sam Fathers, descendant of kings, his pride unbroken, was Ike McCaslin's tutor and influence. It was Sam who was able to capture and keep the mongrel Lion who was, himself, as aloof as Old Ben. Of Lion, Sam says:

> I don't want him tame.... But I almost rather he be tame than scared, of me or any man or anything. But he won't be neither, of nothing.[6]

Later, after training the dog with a skill that can exist in a man who is at one with nature, Sam says of Lion: "You can touch him. He don't care. He don't care for nothing or nobody."[7] These three "natural facts" are, then, the spiritual symbols which mold the young McCaslin's philosophy. And they are concrete examples of the words of Emerson:

> Every rational creature has all nature for his dowry and estate. It is his, if he will, He may divest himself of it; he may creep into a corner, and abdicate his kingdom...but he is entitled to the world by his constitution. In proportion to the energy of his thought and will, he takes up the world into himself.[8]

This quotation of the great transcendentalist describes the kingly confidence in their royal heritage that marks the character tone of Sam, Old Ben, and Lion.

> In the woods we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life--no disgrace, no calamity...which nature cannot repair.... I am nothing, I see all; the currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am part or parcel of God. The name of the nearest friend sounds then foreign and accidental: to be brothers, to be acquaintances, master or servant, is then a trifle and a disturbance....[9]

These are Emerson's words to describe the aloofness of Faulkner's man, bear, and dog.

The great bear hunt, which forms the central action of the story, continues, during the season, for several years after Ike McCaslin is first granted a sight of Old Ben. Each year the bear outwits the hunters, even when they have Lion to help them. Thus they are able to break camp secure in the knowledge that the next year's sport is assured. Then comes the year in which the bear is killed. But, in the meantime, certain things have taken definite form in young Ike's mind.

Boon, a Caliban-like white member of the hunting party, has taken over the care and feeding of the dog, Lion. And the boy had thought

> I wonder what Sam thinks. He could have Lion with him, even if Boon is a white man. He could ask Major or McCaslin either. And more than that. It was Sam's hand that touched Lion first and Lion knows it. Then he became a man and he knew that too. It had been alright. That was the way it should have been. Sam was the chief, the prince; Boon, the plebeian, was his huntsman. Boon should have nursed the dogs.[10]

Here we have Boon, the poor white man, "without profession, job nor trade,"[11] relegated to a position in which he is subservient to Sam Fathers, the Negro. To this symbol of "poor white" subjugation must be added another figure, which typifies the disintegration of the white aristocrats of the South. Then an excerpt from Emerson will be stated to show that the New England philosopher would have considered the decline of the white race in the South to be well within the bounds of possibility.

Hubert Fitz-Hubert Beauchamp had intended to leave as a legacy to the boy, Ike McCaslin, a silver cup filled with pieces of gold. The story of Beauchamp's downfall is documented by the I.O.U.'s which the boy finds have been substituted for the gold. The silver cup has been changed for a coffee pot, as Ike finds when he removes the burlap cover from his treasure. The I.O.U.'s are written first on good bond paper, then on crude ruled paper such as Negroes use, then on the margins of newspapers, and, finally, on the label from a pair of overalls.

The house in which Beauchamp, Ike's uncle, lived was disintegrating to keep pace with its owner. Within Ike's memory "... the very bricks (of the hearth) themselves were crumbling into a litter of soot and dust and mortar..."[12] Finally the house

> ...burst into a peaceful conflagration, a tranquil instantaneous sourceless unanimity of combustion

...at sundown the four blackened and smokeless chimneys rose from a light white powder of ashes....[13]

Thus does Faulkner symbolize the gradual downfall of the land-owning whites. They led lives of ease and dissipation while their black underlings worked close to the soil, lived frugally, and kept their vitality. Emerson, in Self-Reliance, has this to say:

Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. It undergoes continual changes; it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is christianized, it is rich, it is scientific; but this change is not amelioration. For every thing that is given something is taken. Society acquires new arts and loses old instincts. What a contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil, and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose property is a club, a spear, a mat, and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under! But compare the health of the two men and you will see that the white man has lost his aboriginal strength.[14]

Clearly, from what has been said, it may be deduced that Faulkner has followed an Emersonian design in his symbolical representation of the shifting positions of the white and black races in the South. He has provided his hero, Ike, with insight into these matters, intelligence enough to analyze them, and strength of character enough to decide upon a course of action and follow it through.

Repudiation of the land and relinquishment of authority over those who work it are the keys that will unlock the barrier which, once crossed, will allow Ike McCaslin to feel himself in harmony with the universal. At twenty-one, Ike has thought through his problems and knows what he must do in order to be free. God had created man to hold suzerainty over the earth and its animals in His name. Man was not to hold

...for himself and his descendants inviolable title forever, generation after generation, to the oblongs and squares of the earth, but to hold the earth mutual and intact in the communal anonymity of brotherhood, and all the fee He asked was pity and humility and sufferance and endurance and the sweat of his face for bread.[15]

At first glance these sentiments may seem to be more Marxian than Emersonian. It should be remembered, however, that Marx did not preach repudiation. According to him the rentier class will strive to hold what it has. It is the lowly who, realizing what their own interests are, will rise up and take possession. Emerson, on the other hand, says:

...Say to them, O father, O mother, O wife, O brother, O friend, I have lived with you after appearances hitherto. Henceforward I am the truth's. Be it known unto you henceforward I obey no law less than the eternal law. I shall endeavor to nourish my parents, to support my family, to be the chaste husband of one wife,—but these relations I must fill in a new and unprecedented way.... I cannot sell my liberty and my power to save their sensibility.[16]

To these words of Emerson's could Ike McCaslin turn for comfort and courage in his struggle to gain his freedom by repudiating his earthly birthright. And he could gain more courage, if need be, from these further words: "Whoso would be a man, must be a nonconformist.... Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind."[17]

Emerson is not primarily concerned with revolution in the ranks of the downtrodden, but rather in the renunciation of ways of life which stifle the soul of man at all levels. Who would be free must have the courage to pursue a path which runs counter to the smooth road of confirmation to the social mores, and even laws, of the civilization in which he lives. Man, to achieve unity with the universal, must obey no law "less than the natural law."

The transcendental philosopher observes that "...man works on the world with his understanding alone."

His relation to nature, his power over it, is through the understanding, as by manure; the economic use of fire, wind, water, and the mariner's needle; steam, coal, chemical agriculture: the repairs of the human body by the dentist and surgeon.[18]

But "meantime, in the thick darkness, there are not wanting gleams of a better light:"

...the traditions of miracles in the earliest antiquity of all nations; the history of Jesus Christ; the achievements of a principle, as in religious and political revolutions, and in the abolition of the slave trade....[19]

Ike McCaslin, Faulkner's hero, has more than "wisdom alone." His is the insight into the universal. To him "nature is the symbol of spirit." He has seen Old Ben, the bear, standing, for a brief instant in time, in a spotlight of sunshine and with the forest as a natural backdrop. "Gleams of a better light" have been granted to him. And relinquishment of the land which is neither his, nor was his father's to bequeath to him, was what all of nature, all that was divine in him, called upon him to accomplish.

The "history of Jesus Christ" and all its implications were known to the boy. With a symbolism that is unmistakably obvious, Faulkner has Ike, the young man, get a set of carpenter's tools, take up a simple abode, and set about earning a humble living by the sweat of his brow:

...and bought the tools, not simply because he was

good with his hands because he had intended to use his hands and it could have been with horses, and not in mere static and hopeful emulation of the Nazarene ...and without the false humbleness of pride, who intended to earn his bread...because if the Nazarene had found carpentering good for the life and ends He has assumed and elected to serve, it would be all right too for Isaac McCaslin....[20]

The young carpenter, Ike, is tempted to abandon his course of renunciation by his seductive young wife. She wishes him to claim his inheritance and uses the wiles at her command to corrupt the boy so that he will change his mind. Instead, he repudiates her and is, in 1895,"husband but no father, unwidowed but without wife...."[21]

II

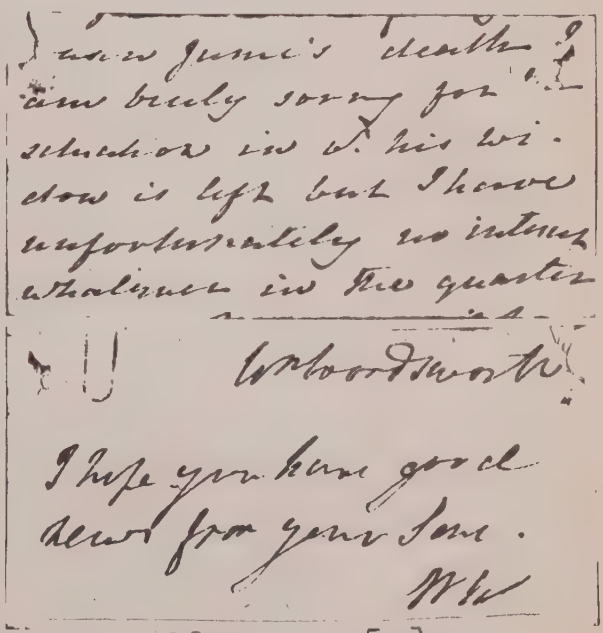
In the preceding section, I have summarized the development of Ike McCaslin's ideal of repudiation and the events which strengthen and define it. Quotations from the philosophy of Emerson have been inserted after each incident in McCaslin's struggle to reach fulfillment of the ideal, so that I could demonstrate the Emersonian pattern of thought which the young Southern landowner applied to solving his burdensome problem of freeing himself of the ownership of property which, he is convinced, is not rightly his. Many more substantiating quotations could have been easily supplied. To avoid being unduly repetitious, however, I refrained from inserting them. On the other hand, I was able to find no words of Emerson which could be used as a refutation of the philosophy of McCaslin.

From this examination and analysis of one of William Faulkner's works I cannot, of course, generalize about the philosophy of this enigmatic writer. However, Malcolm Cowley, editor of The Portable Faulkner, in his introduction to that book says that in The Bear Faulkner is more "himself." Therefore, that William Faulkner's philosophy, as evidenced by his fictional writings, agrees in the main with the philosophy of Ralph Waldo Emerson, may be stated as a reasonable working premise, worthy to be examined at length in an exhaustive survey of Faulkner's work.

1 Emerson, The Complete Works, (12 vols.), Boston, 1903-1904, I, 24. Subsequent quotations from Emerson are from this edition.
2 The Portable Faulkner, N.Y., 1946, pp. 244-245. Subsequent quotations from Faulkner are from this edition.
3 Emerson, Works, I, 26-27.
4 Faulkner, p. 229.
5 Ibid., p. 227.
6 Ibid., p. 252.
7 Ibid., p. 225.
8 Emerson, Works, I, 20.
9 Ibid., I, 10.
10 Faulkner, p. 257.
11 Ibid., p. 263.
12 Ibid., p. 336.
13 Ibid., p. 337.
14 Emerson, Works, II, 84. Italics mine.
15 Faulkner, p. 291.
16 Emerson, Works, II, 72-73.
17 Ibid., II, 60.
18 Ibid., I, 72.
19 Ibid., I, 73.
20 Faulkner, p. 342.
21 Ibid., p. 315. This point is obscured, however, by conflicting evidence. It is stated that the boy goes to live with his wife in "the little new jerry-built bungalow." There is no mention in The Bear of any issue of this marriage, but in "Delta Autumn" in the Story of May-June, 1942, p. 51, it is said of Ike McCaslin that he "owned a house in Jefferson where he had a wife and children...." In this story, Ike restates his philosophy of repudiation. Of the land, he says, "It belonged to all; they had only to use it well, humbly and with pride...." In "Delta Autumn," the plot of The Bear is summarized with the only discrepancy being the clouded point of Ike's fatherhood. Since, as Malcolm Cowley says, Faulkner is more than once guilty of discrepancies of this kind, the evidence in "Delta Autumn," though clear, must be applied with caution to an analysis of The Bear.

A NEW WORDSWORTH LETTER*

By MICHAEL P. REWA, JR.



side 1 [co]usin Jame's [sic] death I am truly sorry for [the] situation in w[hich] his widow is left but I have unfortunately no interest whatever in the quarter

side 2 Wm. Wordsworth
I hope you have good news from your Sam. [Sons?]
WW

The facts concerning the foregoing letter are as follows: (A) The body, signature and postscript are in two hands.[1] (B) A partial watermark appears in the paper. (C) A "James" and, possibly, a "Sam" are mentioned.[2] (D) The fragment measures 4 1/4" x 2 1/4", suggesting that the original sheet might have been 4 1/4" x 6 1/4" folded. (E) Material from only the third and fourth writing sides is extant. (F) The size of the fragment suggests that the above autograph was cut out to be placed in a framed engraving of the poet. (G) Since there are no seal marks on the paper, we may assume that an envelope was used. (H) A "cousin," "widow," and "quarter" are referred to.

During the period from 1832 to 1840, when Wordsworth's eyes bothered him, he employed his wife Mary as an amanuensis.[3] Moreover, she not only wrote his letters but often signed his name to them also.[4] A comparison of this fragment with the Wordsworth correspondence in the Yale University Library shows the handwriting of the body and the signature to be Mary's; the postscript was appended by William. With the evidence of the watermark, we may place the letter probably in the year 1839-1840.[5]

Since the nature of the postscript suggests a certain familiarity between the correspondents, we must conclude that the note was a personal one. A thorough checking of the De Selincourt edition of the correspondence of both William and Dorothy reveals no cousin James or a "Sam" about whom Wordsworth might have asked regularly--or even in passing.[6] Both men must remain enigmas until further research can enlarge our knowledge of the Wordsworth circle.

The body of the letter is not much clearer. The meaning of "quarter" is indefinite. What remains of this section seems to be a sentence fragment--and not the discontinous words of several sentences, because the left side of the paper appears to have been torn along a center fold and the right side is smooth. From the measurements of the fragment, the letter was apparently of common note size.

The letter seems definitely to have been one of William's concerns, for if Mary had been writing a personal note, she would not have used "I" so prominently, nor would she have signed William's name. I conjecture that one of the autograph hunters who plagued Wordsworth throughout his lifetime secured this letter from the recipient and trimmed it for a suitable display piece in a picture frame containing an engraving of the poet or of the Lake Region of the British Isles.

Many other questions remain unanswered: Was Wordsworth planning a trip and looking for quarters along the way? Was the letter written later than I have indicated, possibly in 1844, and did it concern itself with quarters for Isabella Fenwick? We can be sure, on the basis of the evidence, however, that we have here a personal note dictated by William, written and signed by Mary, with a postscript added by William for an unidentified correspondent sometime in 1839-1840--or, possibly a short time thereafter.

* The MS. is owned by Prof. Kenneth W. Cameron and is edited here with his kind permission.

1 Wordsworth had "fast" and "slow" hands--the former almost illegible; the latter, neat and clear.

2 It might be "Junie's"--but I consider this doubtful.

3 Wordsworth states in a letter to John Hymers of January 26, 1832: "The state of my eyes (tho' not bad) obliges me to use an amanuensis...." In a letter to Edward Quinillan, dated late January, 1839, one finds: "I [Mary Wordsworth] hold the pen for Mr. W[ordsworth]." On February 22, 1839, he wrote Prof. Henry Reed: "The state of my eyes obliges me to employ an amanuensis...." He added at the end: "...these words are in my own handwriting." See The Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: The Later Years, ed. Ernest de Selincourt, Oxford, 1939, II, 592, 965-967.

4 Ibid., passim. See also the letter dated April 16, 1842, to an unidentified correspondent--a MS. in the collection of the Yale University Library, written by Mary and resembling the specimen reproduced above.

5 Whatman stationery was not Wordsworth's usual paper. Most of the letters written on paper of this manufacture--at least those that survive in the Yale University Library, the Henry E. Huntington Library, the New York Public Library and the Pierpont Morgan Library--are dated within two years of the watermark date. In the de Selincourt edition, the poet uses an amanuensis only twice after 1840.

6 The letter may be to Mrs. Samuel Carter Hall or to Mrs. Samuel Rogers.

THOREAU'S "LOVE'S INVALIDES ARE NOT THOSE OF COMMON WARS" – A CORRECTION

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

Thoreau's handwriting presents so many difficulties for the editor of his manuscripts that misreadings are almost inevitable, but through cooperation and correction we may one day arrive at a textus receptus, especially for Thoreau's Journal and for his poetry. When Professor Carl Bode issues a second edition of his remarkable Collected Poems of Henry Thoreau, he will wish to revise the second stanza of "Loves Invalides" [page 168] to read as follows:

> With erring men I have but small affair
> Though they can do some harm I do not care.
> It is a part of them which I can not commend
> A part of them that never was my friend.*

* See HM 13182, page 389.

EMERSON, ALCOTT, AND THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION

By JOHN C. BRODERICK

In his most recent encyclopedia of useful information concerning Emerson and his circle,[1] Kenneth W. Cameron reproduces in facsimile, under the rubric, "Alcott's Earliest Publication (1832)," the essay "On the Nature and Means of Early Intellectual Education, As Deduced from Experience."[2] Although in reprinting this too-little-known essay Professor Cameron has characteristically served scholarship well, the essay cannot be legitimately described as Alcott's "earliest publication." Moreover, Alcott did not (as implied) deliver the lecture before the American Institute of Instruction during its August, 1832, meeting. Further, it is probable that, though Alcott sent the lecture to be read in his absence, it was not read to the Institute at all. My intention in this note is to amplify and correct the impressions which might be derived from the appearance of Alcott's essay in Cameron's volume and, further, to correct the mistakes and silences regarding Emerson's appearances before the American Institute in 1835 and 1841.[3]

By "earliest publication," the compiler of The Transcendentalists and Minerva apparently means earliest separate publication, for several Alcott essays had appeared in the American Journal of Education and in The Unitarian Advocate in 1828, one or two briefer items appearing even earlier.[4] But Alcott's first separate publication was, in fact, Observations on the Principles and Methods of Infant Instruction, which appeared, at his own expense, in 1830.[5] Though apparently somewhat rare (it is not listed in the Dinwiddie-Herrnstadt bibliography), this pamphlet of twenty-seven pages has been cited in many of the standard biographies and bibliographies.[6] Because Alcott was in the process of shedding some Lockean preconceptions during the early 1830's, it is instructive to read the 1832 pamphlet beside that of 1830. The essay printed in the American Institute volume, in fact, is a transition between Observations and The Doctrine and Discipline of Human Culture (1836). To regard the American Institute pamphlet as Alcott's "earliest," therefore, is a biographical and critical as well as bibliographical mistake, for it obscures Alcott's impressive intellectual growth between his departure from Boston in 1830 and his return in 1834, a growth stimulated in great part by his reading of Aids to Reflection.[7] The American Institute essay, coming mid-way in this period, is almost an interim report on Alcott's intellectual condition.

The American Institute of Instruction, which had been organized in 1830, held its third annual meeting in Boston on August 23-28, 1832, toward the end of a summer notable for a cholera epidemic along the Eastern seaboard, especially in New York and Philadelphia. There were numerous authenticated cases of cholera in and around Boston and, barely one week before the Institute assembled, at least one death (that of Elvira Lord, "a young woman of good moral character and correct habits, who died with all the severest afflictions of the disease").[8] There was some panic. The State of Rhode Island established a quarantine against visitors from the South, persons from New York being "avoided with terror."[9] Emerson, himself physically and mentally strained as he approached the September crisis of his resignation from the ministry, wrote to his Aunt Mary Moody on August 19: "...though I came home stronger & fatter than for years [my complaint] has stripped me to bones. The air is poisoned here to every person who is only slightly imprudent."[10] Under such circumstances it is hardly surprising that some of the first business to be considered by the American Institute was the receipt of letters from members who would not attend and would thus be unable to present promised lectures. Among the letters was one from Alcott, "stating that he should not be present, but that he had sent to the city the lecture he had prepared for the occasion."[11] The Institute, after considering a postponement "in consequence of the apprehension of the prevailing epidemic," officially denied the existence of an epidemic and through the newspapers served notice to its promised lecturers "that an audience expects their presence."

Alcott at the time was living in Germantown, outside Philadelphia, which was hard hit by the epidemic. There were also cases reported in Germantown.[12] Whether he was kept from Boston by the cholera or for other reasons, Alcott did not appear before the Institute, nor, to judge from the published proceedings, was his essay read to the Institute, as he intended. It was printed, however, in the volume of lectures and proceedings published the following year and was apparently printed also in pamphlet form.[13]

Emerson appeared before the American Institute of Instruction in 1835 and in 1841, both meetings in Boston in August. Neither lecture was published in the volume of proceedings. Though unpublished, the 1835 lecture, "The best mode of inspiring a correct taste in English Literature," has been well known to Emerson's editors and biographers; it was abstracted and summarized in Cabot's Memoir[14] and will appear in full in the forthcoming edition of unpublished lectures, to be edited by Robert Spiller and Stephen Whicher.[15] The 1841 lecture, on the other hand, is unidentified and is unmentioned in standard biographical and critical works on Emerson. This omission is the more curious since in 1841 Emerson was honored by the Institute as "Introductory Lecturer."

The confusion surrounding Emerson's appearances before the Institute began when someone (presumably Cabot) wrote on the "English Literature" manuscript that it had been delivered to the "American Institute of Education," a mistaken designation that later writers perpetuated.[16] It was compounded by Cabot who, relying on a reminiscence of William Hague, confused the 1835 lecture with that of 1841: "In August on this year [1835] he made the opening address at the American Institute of Education, in Boston. The subject was 'The best mode of inspiring a correct taste in English literature.' The Reverend Dr. Hague says that Emerson 'commenced his address with a brilliant paragraph containing a parenthetic affirmation of the uselessness of pray-

eri' There is nothing of the kind in the manuscript, and I can only suppose that Emerson, contrary to his wont, improvised the exordium of his discourse."[17] The entire passage from which Cabot quotes is as follows:

> In this connection, I may say, incidentally, that its [Emerson's "childlike simplicity"] free expression was once somewhat startling to me, and, to many, quite amusing, on a certain occasion, the meeting of the American Institute, composed mainly of teachers, at the State Capitol, where he delivered the opening discourse. Having finished my appointed service as chaplain, and offered the introductory prayer, he [sic], at once stepping into the place I had occupied, commenced his address with a brilliant paragraph containing a parenthetic affirmation of the uselessness of prayer.[18]

Emerson was introductory lecturer before the American Institute in 1841, not 1835. Moreover, Hague served as chaplain in 1841, not 1835.[19] Thus, a mistaken assumption that Hague was referring to the 1835 lecture (apparently Cabot was ignorant of Emerson's second appearance) led Cabot to an unjustified inference concerning Emerson's improvisation of an exordium.

In the 1841 proceedings Emerson's lecture is called "introductory address," the customary designation of the opening address. Because there are no references to it in the standard secondary sources, the essay would seem almost impossible to identify. However, a clue to its identification is provided by Hague's remembrance of Emerson's opening remark about the uselessness of prayer. As more and more of Emerson's unpublished writing reaches print, it may be possible to surmise which lecture Emerson selected in 1841, thus filling a singular lacuna in his biography.[20]

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1 The Transcendentalists and Minerva, (3 vols.), Hartford, 1958.

2 Ibid., II, 438-456. A bracketed note (p. 438) reads: "Reprinted from the American Institute of Instruction: The Introductory Discourse and the Lectures Delivered before the American Institute...in Boston, August, 1832, Boston, 1832, pp. 127-163." The date of publication of this note should be 1833, not 1832. See below.

3 In a forthcoming article I intend to survey the Transcendentalists' contributions (which were considerable) to the work of the American Institute.

4 A listing of Alcott's contributions to periodicals is included in Shirley W. Dinwiddie and Richard L. Herrnstadt, "Amos Bronson Alcott: A Bibliography," Bulletin of Bibliography, XXI (1954), 64-67; 92-96. Alcott's writings on education are listed in Dorothy McCuskey, Bronson Alcott, Teacher, N.Y., 1940, pp. 173-175. The American Institute lecture was, apparently, printed separately in pamphlet form (see below) though the facsimile in The Transcendentalists and Minerva is from the volume of proceedings which included all the published lectures for 1832.

5 Observations on the Principles and Methods of Infant Instruction. By A. B. Alcott, Teacher of an Elementary School, Boston. Boston: Published by Carter and Hendee. 1830.

6 E.g., Literary History of the United States, ed. Robert E. Spiller et al., (3 vols.), N.Y., 1948, III, 381; Jacob Blanck, Bibliography of American Literature, New Haven, 1955——, I, 20; Odell Shepard, Pedlar's Progress, Boston, 1937, p. 137; McCuskey, p. 174.

7 This subject is treated fully in Shepard, pp. 151ff. and in McCuskey, pp. 60-81.

8 Niles Register, XLII (Aug. 25, 1832), 452. Miss Lord was "evidently an original case. Another [new] case occurred, without producing death...these two ...patients had supped together and had eaten freely of whortleberries and milk." See also ibid., XLII (Aug. 18, 1832), 438.

9 Ibid., XLII (Aug. 4, 1832), 405. One shipload of passengers from New York was permitted to land in a rye-field and was then "compelled to pass directly out of the state, by guards placed on the road for that purpose."

10 The Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson, ed. Ralph L. Rusk, (6 vols.), N.Y., 1939, I, 352-353.

11 "Journal of Proceedings," The Introductory Discourse and the Lectures Delivered Before the American Institute of Instruction..., Boston: Carter, Hendee and Co., 1833, p. x. Dorothy McCuskey (p. 174) also mistakenly supposed that Alcott had read the lecture before the Institute.

12 Niles Register, XLIII (Sept. 1, 1832), 5.

13 The essay is listed as a separate publication in Blanck, I, 20; in McCuskey, p. 174; and in the Dinwiddie-Herrnstadt checklist, p. 64. To the entry in Blanck (I, 20), a note is appended: "The material following p. 30, paged 157-163, probably extracted from an unlocated work." The unlocated work is, of course, the American Institute volume, where Alcott's essay covers pages 127-163. From the pagination I surmise that in the copy in the American Antiquarian Society (which Blanck used) pp. 127-156 had been renumbered for pamphlet publication but that, through inadvertence, the last seven pages retained the numbering of the published volume.

14 James E. Cabot, A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson, (2 vols.), Boston, 1888, I, 232-233; II, 714-715. Cabot's summaries are combined and reprinted in Kenneth W. Cameron, Emerson the Essayist, (2 vols.), Raleigh, N.C., 1945.

15 I am grateful to the Ralph Waldo Emerson Memorial Association and to Mr. Edward W. Forbes for permission to examine this lecture and to Houghton Library and Miss Carolyn Jakeman for having it microfilmed for my inspection. Professors Spiller and Whicher also courteously relinquished their prior claims to this material insofar as these claims might restrict my access to it.

16 Ralph L. Rusk, The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson, N.Y., 1949, p. 238, correctly designates the American Institute of Instruction as the audience for Emerson's 1835 lecture but omits reference to his appearance before the group in 1841.

17 Cabot, op. cit., I, 232-233.

18 William Hague, Ralph Waldo Emerson: A Paper Read Before the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, N.Y., 1884, p. 5.

19 "Prayers having been offered by Rev. Mr. Hague, the Introductory Address was delivered by Mr. R. W. Emerson, of Concord, Mass.; after which the Institute Adjourned." "Journal of Proceedings," The Lectures Delivered Before the American Institute of Instruction, at Boston, August, 1841..., Boston, 1842, p.

vi. See also the proceedings for 1835 in The Introductory Discourse and the Lectures Delivered Before the American Institute of Instruction..., Boston, 1836, pp. ix-xxi et passim.

20 Except for Hague's, the only published comments on the lecture which I have seen are uninformative.

THE NEW EMERSON ANTHOLOGY AND MODERN SCHOLARSHIP

By CARL F. STRAUCH

Professor Whicher's Selections is, in its way, as important a contribution to the understanding of Emerson as the same author's Freedom and Fate. A volume in the Riverside Editions newly inaugurated under the general editorship of Professor Gordon N. Ray, this anthology maintains the high standard of usefully informative and critically illuminating scholarship established for the series, and it surpasses any other work of the same kind on Emerson. Research and criticism in American literature have made so much progress since World War I and America's coming of age, and Professor Whicher's text is such a happy result of this improvement that the full significance of the event deserves elaboration.

Three earlier volumes of selections may be brought into comparison with the present one to demonstrate the influence of prevailing views on books primarily intended for academic use: Stuart Pratt Sherman's Essays and Poems of Emerson (1921), Frederic Ives Carpenter's Representative Selections (1934), and Reginald L. Cook's Selected Prose and Poetry (1950). Mark Van Doren's Portable Emerson (1946), intended chiefly for the general trade, will also be taken into account.

For a number of years before he published his volume, Sherman had firmly established himself as a follower of Arnold with strong attachments to the humanism of Babbitt and More. The introductory critical essay to the selections mingles a pervasive Arnoldian influence with a marked hostility for literary naturalism and, interestingly, an awareness of the relevance of Emerson's doctrine and practice to the contemporary literary situation. For Sherman, as for Arnold, Emerson was "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit," and Sherman made the claim explicit both in modern and American terms. The modern spirit accepts nothing on authority; but whereas the naturalistic writers emancipate only the animal, Emerson emancipates the higher, spiritual being. Hence, his appeal, as a humanistic moralist, to unfolding minds. On the aesthetic and poetic side Sherman's judgments were curiously uneven. It was right to say that Emerson anticipated not only Whitman but also the poets of the day. It was also right to call attention to Emerson's economy in language and his doctrine of the unique word; but the comparison with Flaubert and Pater is specious and misleading. The most interesting critical perception emerges in a defence of the coherence of Emerson's essays, which, said Sherman, have a pattern, for "the gaps are bridged by one's own experience;" but the judgment is exclusively moralistic, and Sherman was not the critic to perceive that the fruitful elaboration of this insight lay in philosophical, psychological, and aesthetic analysis.

In no sense a scholarly production with notes and bibliography, the book remains an important traditionalist and academic edition of Emerson because of the introductory essay which Sherman subsequently included in his volume entitled Americans; but the message was irrelevant in a day when Floyd Dell, Theodore Dreiser, and Edna Millay were urging an emancipation far different from that of Emerson, Arnold, or Sherman, and when T. S. Eliot was urging a discipline also far different.

By the very nature of its objective and disinterested search for knowledge, the serious scholarly approach to American literature that got under way in the 1920's avoided the inconclusiveness and fatuity of the merely literary debate that reached a climax in the controversy over the New Humanism in the early 1930's. What was needed in the interpretation of the standard American authors was a new stock of ideas, a fresh stream of thought; and neither the Humanists nor their naturalistic enemies did anything more than reproduce nineteenth century European ideas somewhat less competently than had the Europeans before them. In retrospect it is plain enough that the new stock of ideas, the fresh stream of thought, had to emerge in a thoroughgoing job of research on the standard authors themselves. Keeping to the sort of text under discussion, we may observe in passing that a most satisfying start was made in the 1920's by the American Authors Series, under the general editorship of the late Stanley T. Williams, and in the 1930's by its successor, the American Writers Series, under the general editorship of Harry H. Clark.

Carpenter's Representative Selections, published in the latter series in 1934, was the first such text to draw upon the already impressive bulk of scholarship to which Carpenter himself had contributed his full share. The introduction presents Emerson in the whole range of his thought and practice, and although the exposition is cursory and in some instances tentative, Carpenter is particularly helpful in suggesting a possible relationship between emanation and evolution, in observing that Emerson's solution of the problem of dualism lay in the facts of experience, and in relating Emerson's pragmatic mood to that of William James, a subject on which he remains the authority. In considering Emerson against his American background (ancestry, family, environment, and the expansionist times in which he lived), Carpenter acknowledges the importance of the historical and sociological framework. After more than twenty years the text remains useful, although the selections from the Journals are a mere trifle and the notes, especially on the poems, are disappointingly limited, for the most part, to biographical and bibliographical data. No one,

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* Selections from Ralph Waldo Emerson, ed. Stephen E. Whicher, Boston (Houghton Mifflin Company), [1957]. In the series of Riverside Editions. Pp. xxiv + 517. $1.15.

however, who reads the introduction attentively will fail to be impressed by Carpenter's gift for compressed and yet clear exposition, a gift that made him the inevitable choice as editor of the Handbook.

Professor Cook's volume is the slenderest work of the four, since the bibliographical data are merely perfunctory, there are no notes, and the introduction, though written with vivacity, does not stand up to Stuart Sherman's impressive essay. The unifying idea in Cook's anthology "is Emerson's representativeness in American culture"—first, as an ethical thinker; secondly, as a critic of a democratic society; and thirdly, as a master prose-writer. The Emersonian Transcendentalism that Henry Adams dismissed as naïf long before Sherman attempted its defence had become more than ever suspect for Americans in a world of supersonic planes and rockets; but Cook relies upon Emerson's countryman, William James, for the view, in rebuttal, that the notoriously stubborn dualism can be harmonized: "Those who do insist that the ideal and the real are dynamically continuous are those by whom the world is to be saved." Emerson, furthermore, strikes close to an American habit of thought in his "emphasis on growing, renewing, altering." An Emersonian gratefully acknowledges Professor Cook's sense of the Emersonian prose vigor and metaphor and is especially pleased to have that beautiful essay "Illusions" singled out for praise. Professor Cook is no less appreciative of the poetry, which is exhilarating and affords brilliant insights. Professor Cook might have been writing of Robert Frost when he called Emerson "the poet of the upswing." Altogether, in giving us a philosophically simplified Emerson and in stressing the indigenous quality of his thought and writing, Cook's introduction is an example, at the popular academic level, of the tendency to seek the American aspect of a subject.

We must point to one improvement in Cook over both Sherman and Carpenter, and that is the generous selections from the Journals. But just as the introduction avoids Emerson's philosophic, scientific, and other intellectual interests, so do these selections, which, keeping mainly to personal reflections (whatever the topic), are in consequence merely an attractive side dish.

Professor Cook's relish of certain Emersonian qualities directs our attention to Mark Van Doren's unorthodox Portable Emerson four years earlier, which quite simply and unaffectedly shows the attraction that Emerson can have for one of our most eminent teachers who is also poet, critic, and scholar. The reader who long ago discovered for himself the submerged half of Emerson will understand Van Doren's exclusion, for the most part, of the Transcendentalism: "Nature," "Self-Reliance," "The Over-Soul," "Compensation" are not here, and in their places stand certain delightful or instructive minor pieces that lovers of Emerson have always cherished: "Man the Reformer," "Farming," "Education," "Memory," "Quotation and Originality." In Van Doren's words, these contain sentences in which Emerson "has spoken exciting truth," sentences in which "he is both sensible and inspired." Almost all English Traits is here because Emerson is never better than when he concerns himself with particulars and people. The book is "all brilliant, all witty, all serious, and all particular," and it gives us "the fabulous Victorians in their essence." The book, concludes Van Doren with three cheers—and one Emersonian echoes the cheers—the book "has no equal of its kind." Van Doren's phrase "sensible and inspired" is the key to the anthology and accounts for the further inclusion of those incomparable portraits of Mary Moody Emerson, Carlyle, and Thoreau. Would that Ezra Ripley had made a fourth! A single and continuous section of the Journals gets in (happy innovation), for the Journals are "a great work whose fascination has never yet," says Van Doren, "in spite of many attempts to do so, been adequately stated." There is only one error in this remark——the attempt has never been made. But once again one must applaud Van Doren's judgment, for no informed reader or scholar in Emerson can fail to be impressed by the greatness of this diary, and one may as well record the prophecy—at this time of the day a rather safe one—that Emerson's revised reputation will be founded upon a thoroughgoing critical revaluation of the Journals.

Professor Van Doren reserves his most exquisite praise for "Illusions——prose of a high music, Emerson's "most beautiful achievement," and as Carlyle put it, "a Fiat Lux." And then the poetry, too, with its "strange, rapt music"——Emerson's best is among the best in American literature. One recalls Van Doren's charmingly ingenuous way of putting it in his preface to an earlier anthology, his American Poets (1933): There is so much of Emerson here...because I like him so much." Certain poets and men of letters have been powerfully attracted to Emerson; and it is this appreciation that guarantees the living worth of any supposed classic, even a minor classic like Emerson. With such commendation the scholar knows that he is not flogging a dead horse; and he would merely add to Van Doren's judgment and say that, from the evidence already amassed in the renewed interpretation of Emerson, the Transcendental half is worth saving—not so much for doctrine as for the same qualities of mind that Van Doren has discovered.

The improvement that Whicher's anthology makes over the earlier texts is owing to the enormous advance in Emerson research and interpretation from Rusk onward and to Whicher's unerring sense of the direction the advance is taking. Here at last is a text that presents an organic view of Emerson, in which the journals play the fundamental role of source and ideas and revelation of personality, the unifying center and heart of the unfolding career. In Whicher's skilful and sympathetic treatment we observe "a remarkable man thinking," we come close to "the creative energy" of thought, and we participate in the "shifting, complex dialectic of opposites." Emerson apprehended ideas dramatically, and Whicher invites teacher and student to enter imaginatively into the dialogue of ideas. Emerson is, in effect, a far more subtle and interesting figure than the Concord Sage had in his own lifetime permitted to show or than his admirers or detractors had imagined. Plainly, Professor Whicher addresses himself not to the old, chewed-over defence and attack, which lost its savor long ago, but to the scholarly evidence—manuscripts of journals, lectures, and poems, the vast background

reading, the thorough and informed analysis of the published works and of philosophical influences; he acknowledges the defects, but sets aside the hasty dismissal and encourages the effort to see Emerson as in himself he really is and as that image may grow luminous in the focus of an imaginative sympathy.

At the risk of being obvious (for the book has been widely distributed, and I assume that professional readers of this discussion are familiar with it) I must point out that the organic view of Emerson is not just a matter of mere editorial statement, for Whicher divides Emerson's career into ten periods, each with a headnote and each having its major issues amply documented in journal entries and letters so that the great essays and lectures may be seen as public extensions of the private discourse of "an intellectual diarist." The effect is one of a richly flowing continuity not only within each section but from one to another; and the separate headnotes achieve a dramatic intensity impossible had these remarks been packed into the general introduction. The text is organically conceived, therefore, not only in the all-encompassing scope of the journal entries but also in the close and imaginative sympathy the editor establishes with his subject and consequently between his subject and his reader. This effect is enhanced by the occasional violations of chronology, as in the first section (1803-1832), which opens with journal entries and letters of a later date because they contain pertinent recollections of this early period; and there is more of the same practice in the other sections. The poems, grouped together at the end, are an exception to the chronological arrangement, but the notes on the poems contain cross-references to journal passages and essays.

Not even a book so truly conceived and so competently edited can include everything. The full-bodied journal portraits of Daniel Webster are not here, and there are remarkable journal passages in 1855 at the opposite pole of the intensest and most absorbed idealism that I miss, and there is a number of motifs and themes that the editor could not do justice to for lack of space; but if I regret the omission of favorite passages, Whicher supplies others equally good. Furthermore, the virtue of Whicher's organic method does not lie in the excellence of separate passages, nor entirely in the continuity of ideas in the Journals alone, but rather in the vitality of thought that links journals, letters, lectures, essays, poems, and the life itself. Thus, to choose an obvious example, the famous letter to Walt Whitman is framed by short journal passages that reflect the depth of insight from which the letter emerged; and the attentive reader will discover hundreds of such "linked analogies" throughout.

Professor Whicher speaks of "a fresh reading of Emerson" to be derived from the recent scholarship that he so graciously acknowledges and employs so effectively. Himself a pioneer in this fresh reading, he again contributes significantly to the scholarship not only in his note on the lecture sources of "Self-Reliance," a fascinating detail of research, but also in the whole scope and arrangement of his Selections. With such a text the undergraduate and the graduate teaching of Emerson should be enormously improved.

A QUERY ON THE SOURCES OF EMERSON'S EARLY LECTURES

By STEPHEN WHICHER

In preparing for the press Volume I (1833-1836) of The Early Lectures of Ralph Waldo Emerson I have failed to locate the sources of the following quotations. If readers of E S Q can give me clues to any of them, there is still time to insert a note in the book before publication. It is, of course, important to anyone interested in Emerson to make this edition as definitive as possible.

(1) Bias was asked what good education would do for a boy;--"When he goes there," pointing to the marble seats of the theatre, he replied, "that he might not be a stone sitting upon a stone." (Not found in Plutarch).

(2) Agis, whom the ambassador surprised riding on a stick with his children and who made the diplomatist wait till he had finished his ride. (Not found in Plutarch).

(3) The story of Scholasticus who carried a tile as a sample of his palace.

(4) The reader of a book expects to find there a refined nature or, in the words of Aristotle, all of nature but the matter.

(5) It was the sublime ejaculation of St. Austin to Truth: "And yet, as rich as thy furniture is, O city of God! thy gates stand always open, free to all comers. For thy immoveable Wealth needs no guard, the Exchequer of Light and Truth is secure against all thievish attempts, and the treasures of Wisdom, though common to all, can yet be rifled and carried away by none."

(6) It never troubles the simple lover of truth, said Mendelsohn, from whom he derived such or such a sentiment.

(7) The sublime prayer which Jesus taught his disciples Grotius has shown to be a compilation of existing Jewish petitions.

(8) Even God himself, said Luther, cannot do without wise men.

(9) When the friends of the new doctrines called themselves Lutherans, he writes to them, "Be not called after my name. Who am I? a lump (paunch) of worms."

(10) Bacon's imagination was said to be "the noblest that ever contented itself to minister to the understanding."

(11) "and hold the barbarous East in fee."

(12) Dryden: "But stronger Shakespeare felt for man alone." [Not in Dryden's verse.]

(13) Milton felt the heats of that "love" which "esteems no office mean."

(14) Milton: "My mother bore me a speaker of what God made mine own, and not a translator."

(15) Addison: "The progress of refinement has not entirely plucked the old woman out of our hearts." [A propos of superstition.]

(16) Mr. Burke compared the attempt of the British parliament to extort taxes from the American farmers: "An attempt to shear the wolf."

(17) "I see a chasm in the place of France," said Burke. Mirabeau remarked, "It is the chasm of a volcano."

(18) Fisher Ames happily said that a monarchy was a good ship and sailed well but it was liable to strike a rock and be wrecked. A republic, on the other hand, was a raft; it could not go to the bottom, but then your feet were always in water.

(19) Goethe said no man should be admitted into his Republic, who was not versed in Natural History.

(20) Goethe has remarked that of all history he remembers nothing but a few anecdotes.

(21) Lord Byron thinks the hand is the mark of a gentleman.

(22) Hope and fear alternate swayed his breast
Like light and shade upon a waving field
Coursing each other as the flying clouds
Now hide and now eclipse the sun. —Douglas.
[Not Home; not in Scott; not Francis Douglas; not Gawin Douglas.]

(23) What a satirist has called "a silent fury." [A propos the taciturnity of Englishmen.]

(24) "If the hand had not been divided into fingers, man would still be wild in the forest."

(25) "Every degree of latitude has its own fruit."

(26) "Fictions have often been the vehicle of sublimest verities."

(27) "He that has been born has been a First Man." [Not in the Bible.]

(28) "God is our Father and all we are brothers." [A propos of Quakers.]

(29) It is recorded of Haller, the celebrated Swiss physiologist, that he continued his observations in his last illness upon the progress of his disease with perfect calmness; taking note of the successive alterations in his system, and keeping his hand upon his own pulse,—until at last he exclaimed to his physician, "My friend, the artery ceases to beat," and expired.

(30) It is related of John Hunter that he retained the habit of critical observation to the last pulse, and said to a friend who sat beside him, "I wish I had power of speaking, or writing, that I might tell you how pleasant are the sensations of dying."

(31) When Kepler had discovered the three harmonic laws that regulate the motion of the heavenly bodies, he exclaims, "At length, after the lapse of eighteen months, the first dawn of light has shone upon me; and on this remarkable day, I have perceived the pure irradiation of sublime truth." [Continues for a number of sentences. [In similar, but not the same, words in the Encycloaedia Americana. Not in Lives of Eminent Persons.]

(32) Professor Buckland, after having shown the identity of an antediluvian animal with the hyena, proved it by comparing last meals of the two.

(33) Sir James Hall, having calculated the resistance which a column of water of 1500 feet would present to the escape of fixed air, enclosed a quantity of powdered chalk in a gun barrel and confined it in such a manner as to present an equal degree of resistance. Placed this in a furnace. When cooled, had become crystallized limestone or marble; and in one instance where chalk enclosed a shell, the shell had acquired a crystalline texture without losing its form.

(34) A similar experiment by Sir James Hall on lava and basalt. If cooled slowly, melted lava and basalt became stone.

(35) A son of the celebrated Mr. Watt fused 700 weight of the Dudley basalt called Rowley ragg and kept it in the furnace several days. It melted into a dark-coloured glass. During the cooling globules formed which pressed against each other as they enlarged to form prisms....

(36) It was by observing the slowness with which ice and snow melted, that Dr. Black was led to the discovery of concealed or latent heat.

ROUGH DRAFT OF WHITMAN'S *BY EMERSON'S GRAVE*

By THE EDITOR

For the benefit of our readers who may have missed the announcement, the manuscript partly reproduced on the next page from the auction catalogue was a part of the Walter P. Chrysler Collection, sold on December 7-8, 1954, by the Parke-Bernet Galleries, Inc., of New York (Sale 1556, page 104ff.).

By Emerson's Grave—

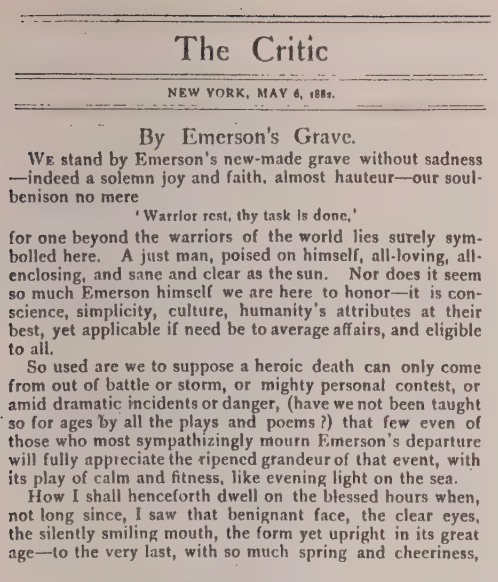
We stand by Emerson's
new: made grave without sadness—
- indeed a solemn joy and faith,
almost hauteur — our soul-heroism
no more
"Warrior rest: thy task is done."
For one beyond the warriors of the
world lies surely symbolled here.
A first man, poised on himself,
all: loving, all: enclosing, and same
and clear as the sun. Nor does
it seem so much Emerson himself
we are to know — it is conscience,
simplicity, culture, humanity, at
their best, yet applicable
if need be to average affairs, and
eligible to all.

So, we are to suppose
a hero's death can only come from
out of war or storm, or mighty personal
conflict or amid dramatic incidents
or danger. (Are we not taught
so for ages by all the Allays and Poems?)

3

We can say, as Abraham
Lincoln at Gettysburg, It is not
we who come to consecrate the
dead — we reverently come to receive,
if so it may be, some consecration
to ourselves and daily work from
him.

Walt Whitman



The Critic

NEW YORK, MAY 6, 1882.

By Emerson's Grave.

We stand by Emerson's new-made grave without sadness—indeed a solemn joy and faith, almost hauteur—our soul benison no mere

'Warrior rest, thy task is done,'

for one beyond the warriors of the world lies surely symbolled here. A just man, poised on himself, all-loving, all-enclosing, and sane and clear as the sun. Nor does it seem so much Emerson himself we are here to honor—it is conscience, simplicity, culture, humanity's attributes at their best, yet applicable if need be to average affairs, and eligible to all.

So used are we to suppose a heroic death can only come from out of battle or storm, or mighty personal contest, or amid dramatic incidents or danger, (have we not been taught so for ages by all the plays and poems?) that few even of those who most sympathizingly mourn Emerson's departure will fully appreciate the ripened grandeur of that event, with its play of calm and fitness, like evening light on the sea.

How I shall henceforth dwell on the blessed hours when, not long since, I saw that benignant face, the clear eyes, the silently smiling mouth, the form yet upright in its great age—to the very last, with so much spring and cheeriness, and such an absence of decrepitude, that even the term *venerable* hardly seemed fitting.

Perhaps the life now rounded and completed in its mortal development, and which nothing can change or harm more, has its most illustrious halo, not in its splendid intellectual or esthetic products, but as forming in its entirety one out of the few, (alas! how few!) perfect and flawless excuses for being, of the entire literary class.

We can say, as Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg, It is not we who come to consecrate the dead—we reverently come to receive, if so it may be, some consecration to ourselves and daily work from him.

WALT WHITMAN.

A SUPERB MANUSCRIPT OF WHITMAN'S GREAT TRIBUTE TO EMERSON, WITH ALLUSIONS TO LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

328. WHITMAN, WALT. Autograph Manuscript of "*By Emerson's Grave*," signed at end, written on 3 pp., small folio, about 350 words, tipped to writing paper. With envelope addressed in Whitman's hand to *J. L. and B. Gilder, Critic Office 30 Lafayette Place New York City*. With a portrait of Whitman by Hellyer. All in a blue morocco-backed case.

A superb autograph manuscript of Whitman's tribute to Emerson. At the top of the first page Whitman has inscribed in red ink instructions for the proofreader. With some corrections by the author.

The manuscript reads in part: "*We stand by Emerson's new made grave without sadness—indeed a solemn joy and faith. almost hauteur—our soul benison no more . . We can say, as Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg. It is not we who come to consecrate the dead—we reverently come to receive. if so it may be. some consecration to ourselves and daily work from him.*" From the J. J. Podell collection.

[For its full significance, see Jane Johnson, "Whitman's Changing Attitude Toward Emerson," P M L A, LXXIII, no. 4, part 1 (Sept., 1958), page 452.]

MORE UNCOLLECTED EMERSON LETTERS

By WALTER HARDING

Despite the heroic efforts of Professor Ralph L. Rusk in his The Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson (1939), further unpublished and/or uncollected letters of Emerson continue to turn up here and there, and will undoubtedly continue to turn up for many years to come. Professor Kenneth Cameron has already added many to the canon in his earlier lists in the pages of the Emerson Society Quarterly. I herewith add sixteen more that have come to my attention in researches on Transcendentalism in the past few years. I have reproduced them verbatim from my sources except that I have not attempted to follow all the typographical idiosyncracies of certain book catalogs. In a few cases I have added a brief commentary after giving the source of my text.

I

Emerson, R. W. American Author. A.L.s. 1p., 4to. Concord, 6 March 1844. ¶ Writes in part: "... my inclination to come holds good, though most of the circumstances look unfavorable...." —Catalogue 193. Carnegie Book Shop, New York. 1954.

II

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. Autograph Letter signed, to John Chapman, London. 3 full pages, 4to; with address on last page. ¶ Concord, September 15, 1844. ¶ Superb Letter on English Publication of His Book, which Emerson is sending to Chapman as the signatures are printed. "We will detain the publication here, a week or more, if needful to secure your reception... I can hardly confide in your impression that a copy-right can be secured, since the Americans are not entitled to such a privilege... P.S. By the last steamer, I sent you ten signatures of the Essays, and the proofs of An Address at Middlesex County, August 1844." ¶ Also refers to writing for an English journal——"I should find great pleasure in transmitting Yankee latitudinarianisms." —— Sale No. 243. Swann Auction Galleries, New York City. November 3, 1949. [Emerson herein arranges for the English publication of his Essays: Second Series (Cf. Letters, III, 265.) The "Address at Middlesex County, August 1844" is probably The Emancipation of the Negroes in the British West Indies, which Emerson delivered at Concord on August 1, 1844, and which Chapman issued as a pamphlet later that year.]

III

A.L.s., 3 pp., 4to. Boston, October 30, 1846. To John Chapman. Sending him a list of the Poems he has sent him for the volume to be issued. Mentions Carlyle as one to whom he would like an advance copy sent. Two or three letters damaged at seal. ¶ The list of "Contents" written on 1 p., 4to, is laid in the letter. The following Manuscripts of Poems are those sent to Chapman the publisher, for inclusion in the volume of Poems published in London in 1847. ——Catalogue of the William Harris Arnold Collection, N.Y. (Anderson Galleries), 1924, p. 70.

IV

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. Autograph Letter signed to Miss Crowe. 3 full pages, 8vo. Np, Monday, July

10, (1847). ¶ "I must leave London in a few hours... to begin my tour to Liverpool... I have seen Windsor, Cambridge, & now Stonehenge, Salisbury, & Winchester, with Carlyle; excellent sights, excellent company... So do you thank Mr. Rogers for me... And fare well you too, who made me so rich & proud in Edinburgh. I shall never be quite contented until you come to see me in my own house at Concord." ——Sale No. 243. Swann Auction Galleries, New York City. Nov. 3, 1949. [Although the catalogue dates the letter "1847," the year should be 1848, for it was in July that Emerson toured with Carlyle. Catherine Stevens Crowe had recently entertained Emerson in Scotland. (Letters, IV, 19).

V

Emerson. ALS, 2pp, 8vo. inlaid. 142 Strand, 20 March, n.y. To "Dear Mrs. Jameson." Asking her permission to change earlier plans and to come to her house "at a quite early hour, soon after 8," etc. —— List D1-8. Ben Bloomfield, New York City, 1953. [This is undoubtedly the letter of March 20, 1848, described by Rusk in Letters, IV, 40.]

VI

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. Noted American Philosopher, Essayist, Poet. Fine ALS 3 very full pages, 8vo. July 10 (1848). ¶ A Splendid Letter, written during his visit to England in 1848, where he enjoyed a memorable companionship with Carlyle and gathered the impressions that were later to be embodied in his book English Traits. ¶ "...I have seen Windsor, Cambridge, & now Stonehenge, Salisbury & Winchester, with CARLYLE; excellent sights, excellent company. And now, as BURKE said, 'I must shut the book, I have had my day.'" etc. ——List D1-8. Ben Bloomfield. New York City, 1953.

VII

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. Autograph Letter signed, to Theodore Parker. 3 pages, 4to; with address on last page. Concord, September 15, 1848. ¶ Concerning the "Journal." "As Cabot has been so prompt in throwing down his arms, I who was plotting to throw down mine, must persist in my mutiny, even though I should repent it one of these days with tears... I should like well to exculpate myself from what may easily seem to you very little performance, after much implied promise. But I wanted what perhaps is here & now an impossibility, a journal of pure literature & ethics which must be very jealous of its philanthropic & political contributors, every man writing an oath... it becomes me henceforward to be very discreet in promising aid, after this experience ..." On address-leaf, rubberstamped Concord cancellation. ——Sale No. 243. Swann Auction Galleries, New York City, Nov. 3, 1949. [Theodore Parker and James Elliot Cabot, among others, were preparing for the publication of the Massachusetts Quarterly Review. See Letters, IV, 112.]

VIII

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. American Philosopher and Author. A.L.s. 4 full pp., 8vo. Syracuse, Feb. 12, 1853. ¶ He writes in part:— "You will care the less for my defeat, that the new chapter which I meant to read you to-night is not quite ready, and I decided this morning to bring you something else...." —— Catalogue 157. Carnegie Book Shop, New York City. [Rusk (Letters, IV, 344) indicates that Emerson was in Concord on this date so that it seems likely that the dating of the letter has been misread.]

IX

Emerson, Ralph Waldo: Noted Essayist, etc. A.L.S. 1 1/2pp. 8vo, 1855. To a Mr. Terry, stating he will "...be holden for Friday, March 2d, to you..." Chooses "English Civilization" as a new lecture, etc. "R. W. Emerson". ——Paul F. Hoag, Gilmanton, N. H. Catalogue for March, 1953. [Rusk (Letters, IV, 492) lists many lecture engagements for this period in upstate New York, but includes no engagement for March 2.]

X

[From John Witt Randall, Poems of Nature and Life, Boston (George Ellis), 1899, p. 12:]

Concord, 11 Sept. 1856.

My dear Sir,

I thank you heartily for your kind gift of the Poems, so truly named, and so truly written. I had borrowed them of Elizabeth Hoar, and read them with much interest, as celebrating places and experiences which are mine also; and I pleased myself that, some day, our walks might meet—you at the extreme of your ramble and I at the extreme of mine. I sent E. H. some note of what I found in the book. Now I shall keep it by me for the weather and mood that require it. I have no verses to send you in return, but shall ask my publisher to send you a copy of my "English Notes," and, if the prose is extreme, I hope you will lay it to the necessities of the theme. With great regard, yours,

R. W. Emerson.

Mr. Randall.

XI

Emerson, R. W. American author. A.L.s. 1 p., 12mo. Concord, 12 Sept. 1856. ¶ To Howland. "...You shall then hold me engaged to you for Wednesday, 10 December..." (Lecture on his "English Traits" published several months prior to this date?) ——Catalogue 223. Carnegie Book Shop, New York City, Feb., 1958. [This letter was unquestionably to William Howland of Lynn, Mass. (See Letters, V, 35.) Emerson delivered a lecture on "Life" (not English Traits) before the Lynn Library Association on Wednesday, Dec. 10, 1856.]

XII

[This letter was sent to Daniel Ricketson, Thoreau's New Bedford friend, who had a small study-shanty on the lawn of his estate just outside New Bedford. I am indebted to Miss Edith Guerrier for permission to reprint this and the following letters from Daniel Ricketson: Autobiographic and Miscellaneous, ed. Anna and Walton Ricketson, New Bedford (Anthony), 1910, p. 115:]

Concord, 21 November, 1857

My dear Sir, — I have been unpardonably slow in acknowledging your kindest invitation. I thank you for your care and thoughtfulness in my behalf. I do not know but I shall go this time to Mrs. _____, who took care, when I was at New Bedford the last time, to say that she engaged me to her house for the next year. Yet I have a very good will to read the inscriptions that have gathered on your Shanty wall, and on its master's mind. And as usual, I do not know but it may be necessary for me to come and go by the short way that gave you so much amusement already. So we will let all this lie for the present, for the 21 December is still a whole lunation ahead.

With kindest regard to all your household from all of mine,

Your obliged servant,
R. W. Emerson

XIII

[From Daniel Ricketson, p. 117. Addressed to Thoreau's New Bedford friend. Channing is undoubtedly William Ellery the Younger, and the history was Ricketson's own book, published in 1858. Ricketson's son Walton was a sculptor and did the bust of Thoreau now in the Concord Free Public Library. The date 1859 which Rusk assigns (Letters, V, 176) seems much more plausible than that given by Anna and Walton Ricketson.]

Concord, 11 October, 1869 [1859?]

My dear Sir, — I received through Mr. Channing your gift of the History of New Bedford, for which I have delayed to thank you. I have not yet read it through, but have read a good deal in it, and with much content. It is written with good sense and with selection, and with affection. Interesting traits have been preserved so that you will have this pleasure in mind, that every year will be making your book more valuable and more valued, and distant men will heartily thank you.

I was sorry that when your son came to Concord I should be a cripple, forced to think of myself alone, and I believe, I went away the next day. When he comes again, we shall be better acquainted.

With great regard,
R. W. Emerson.

XIV

[Rusk (Letters, V, 177), who had not seen the complete text, believed that this note was part of the letter of October 11, 1859. Since Thoreau lectured in the Music Hall in Boston on Sunday, October 9, 1859, it is quite likely that he is correct. Taken from Daniel Ricketson, p. 117:]

Mr. Ricketson.

We are all concerned that Mr. Thoreau should prosper at the Music Hall on Sunday. From private reports I infer that he made a just impression.

XV

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. Autograph Letter signed, to Dr. T. Franklin Smith. 2 pages, 8vo. Concord, Oct. 16, 1866. ¶ Hopes to come to Harlem. "But my engagements at home do not leave me much liberty." Sets a date, and adds "the Association shall pay me Fifty dollars." — First Editions, [Cat.] No. 9. Argosy Book Stores, New York City, [1950].

XVI

Autograph Letter signed, 3 pp. 8vo, Concord, Mass., Oct. 30, 1869. To A. T. Goodman, Esq. Reading: "Dear Sir; It would give me much pleasure to come to Harrisburg.... It happens that this winter my tour appears to be pretty exactly prescribed and hardly admits a journey to Harrisburg. But I shall keep the door open, and if I see that such visit can be combined with my engagements, I shall hasten to write you. Respectfully. R. W. Emerson. — Catalogue 616. City Book Auction, New York City, Dec. 11, 1953. [This is probably the same Alfred T. Goodman, of Harrisburg, to whom Emerson wrote on January 28, 1866 (Letters, V, 454) concerning an earlier lecture engagement.]

EMERSON MANUSCRIPTS —UNGATHERED AND MIGRANT

PART THREE

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

150 **EMERSON, RALPH W.** American author. A. L. s. 2½ pp., 8vo. Palmyra, N. Y., 14 Feb. 1854. $37.50

To Francis Hall, written during his lecture tour. States in part: ". . . I find here your new proposition, and decided to come to Elmira on Saturday, were it only because you ask it, though I had made up my mind to go homeward on that day...."

Carnegie Book Shop
140 East 59th St.,
New York City.
Cat. 228, Oct., 1958.

141. EMERSON, RALPH W. A.L.s., 1 pp., 8vo. "Concord, Sunday Night. 31 March [1861 or 1867]". To Rev. Sidney H. Morse.

Regarding an engagement and correcting a blunder he made in introducing a Mr. Guerrier. He had told the Rev. Morse that he had a personal acquaintance with Mr. Guerrier, but he discovered he had confounded him with another person.

[Dr. Frank L. Pleadwell Collection. Sale 1840 at Parke-Bernet Galleries, Inc., Oct. 7-8, 1958.]

CENTENARY EDITION WITH MANUSCRIPT

178 **EMERSON, RALPH WALDO.** Complete Works. Introduction and Notes by E. W. Emerson. Photogravure plates, all mounted India-proofs, with lettered tissue-guards. 12 volumes. Thick large 8vo, brown buckram, paper labels; uncut. Cambridge: Riverside Press, 1903-04

AUTOGRAPH CENTENARY EDITION, limited to 600 numbered sets, with a FULL PAGE OF MANUSCRIPT IN EMERSONS HAND, consisting of notes for his study of Swedenborg. Some labels a little chipped.

[Swan Galleries, Inc., 117 East 24th Street, New York. Sale No. 504. Wed., Sept. 10, 1958.]

107 **EMERSON, RALPH W.** American Author. A.L.s. 4 full pages, 8vo. Syracuse, February 26, 1855. $35.00

To "My dear Mrs. Drury." Regrets that train connections will not permit him to come to Canandaigua. "You will care the less for my defeat, that the new chapter which I meant to read you tonight, is not quite ready, & I decided this morning to bring you something else..."

Carnegie Book Shop
New York City.
Cat. 225, May, 1958.

EMERSON, R. W. Am. author. ALS, 1p. 8vo. Fascinating. "I am sorry if it annoys you, but excuse you the Concord Lyceum will not, but awaits with erect ears the truth concerning Texas."

[Item 116, priced at $20. in Cat. 26 of Charles Hamilton Autographs, 515 Madison Ave., New York, 1958.]

38

RALPH WALDO EMERSON. A.L.S., 2 full pp. 4to, Concord, Nov. 3, 1837. $75

FASCINATING EARLY LETTER, PHILOSOPHIZING ON FREEDOM OF THE WILL. "Worldly wise men say there's a great deal of luck in every success, by which I suppose they only mean, what is true in every literary work, that we are only recorders, not makers, and therefore what we record is not in our wills but above them... the soul is sure that if it will only wait, justice shall be done and each shall have all. So I try to comfort myself when I get no inspirations..."

[Charles Hamilton Autographs, Inc., New York. Cat. 10, May, 1958.]

Of the two surviving Emerson letters mentioning Mr. Gugliel-mo Gajani, author of *The Roman Exile,* Professor Rusk was able to edit only one.[1] He merely referred to the second,[2] setting forth a few details gathered from an inaccurate bookseller's announcement. This manuscript, which was apparently written to Charles Thomas Jackson, Emerson's brother-in-law, has recently come into my possession, and I print it here entire:

Concord 6 May 1856

My dear brother,

I enclose $11.00 whereof $10. were kindly lent me by you on Friday last, & 1.00 was received by me today for one of Mr. Gajani's books; & will you please give it to Susan for him.

Yours affectionately,

R. W. Emerson.

[Kenneth W. Cameron, Ralph Waldo Emerson's Reading, Raleigh, N.C., 1941, p. 129.]

Another unpublished letter appears in a manuscript volume of records belonging to the Harvard Theological School in Cambridge and is interesting because it indicates the circumstances under which Emerson consented to deliver his Divinity School Address. Unfortunately it is only a copy of the original, now probably lost, but as a part of the Divinity School archives deserves to be better known:*

Concord 27 March 1838

Gentlemen,

Will you signify to the members of the Senior Class in the Divinity College, that it will give me pleasure to comply with their request, and to speak to them on Sunday evening 15 July next, on the occasion of their entering upon the active Christian Ministry.

In the good hope of our calling, I am

Your friend and servant,

R. W. Emerson

Messrs. Geo. F. Simmons
M. G. O. Blake
W. D. Wilson
} Committee

Ralph Waldo Emerson's Reading, pages 129-130.

A 987 EMERSON, Ralph Waldo. Famous essayist, poet, and lecturer. A.L.S., 2pp., 4to, Concord, Mass., July 5, 1839. To Elijah Ward, Secy., Mercantile Library Association, N. Y. Replying to an invitation to offer a series of lectures: "It would be very agreeable to me to read one or more lectures before your Association . . . at present I do not like to promise anything . . ." etc. Emerson the lecturer had grown out of Emerson the preacher. Ever since a very successful series given before the Mechanics' Institute of Boston in 1835, he had become increasingly popular. Some of his subjects were "The Philosophy of History," "Human Culture," "Human Life," "The Present Age," as well as inspired biographical sketches. He earned about $800 a season. Rare of this early period. $40.00

The Collector, LX, no. 6 (New York, June, 1947).

M 1988 EMERSON, Ralph Waldo (1803-1882). Famous American essayist, poet, and lecturer. A.L.S., 2pp. 4to, Concord, Mass., July 5, 1839. To Elijah Ward, Secretary, Mercantile Library Assn., New York. Replying to an invitation to offer a series of lectures: ". . . It would be very agreeable to me to read one or more lectures before your Association . . . at present I do not like to promise anything," etc. Emerson the lecturer had grown out of Emerson the preacher. Ever since a very successful series given before the Mechanics' Institute of Boston in 1835, he had become increasingly popular. Some of his subjects were "The Philosophy of History," "Human Culture," "Human Life," "The Present Age," as well as inspired biographical sketches. Rare of this early period. $40.00

[From A. Warren Stearns, "Four Emerson Letters to Dr. Daniel Parker," The Tuftonian, I, no. 1 (Nov., 1940, pp. 6-9):]

Concord 10 Nov. 1840

Dear Sir,

I send you the two numbers of the Dial for which your friend paid me last week. I send a copy of my little book "Nature" which you will oblige me by keeping. I do not know whether you have read the translation of Dr. Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe, which I found very agreeable reading. My copy of the English Wilhelm Meister has not yet returned. It shall be at your service when it comes. Goethes Italian Travels have never, I believe been translated. I have them in the original, if you read German. It would give me pleasure if you would come & look at my books. Perhaps I have several that would be new to you. I have Mrs. Austens entertaining book called Characteristics of Goethe & Hayward's Prose translation of Faust; and the Carlyle Miscellanies; for books in that taste—but these are perhaps all old to you. Whatever I have, I shall be very glad to lend you.

I hardly know what to say in regard to lectures. I think I should not like to undertake a course in Billerica, certainly not to propose one. If your neighbors wish to hear me I would read one or two or more there on their own terms.

I am glad if you like the Dial. The article in the last number, "Lesson for the Day," of which you speak was written by Theodore Parker of Roxbury.

Yours respectfully,

R. W. Emerson.

[To Dr. Daniel Parker, of Billerica, Massachusetts.]

Concord, July 7, 1841.

My dear Sir,

I return your little manuscript with my thanks for the frank kindness which sent it to me. I congratulate you on this pleasant and ever open resource of flowing numbers, which must be an amusement to your solitary rides & walks, & sometimes a consolation to far ones. Perhaps hereafter you may find that the Muse has a deeper secret for you than these easy & superficial verses, and will not be content with beguiling your ear, but will put under contribution all the energies of your intellect, and the deepest fires of the heart. Those verses which in a manner cost the poet his life, which make the poet a new creature, react with equal virtue on other men & we must listen and be changed whether we will or will not.

I hoped when I saw you that I should be able to accept your invitation to come & see your garden, but when the time came, it was not in my power, & now I am just leaving home for a few weeks, so that I must postpone my visit to Billerica, to a more propitious hour.

Yours respectfully,

R. W. Emerson.

Dr Parker

562 ——. Thomas Carlyle, Past and Present. 296pp. Boston, 1843. Bound in ¼ blue morocco, original wrappers bound in. $45.00

First American edition and the first edition edited by Ralph Waldo Emerson. Bound in is the following A.L.S. by Emerson to R. C. Waterson.

"My dear Sir, Carlyle did not send his copy in his own handwriting but used an amanuensis. A page or two of soiled copy in his own hand however were in the packet—and I send you the best fragment of this which remains to me. I am glad you like his book, which I think his best. Yours, R. W. Emerson. Concord, 21 May, 1843."

Catalogue of Barnes & Noble, Inc., New York.

129 **EMERSON, R. W.** American Essayist and Poet. A.L.s. 1 page, 4to. Concord, July 6, 1846. $20.00

A curious letter written to a Mrs. Chapman in which he states that he is sending her "an account of what I attempted to say at Dedham," and that it should be too late, "for any reason suppressed, it will please me more."

Carnegie Book Shop, New York. Cat. 142 (1949)

M 695 EMERSON, Ralph Waldo (1803-1882). Famous American essayist, poet and lecturer. A.L.S., 3pp. 8vo. Concord, Aug. 27, 1847. Stained by acid. To Alexander Vattemare. Fine literary letter commenting on some books that had been sent to him. . . . The design is a good one, and for books printed by corporations, civil or academical, seems the most natural disposition of them. The scheme will attract me more the more it promises to bring to a library here, the works of private authors in France, and vice versa. . . . The two little books of mine which I was to send you, are not quite ready—new editions of both being just about to appear," etc. $25.00

The Collector, New York, April, 1948, page 87.

Concord, 2 December, 1840.

My dear Sir,

As there is a moon next week if your Lyceum wishes my service in a Lecture, I will name Thursday Evening, 10th December & come then unless I hear from you to the contrary or unless I write to you. I am so little acquainted with the road to Billerica that I wish to give myself the advantage of a bright night. If the time should not perfectly suit you, I shall very willingly be released. If I come I will bring the books you mention.

The article in the Dial on the Religion of Beauty was written by F. S. Dwight of Northampton. I think with you it is very good. I am glad to find this little Journal excites an increasing interest. It will doubtless react in making the Journal better and perhaps next year bigger.

Yours respectfully,

R. W. Emerson.

Dr Parker.

Concord, 1 Jan. 1841.

My dear Sir,

I am quite sorry to have been absent from home when you called at my house. In answer to the message you left with my mother, I think I will undertake to bring you a lecture next Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, in obedience to your request. I trust that in coming I meet the wish of your Lyceum & that they do not invite me out of any regard to what was merely suggested at my former visit, or to any supposed expectation on my part. I shall depend on you to withdraw my name from the list of lecturers on the slightest ground that would make it proper so to do, & to inform me of the fact.

I must give you the caution not to lend the Carlyles Fr. Revolution. My own copy is the American one & is still loaned; the copy you have is Mr Carlyle's property—being one of a lot of English copies which were sent out here for sale for his benefit, & is going to the book store. Do not hesitate to keep it as long as you wish for your own reading.

Yours respectfully,

R. W. Emerson.

(Dr. Daniel Parker, Billerica, Mass.)

205. EMERSON, RALPH WALDO. Autograph Letter signed. 3 pages, 12mo. Manchester, November 24, ny.

Written during his tour of England. He thanks his correspondent for opening "all doors & all hearts," and refers to recent invitations.

Swann Auction Galleries, Sale 98, First Session, Oct. 26, [ ]. See Letters, III, 341, for date: November 24, 1847.

M 696 EMERSON. A.L.S., 3pp. 8vo, Higher Broughton, Manchester, Dec. 15, 1847. Corners of second leaf torn, affecting one word. To Miss Carpenter. Friendly letter written while he was in England on a lecture tour. ". . . I dare not yet say when I am likely to have the many privileges you so freely offer me at Bristol, perhaps not until I go to London, where I mean to be after a few weeks," etc. $20.00

The Collector, New York, April, 1948, page 87.

[From F. B. Sanborn, Recollections of Seventy Years (2 vols.), Boston, 1909, II, 415-416:]

Concord, 23d July, 1850.

My dear Sir:

The morning papers add no syllable to the fatal paragraphs of last night concerning Margaret Fuller; no contradiction and no explanation. At first I thought I would go myself and see if I could help in the inquiries at the wrecking ground, and act for the friends. But I have prevailed on my friend, Mr. Henry D. Thoreau, to go for me and all the friends. Mr. Thoreau is the most competent person that could be selected; and in the dispersion of the Fuller family, and our uncertainty how to communicate with them, he is authorized by Mr. Ellery Channing to act for them all.

I fear the chances of recovering manuscript and other property, after five or six days, are small, and diminishing every hour. Yet Margaret would have every record of her history for the last three or four years; and whatever is found by anyone would easily be yielded up to a diligent seeker. Mr. Thoreau is prepared to spend a number of days in this object, if necessary, and you must give him any guidance or help you can. If his money does not hold out, I shall gladly pay any drafts he may make on you in my name. And I shall cordially unite with you in any expense that this painful calamity shall make necessary.

Yours faithfully,

R. W. EMERSON.

Marcus Spring, Esq.

[From List 1,026 of George A. Van Nosdall, 126 East 123rd Street, New York 35, N.Y., August, 1946. Item 56:]

Inserted is Autograph Letter Signed by Author, 3pp. 8vo, (New York) "Astor House, 14 March, [1850]." To Mr. Ricord. Reads: "I think you may depend on me at Newark, next Friday Evening, since you say that is the best for you, and I will bring you the Lecture on 'England,' if you choose it. Mr. Marcus Spring, however, who heard my lecture tonight on 'Natural Aristocracy,' chooses that for me to read at Brooklyn. Please to say to Mr. Kinney, with my respects, that I shall certainly accept his hospitable summons. With great regard, Your obedient Servant, R. W. EMERSON."

[Inserted in the Hogan Copy of the Essays, First and Second Series, Boston, 1841-1844.]

"THE ANTI-POETIC INFLUENCE OF MASSACHUSETTS"

138 EMERSON, R. W. American Author. A.L.s. 2 pp, 8vo. Concord, Dec. 2, 1851. $25.00

A note on the verso states: "Emerson's letter, cont'g his opin'n of Bale's poems." He states in part: "I think the writer successful where our American poets are prone to fail...I heartily wish he may concentrate his genius to resist the anti-poetic influences of Massachusetts..."

Carnegie Book Shop New York 22, N.Y. Cat. 146.

[1170] EMERSON (RALPH WALDO). A.L.S. to Henry A. Bright, sending some letters. 2½ pp., 8vo. Concord, 2nd October, 1852. £1 10s

Maggs Bros., Cat. 741 (1944).

[From Carl F. Strauch, "Emerson at Lehigh," Lehigh Alumni Bulletin, XXIX (1942), 15-16 (April). The following two letters are addressed to Benjamin Norton of Portsmouth, New Hampshire.]

Concord
18 October 1854

Dear Sir,

I regret to say, that your note which came, I believe, when I was absent from home, has been mislaid, & is just now recovered by me. If it is not too late, it would be quite agreeable to me to accept your invitation for November 5th: If that day is occupied, perhaps I can come later in your course. If I bring you a lecture, the Association shall pay me Fifty dollars.

Respectfully,
R. W. Emerson

Concord 28 Oct^{r} 1854

Dear Sir,

I am engaged to go to New Bedford 26th November; 27th is free, but not probably a good night for your Lyceum,—so near to Thanksgiving: 29th is also free, with me. So are all the days earlier, from the 7th to the 22d Nov^{r}, inclusive. I leave home for the West, on 2^{d} December, and it is quite possible that I may have days on my return to offer you, unless your course closes early. I should like very well to come to Portsmouth.

Respectfully,
R. W. Emerson

154. EMERSON. RALPH WALDO. Letters and Social Aims.

12mo, original green cloth. Boston: . . . 1876. $10.00

FIRST EDITION. Laid in is an a. l. s., 3 pages, 12mo, about 135 words, in ink, dated *"Concord/ Nov. 5/ 1855."* The letter is from Emerson to Mr. Fiske regarding a lecture tour. A fine copy. In a half red morocco slipcase.

[Estate of the Late Gabriel Wells, 145 West 57th Street, New York 19. Cat. No. 2 (1948)]

204. EMERSON, RALPH WALDO. Autograph Letter signed, concerning his lecture tour, and suggesting a date for speaking at Cleveland. 2 pages. 8vo. Belvedere, Ill., January 7, 1856.

[Swann Auction Galleries, Sale 98, First Session, October 26, year uncertain.]

78 EMERSON (Ralph Waldo) A.L.s., 3 pp., 4to, Concord, Mass., 7th April, 1857, to Dr. Rother. A fine letter concerning a list of books on Art, £3 10s ($14)

Percy J. Dobell, Cat. 97 (1947).

89 EMERSON (Ralph Waldo, *American Author*) Auto. note. "Thomas Carlyle, Esqre with affectionate regards of R. W. Emerson. December 25, 1875." On a small sheet of paper, 10s ($2)

Percy J. Dobell, Cat. 106 (1949).

EMERSON INTRODUCES HORACE MANN TO CARLYLE

121. EMERSON, RALPH W. A.L.s., 1 p., 4to, Concord, April 30, 1843. To Thomas Carlyle. Tipped at corners to cardboard.

Writes that *"Horace Mann, Esq. with his Lady, is taking his way through London to Germany, & has kindly charged himself, with a parcel to you. Mr. Mann is our State-Secretary of the Board of Education and has the official oversight of public-school education in Massachusetts"*.

122. EMERSON. R. W. A.L.s., 2½ pp., 8vo, Pal, ura, Feb. 14, 1854. To Francis Hall, his lecture agent. Promises to come to Elmira on Saturday, although he expected to be bound for home.

Parke-Bernet Galleries, Sale No. 1825 April 29 and 30, 1958.

"I AM CONSTANTLY AT WORK ON THE NEW BOOK"

93. EMERSON, R. W. A.L.s. 2 full pp., 8vo. Concord, August 13, 1875. To J. R. Osgood & Co.

Discussing his *"work on the new book,"* issued the following year as "Letters and Social Aims." He writes in part:

"I may wish to change the name of the book, as it will not cover any large portion of the contents. I mean to send you pretty soon the rest of "Poetry and Criticism" with some corrections of the printed portion; and later, essays on Inspiration: Immortality: Resources: Social Aims, and others. . . ."

Also mentions "Prose Works" and "May Day" and Alex. Irleand and M. D. Conway *"who defended me from Hotten. . . ."*

Parke-Bernet Galleries, Sale No. 1802 Jan. 28-29, 1958.

CENTENARY EDITION IN BINDING WITH MANUSCRIPT

118 **EMERSON, RALPH WALDO.** Complete Works. Biographical Introduction and Notes by E. W. Emerson. Numerous plates, all mounted India-proofs. 12 volumes. Large 8vo, green ¾ levant, backs gilt with floral devices; top edges gilt Cambridge, 1903-04

AUTOGRAPH CENTENARY EDITION, limited to 600 numbered sets printed at the Riverside Press, with a 2-page AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT IN EMERSON'S HAND — the present specimen comprises the opening portion of his "Pascal."

158 **EMERSON** (Ralph Waldo). 1803-1882. American Philosopher. 1 p., 4to, *Concord, 4 Sept.*, 1856, to Mr. Phillips, asking for an account £2 2s

A.L.s. "R. W. Emerson," to Mr. Howland. 2 pages, 12mo. Concord, 4 September, 1856. Accepting an invitation to come to Lynn, and setting a tentative date. —Swann Auction Galleries, New York 22, Sale No. 70. Purchased by B. J. Beyer, Esq., 45 E. 50th Street, N.Y., for $8.00.

A 1459 EMERSON, Ralph Waldo. "The Sage of Concord." Eminent poet and essayist. A.Ms.S., 1p., obl. 8vo, n.d., mounted with a carte-de-visite photograph. Eleven lines of blank verse:

"Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled & dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems & fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, or sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs & apples, & the Day
Turned & departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn."

Beautiful framing piece. $40.00

A 1460 EMERSON. A.L.S., 2pp., 8vo, Concord, Dec. 31, 1856. To (Wendell?) Phillips. "You said in the Street that you come to us next week. I find on my calendar your name marked for 14 January . . .Mr. Gilman is coming for the 7th . . . he was engaged since you were & on the belief that you came on the 14th. I hope it is right." It was at this time that Emerson was becoming more and more absorbed in the great issues dividing the country. He would meet kindred souls in Boston for dinner and discussion, and in turn entertain them in Concord. $20.00

M 1990 EMERSON. A.L.S., 2pp. 8vo, Concord, Dec. 31, 1856. To Mr. (Wendell?) Phillips. "You said in the Street that you come to us next week. I find on my calendar your name marked for 14 January . . . Mr. Gilman is coming for the 7th . . . he was engaged since you were, & on the belief that you came on the 14th. I hope it is right." $20.00

E 556 EMERSON, Ralph Waldo. Poet and essayist. Autograph Letter Signed, 2pp, 8vo, Concord, June 14. To Mr. Dudley, saying that Mrs. Emerson felt so well that they would accept the Dudley's invitation to spend the week-end with them. $7.50

J 1620 EMERSON, Ralph Waldo. American poet and essayist. A.L.S., 1p., 8vo, Concord, April 30, n.y. To J. T. Fields, author and publisher. Saying that he cannot come to the city. ". . . I am sorry to miss the Club but had promised Mr Eliot to take my part in this committee at College. With 16mo photograph, full-length, standing. $15.00

J 1621 EMERSON. A.Q.S., 1p., 8vo, Mar. 2, 1874. Opening stanza of his famous poem composed to celebrate the completion of the Battle Monument at Concord, April 19, 1836:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the World."
$20.00

[The letter seems to belong to 1870.]

From The Collector, New York.

242 **EMERSON, R. W.** American author. A.L.s. 1 p., 12mo. Concord, 12 Sept. 1856. $25.00

To Howland. ". . . You shall then hold me engaged to you for Wednesday, 10 December . . ." (Lecture on his "English Traits" published several months prior to this date?)

Carnegie Book Shop
Cat. 223 (Feb., 1958)

THE MANUSCRIPT EDITION

219 **EMERSON, RALPH WALDO.** The Works of . . . Illustrated. 12 vols. (and) The Journals of . . . Illustrated. 10 vols. Together 22 vols., large 8vo, original cloth, paper labels, uncut. Cambridge, 1912. $97.50

One of 600 sets on Large Paper, with a page of Original Manuscript of Emerson in volume one. A fine set.

Carnegie Book Shop
New York City.

EMERSON, R. W. Am. author. ALS, 2pp. 8vo, Paris, 1873. To M. D. Conway. Declining to attend a banquet because he prefers to meet friends on more "private terms". Fine. ----------

[Charles Hamilton Autographs, Cat. N,
Item 399. Priced at $22.50.]

[EMERSON]. ALS of Wm. Sullivan to Dr. Niles of Am. legation in Paris, introducing young Ralph, 2pp. 4to, Boston, May 18, 1831. Choice.------

[Charles Hamilton Autographs, Cat. H,
Item 130. Priced at $7.50.]

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RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Autograph letter signed, Concord, Nov. 3, 1837 to R. C. Waterston at Cambridge. . . . "Thanks too for your friendly interest in my present labors. Worldly wise men say there's a great deal of luck in every success, by which I suppose they only mean, what is true in every literary work, that we are only recorders, not makers, and therefore what we record lies not in our wills but above them. Yet we are always learning that the dealing out is after some law and if our dole is sand today, it may be water tomorrow; and the soul is sure that if it will only wait, justice shall be done and each shall have all. So I try to comfort myself when I get no inspirations," etc. $35.00

Forest H. Sweet
P. O. Box 156
Battle Creek,
Mich. List No. 142
(Oct., 1957).

ON THE EMERSON GENEALOGY

147 **Emerson, Ralph W.** American author. A.L.s. 2 full pp., 4to. Divinity Hall, Cambridge, 29 Oct. 1828. $125.50

To John Farmer; with the address leaf. Long and detailed letter on the Emerson genealogy, reading in part: "I have received yesterday a letter from Mr. Samuel Emerson of Newburyport, in answer to my request for information about Rev. Joseph E's parentage; . . . He sends me this minute, 'Joseph Emerson, the son of Lt. John Emerson & Judish his wife, born 2d March 1696' . . . Now you say in your letter that Rev. J. E. should be born in 1699. This difference is not very considerably, & must not deprive my ancestor of the lieutenant for a father, unless we can find him a better . . . So pray, my dear sir, do not let a few refractory impossibilities, if any such should appear, lose me the lieutenant. It sets all my pedigrees adrift." He also writes about his brother and his intention of renewing his acquaintances in Concord.

Carnegie Book Shop
Cat. 220 (Oct., 1957).

56) EMERSON (R. W.). American Author. Autograph Letter Signed, 5pp., 12mo, Concord, November 17, 1852, to Henry Page. Mainly regrets that he cannot attend a series of lectures to be given by Oliver Johnson, abolitionist. "I am to go to Cincinnati, & still farther west, either next week or the following & shall probably be gone six weeks or more with I know not how many engagements on my return." Unusually long for an Emerson letter. $30.00

"Fragment written heaven knows when - or why"

57) EMERSON. Autograph Manuscript, 6 lines, 1p., 8vo, N.p., n.d. Unsigned. Six lines of poetry in Emerson's hand, opening:

"How many wield the Sceptre
Whose backs should bear the rod".

At some later date, Emerson has added in pencil at the bottom: "fragment written heaven knows when - or why", and also made a correction in the text. Unusual, to say the least. Mounted. $50.00

[Robert K. Black, 109 Lorraine Avenue, Upper Montclair, N.J.
Catalogue 57. October, 1957, page 13.]

Original Ms. Page Laid in

69. EMERSON, Ralph Waldo. Works. Fine Plates, with guard-tissues. 12 Vols. Tall 8vo, dark sand linen, paper labels, uncut. Cambridge: Riverside Press, 1903. Limited Edition $150.00

This fine set of the Autograph Centenary Edition, limited to 600 numbered copies, has a page of Emerson's manuscript "Tendencies to Reform" laid in.

BACKGROUND OF HAWTHORNE'S "THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS"

BY THE EDITOR

The following reprint of an article in The Penny Magazine supplies an interesting account of what was well known in Hawthorne's day and what he assumed the readers of his tale were familiar with. For another example of Hawthorne's building a story upon the public's large awareness of a particular setting, see my Genesis of Hawthorne's "The Ambitious Guest," Hartford, 1955. See also Randall Stewart, Nathaniel Hawthorne: A Biography, New Haven,

1948, pp. 41-42. "The Shakers" The Penny Magazine, VI, 445-448 (November 18, 1837).

This remarkable sect, still flourishing in the United States of America, was founded in England about the year 1747. It sprang up in Manchester; and within a short time, the pretensions of Mother Ann Lee, the leader of the body, became so public as to attract persecution. No doubt now remains of the sincerity of this woman, whatever may be thought of her creed; but she and her followers were treated as impostors, and, harmless as they were, were fairly driven out of the country by persecution. They went in 1774 to America, where there are now about eleven or twelve societies, containing, all together, about five thousand members. Mother Ann Lee died in ten years after leaving England; and was evidently convinced to the last moment of the truth of her own pretensions.

It is perfectly easy so to state the belief and practice of this woman and her followers as to make both appear ridiculous, and to cause unreflecting minds to wonder how several thousands of persons can believe in and practise any thing so absurd. But thoughtful persons will perceive that there must be at least something natural and probable, something true, in any opinions, and any mode of living, which occupies the minds of a large number of people, and induces them to lead a life of innocence and self-denial. An observer who converses with the followers of the wildest doctrines will generally be struck with the appearance of reason which these doctrines put on in the conversation of those who believe in them; with the mixture of sound truth which alone enables the absurdities connected with them to be retained. It may be taken as a steady rule, that there must be something true in that which is received by many understandings: there must be something venerable in that which is venerated by many minds.—We shall merely state the doctrines, religious and social, of the Shakers, and point out the practical consequences which arise from them; leaving it to our readers to decide for themselves as to the truth and error, the wisdom and folly, of the separate doctrines and practical arrangements.

The religious doctrine of the Shakers approaches that of the Arians in many important points. This peculiar faith consists in the belief that the church fell away into worldliness, and so became subject to Antichrist, which rendered necessary a second coming of Christ, and that this second coming commenced in the mission of Ann Lee. They believe that opinions are of less consequence than practice; and that the practice of what they believe will render people perfectly safe and happy. They make a great point of confession, having a text in point to quote for this, as for every other article of their belief and practice.

They do not object to be called Shakers; but call themselves the United Society, or Millennial Church. The rule of life they have established consists in seven injunctions; in which there seems a strange confusion of general and derivative principles.

1. *Duty to God,*—authorized by the first and great commandment.

2. *Duty to Man,*—authorized by the second, which is like unto it.

3. *Separation from the World.* "My kingdom is not of this world."

4. *Practical Peace.* "If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight."

5. *Simplicity of Language.* "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile."

6. *Community of Property.* "That they may be one with me:" this unity to extend to temporal, as well as spiritual affairs.

7. *A Virgin Life.* "The children of this world marry and are given in marriage; but they that shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage."

In their practical religion, the Shakers are most attached perhaps to their rules of separation from the world and a virgin life. They do not exalt their practice of dancing in their worship to a matter of first-rate importance, though they bestow much thought and spiritual effort upon it. Of course, they quote texts from the Old Testament about all the personages who are there said to have danced; and from the New, that which relates that there was music and dancing on the return of the Prodigal Son. They urge that God should be worshipped with the feet and hands, as well as with the tongue. The dancing, however, is much moderated in its character, within a few years. Its present appearance will be described hereafter.

Thus much may be learned about the Shakers from their own and other books. We proceed to describe what we noted of the operation of their peculiar principles in their establishments and the management of them.

Our first visit to the Shakers was at their establishment, two miles from New Lebanon, Massachusetts. There are 700 members at Lebanon, and 300 at Hancock, not far off. The Lebanon establishment is in possession of about 3000 acres of land, which are cultivated to a perfection seen nowhere else in the United States, except at Mr. Rapp's settlement on the Ohio, where Community of Property is also the binding principle of the society. This principle seems to us to have acted most beneficially, wherever we have seen it in operation; and this is not to be wondered at, since there

is an absence of all that makes people reckless, and a presence of all that stimulates them to do perfectly what they have to do. There is none of the anxiety about a daily provision which eats into the heart of the labourer, discouraging him in his toil: there is the division of labour which secures to him the best of what others can do in departments in which he is not skilled; and his mind is free to follow out the employment he likes best, with all possible spirit and energy. His kind affections, too, are engaged to do his best for others who are doing their best for him. The eyes of the whole community are upon him, also; and his pride is stimulated to turn out his work as perfect as it is in his power to make it. It appears as if all these inducements were stronger than any afforded by the possession of property in securing excellence of work, plenty of luxury; for nothing has been seen to equal the perfection of the Shaker and Rappite arrangements, in their fields, vineyards, gardens, and homes. They have the best crops, the best wines, the best provision for the table, the best medicines, furniture, house linen, roads, fences, and habitations in the country, with an enormously increasing amount of wealth, and very moderate labour. They are free from the operation of nine-tenths of the penal law; from all that relates to the protection of property. They have all that they want, and have the means of obtaining all that they can ever wish for. They are free from all temptation to theft and fraud; and the enormous mass of law which relates to the maintenance and transference of property bears no relation to them. The matter of obedience to law is wonderfully simplified to them. Offences against the person (a very small proportion in all societies), are all for which they can be liable to punishment; and property is generally at the bottom of these. I believe no member of these societies has ever been charged with any breach of the laws of the country.

The road through the settlement had not a stone bigger than a walnut upon it. Not a weed was to be seen in any garden; nor a dung-hill in all the place. The collars of the men, and the caps of the women were white as snow. The windows were so clear, they seemed to have no glass in them. The frame-dwellings, painted straw-colour, and roofed with deep red shingles, were finished with the last degree of nicety,—even to the springs of the windows, and the hinges of the doors. The floors were as even, and almost as white as marble. The wood was put up in piles, supported by stone corner-posts; and not a chip was astray, not a log awry. The shop was stocked with the surplus of their manufactures; linen and woollen drapery; knitted wares of every kind; sieves, baskets, boxes, cordage, casks and pails; medicines, confectionery, and toilette luxuries. They command a very extensive sale for all their productions; especially garden seeds and medicines, of which they send large quantities yearly to London.

Our party consisted of ten persons, in four carriages. Some of the men of "the family" (settlement) appeared to take charge of the horses, and they cheerfully saluted those of their visitors whom they knew. They were in broad-brimmed hats, and homespun vests and breeches. Those whom we saw at work in the fields, orchards, and gardens, were without their coats. The women were in a hideous costume: close caps of linen, like ugly night-caps; and gowns of drab homespun, made to fit nearly as closely as a skin;—too scanty to all appearance to walk across the room in. A female elder received the ladies of the party, and conducted them over the dwelling, without hesitation, but without grace.

We had come several miles, and did not expect to be home again before evening, having formed our plans in reliance on obtaining a meal, as could formerly be done, at the Shaker settlement. Two of the elders, however, declared that furnishing food to strangers was out of the question. They had discontinued the practice from finding themselves overrun with company from Lebanon Springs: the profit was no object to them, and the trouble and disturbance very great. This was reasonable enough; and the leader of our party acknowledged it to be so; but pleaded the reputation of the country for hospitality, which might be compromised if European travellers were sent hungry from the door. This plea prevailed: and when we returned from the gardens and shop, we found a good meal spread for us. The long table was covered with delicious bread, some wheaten, some of Indian corn, and some made with molasses; cheese, butter, spring water, and excellent currant wine. We really thought we could have gone on eating such bread and butter all day.

Such is the bright side of the picture. Now for the other.

In their separation from the world, they abstain from all politics, all posts of honour, and all "vain pursuits;" that is, all pursuits which were not approved by the founders of their society. The consequences of this separation are very lamentable. They despise the "world's people," as they call all out of their own body. They regard as unholy every concern for the social welfare of large bodies of people, if shown in action. They consider themselves in a condition of privilege; and their spiritual pride is excessive. In order to keep up the exclusive spirit at its highest tone, great tyranny is practised over the young people by their superiors. They are discouraged from conversing with persons out of the limit of the society; books are discountenanced; no such thing is dreamed of as the pursuit of science, literature, or art. These noble intellectual occupations are regarded as toys with which the holy should have nothing to do. The children, who are brought into the society by the admission of their parents, often find the control to which they are subjected quite intolerable. Many quit the society when of age; and some elope before that time; but not before they have had a long struggle with their pride. Being brought up to consider themselves in a state of privilege, and under special divine favour, they feel it a degradation to go down into the world; and especially to work for money. It is feared that not a few hearts have been broken in the struggle whether to endure the restraints of the society, or the degradation of becoming "world's people."

A friend of ours had a girl in her service, who had escaped from a Shaker family, after having been brought up in it from her early infancy. She had grown more and more weary of the insipid life, from which all books, amusements, and variety were excluded, when one Sunday she excused herself from church on the plea of illness. She saw from her window a pony grazing in the field; she could not resist the invitation to exercise and sport; got out of the

window, jumped upon the pony's back, and galloped round and round the field. She went in before church was over; but she had been seen, and was reported. In the irritation of her mind she could not bear censure, and escaped. The service into which she entered for support was easy, and her mistress was like a mother to her; but her pride could not brook service; and, after a struggle of some months, she went back to the Shakers, not pretending that it was for any other purpose than the saving of her pride.

It is much to be wished that the Shakers could admit the pursuit of knowledge in other departments besides agriculture, horticulture, and domestic economy. The world might derive a valuable lesson from witnessing what might be done in science, literature, and art by a body so relieved from worldly cares, so possessed, through their principle of community of property, with wealth and leisure. They have not nearly enough to do; there is not one of them that could not devote some hours of every day to a new pursuit if the means were opened to him.

They are "peace men;" and, like all the other "peace men," in all countries, they dwell in a state of peculiar safety and fearlessness. No one attacks those who are known to be sworn neither to attack nor defend. In all our travels we have ever found that none have so thoroughly enjoyed their due as those who refuse to enforce it. We speak not only of personal security, but of welfare in commercial affairs. Of all creditors the "peace men" are most sure to be paid. Of all citizens the "peace men" are the most sure to have their rights respected. This fact is honourable to human nature; and it points strikingly to times to come, when moral power shall be supreme over every other kind of force. In America, several religious bodies, besides the Quakers, hold the doctrine of non-resistance; and many individuals of every religious sect.

The Shakers insist on simplicity of language. The only particular under this head which strikes a stranger is, that they have no titles of honour, and say yea and nay, for yes and no. They do not use the Quaker thee and thou. Officers are required for the superintendence of the establishments; and these must have some sort of title. Those who direct the spiritual concerns are called elders; those who take charge of the temporal affairs, deacons and deaconesses. There are also, in each society, ministers appointed to preach their doctrines, and to examine candidates for admission.

Evils of great magnitude arise out of the principle of celibacy, on which the Shakers pride themselves the most. There is no need to point out the habits of selfishness, pride, and bitterness of spirit which must arise out of the exclusion of a whole society from the tenderest charities of life. It is unquestionable that much impurity of mind, and some of practice, arises among a number of persons all bound under the same inexorable rule. The pleas they use cannot be satisfactory to the minds of all; and there is certainly much doubt, suffering, and even disobedience in some, while there is an immeasurable pride and prudery in others. The discourses of the preachers almost invariably turn on this point of discipline, and the boastings of the members always.

The pleas for celibacy are, the example of Christ; some texts from Paul's epistles; and that marriage is ordained for civil purposes, and ought therefore to be left to the "world's people."

The numbers are kept up by the accession of new members, who often bring large families with them. There is a great temptation to this in the prospect of plenty with very moderate labour. There is every reason to suppose that the society would have been more, rather than less, wealthy without their principle of celibacy. The growth of wealth is so rapid and sure under the division of labour and mutual aid maintained where property is in common, that every worker is found to be worth much more than he costs. Few deny this. The difficulty lies in applying the principle; this can be done only in a fresh and separate community, drawing apart, on convictions of its own, from all old ones. The Shakers have done this; and have gone a good way towards proving what they might have done without celibacy by receiving into their "families" large numbers of children from the earliest age. Their society has in fact been an asylum for many helpless widows, with large families; who, instead of being a drawback upon the resources of the community, have increased its wealth.

Desiring to witness the far-famed Shaker worship, we visited another establishment, among the hills which surround the valley of the Housatonic, one fine Sunday morning in August. On a green hill-side, we passed a "family," where all were making ready to follow us, two or three miles, to the place of worship. A brother was putting the horses into the neat waggon: the children in their ugly costume, stood looking on; while an elderly woman seemed to be placed in each group, as a sort of superintendent. The men looked, in some instances, ruddy and cheerful; but the women were all pallid, thin and withered. I did not see one pretty face among them all. The children looked dull and spiritless.

When we reached the house of worship, we found only one person within the walls; and learned that service would not begin for half an hour. We mounted the hill behind the church; and stood among the trees, watching the gathering of the members. We seated ourselves, at last, on one of the benches near the door, reserved for strangers. The women and children moved in like ghosts, keeping their blank looks fixed upon us as they passed, and till service began. We felt chilled by the soulless stare of the women; but there was a liveliness in the glances of the little girls, from under their close caps, which seemed to prophesy that they would not stay, when once they could get away.

The men, with five boys, ranged themselves on three rows of benches on one side the room; opposite the three rows of women. The service began with a prayer and hymn; the latter sung to a quick chant,—the most discordant, terrifying music that can be imagined. Then ensued the dance,—the part of the service we had most dreaded to witness. There is no fear of being obliged to laugh, however; it is too shocking to be ridiculous: the little girls and some old women sat still; the rest drew back the benches, to leave a clear space in the middle of the room, and formed in a line, opposite to the three men who were to furnish the music. These three pawed with their hands, like dancing-dogs, to

keep time, and chanted a sort of tune, without words, as it seemed; and in voices which might almost have been heard to the end of the valley. The dancing began by the members advancing, in a kind of marching step, for six paces, then six to the left, then six backwards, then six to the right. Thus they went on describing a square, in a jigging march, for a considerable time. The boys stamped with much spirit, as we thought, with glee; the women, unnatural and forlorn in their whole appearance, might have been taken for galvanized corpses.

The discourse which followed was (of all subjects!) on civil and religious liberty; and, for a wonder, without anything about celibacy in it. There was some rather strange imagery; for instance, the American revolution was said to have drawn the last of the teeth of the red dragon. But the principle of liberty seemed to be clear to the preacher's mind; and he was so liberal as to speak of those of the world's people who live up to their faith. More singing followed: the members dispersed to their homes or their vehicles, and we drove down the valley, not much exhilarated in spirits by anything which we had seen and heard.

It is scarcely necessary to say that this sect has never had to boast of any great men or women. No persons of mental power would join a society whose principle is to crush human nature; to extinguish the intellect, and disappoint the affections. It bears no character of permanence, at least in its present condition. The war against Nature (which is a war against the Former of Nature) must be a short and losing one. If any strong mind should have inclination and opportunity to cast out the bad principles of the sect, retaining the good, the UNITED SOCIETY might become an important agent in improving man's social condition; but if this is not done, and speedily, the institution will probably languish to its death, being remembered only as an added example of man's social eccentricities.

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EMERSON'S ARABIAN PROVERBS

By THE EDITOR

Proverbs 5, 22, 28, 30 and 31 were favorites with Emerson and are found in his blotting books. Without claiming to have found his exact source, I append the following, taken from The Penny Magazine, II, 307 (August 10, 1833).

ARABIC PROVERBS AND PROVERBIAL EXPRESSIONS.

1. Sometimes the tongue cuts off the head.
2. If your friend be honey, do not eat him altogether.
3. The provisions suffer when the cat and the mouse live on good terms.
4. Shave your own chin when the beard of your son is grown.
5. When you pass through the country of the one-eyed, make yourself one-eyed.
6. If you are so unhappy as to have a foolish friend, be yourself wise.
7. When there are many captains, the ship sinks.
8. If you cannot master the whole, yet do not forsake the whole.
9. When things tire you at the head, take them by the tail.
10. When you have spoken the word, it reigns over you; but while it is not yet spoken, you reign over it.
11. When you are an anvil, have patience; when you are a hammer, beat straight.
12. When the counsellor grows rusty, the counsel will be polished.
13. Time will teach him that has no teacher.
14. He that passes through the onions, or their peel, will smell of them.
15. He who cannot understand at a glance will not understand by much explanation.
16. He who makes himself bran, the fowls will scrape him.
17. Sucking becomes bitterness by weaning.
18. He that sleeps without supper, gets up without debt.
19. Though the will be idle, yet be not *you* idle.
20. He builds a minaret, and destroys a city.
21. He has sold the vineyard and bought a wine-press.
22. The fig-tree looking on the fig-tree will be made fruitful.
23. Three things evince the character of the mind,—books, presents, messengers.
24. Borrowed dresses give no warmth.
25. He is warm towards his friend only to burn him.
26. Every man leaps over a low wall.
27. The mother of the dumb knows the language of the dumb.
28. The mother of the murdered sleeps, but the mother of the murderer does not sleep.
29. Need developes the mind.
30. The best friends are those who stimulate each other to good.
31. The best companions, when you sit, are good books.
32. The best visits are the shortest.
33. Take the thief before he takes you.
34. The carpenters have sinned, and the tailors are hung.
35. To be weaned is a difficult task for an adult.
36. Ride not on the saddle of thy neighbour.
37. Silence is often an answer.
38. I like the head of a dog better than the tail of a lion.
39. Slipping may happen even in July.
40. He plucks out the tooth of the dog, and barks himself.
41. He was absent two years, and came back—with two yellow boots.
42. The drunkenness of youth is stronger than the drunkenness of wine.
43. Sciences are locks, and inquiry the key to them.
44. Take counsel of him who is greater, and of him who is less, than yourself, and then recur to your own judgment.
45. The worst kind of men are those who do not care when men see them doing wrong.
46. Close the window through which an ill-wind enters to you.
47. The owner of the house knows best what is in it.
48. The mules went to ask horns, and returned without ears.
49. In adversity the real principles of men appear.
50. Honour yourself, and you will be honoured; despise yourself, and you will be despised.
51. An hour's patience will procure a long period of rest.

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ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE ON HAWTHORNE: AN ANGLICAN ESTIMATE IN 1851

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

Since The Scarlet Letter can provide the moral theologian with matter for rich speculation, a study of early reviews——especially those in religious periodicals between 1850 and 1860——might reveal significant trends in American life and thought. I am not here concerned with that large subject but only with the reaction of one urbane Anglican clergyman who was a successful minor poet,[1] a friend of Longfellow,[2] a prodigious writer in a variety of churchly causes,[3] a discriminating literary critic,[4] a trustee of Trinity College in Hartford, a sharer in the intellectual life of that academic community, and, eventually, an Anglican bishop. Perhaps the best introduction to his ability and limitations as a critic is the essay, "Schools in American Literature,"[5] in which he mentions, among others, the school of Joel Barlow and those lovers of the American Jonathan, "founded upon a coarse preference of every thing peculiar to the genuine Yankee, and a systematic exclusion of whatever assimilates him to other men, and more especially to his Anglo-Saxon kinsfolk, abroad." He treats the Transcendentalists as follows:[6]

> A little above these types of authorship must be reckoned that which all the world sees realized in Ralph Waldo Emerson. It aims to produce not so much the domestic Yankee as the Yankee universal, and hence it puts off provincialism of one kind, for the sake of making the most of eccentricities somewhat personal, and which are American only as certain kinds of lunacy are called religious. We utterly deny that religion ever makes a maniac, or that American institutions ever made an Emerson; yet as religion, morbidly conceived and unnaturally excited, has always furnished its quota to Bedlam, so we confess that Americanism can be so wrought up with unbelief and nonsense, as to make transcendental philosophers. But, after all, the true American is a character represented by none of these dreamers, and American Literature will owe nothing but impediments to any of their schemes. In dismissing them, we also dismiss for the present, a more decent and a more dangerous class of practical theorists, whom we propose to speak of more largely by and by. Of one and all, it may be said that their great mistake consists, in taking themselves as the true representatives of what is really American, instead of looking at admitted standards of national character, and drawing their practical inferences accordingly.

After condemning the Puritan writers, he turns to the "Bay School" centered in Harvard and Yale Colleges——a school of effort with a "great moral spirit of unrest and discovery"——social reformers, each of whom has "his own theory of a city, a state, or a world. To use Emerson's quaint phrase, they have 'no past at their back.'" Though as writers they are "often classic and beautiful," they are "always frigid and unlovely," shouting "Effort, effort, effort!" He ends with praise for the Knickerbocker School, especially for Cooper and Irving. Although he does not mention Hawthorne by name, in his article of January, 1851, he makes him a "conspicuous member" of the "Bay School" and calls him a gifted writer and wise——except in The Scarlet Letter, which, through the portrayal of Hester, he thought, might do harm to American morals. By no means a Mr. Grundy, he prefers the often "coarsely virtuous" Vicar of Wakefield to the "delicately immoral" and insinuating tale of Hester's defense of an adulterous love which had a "consecration of its own" and her hope that in a future day not distant the "whole relation between man and woman" might be placed "on a surer ground of mutual happiness." His discriminating appraisal of Hawthorne's works up through 1850 appears reproduced in the following pages.[7]

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1 His most successful poetical collection was Christian Ballads (1840), frequently revised and reprinted at home and abroad. For a good review of the second edition (Hartford and N.Y., 1847 —frontispieces reproduced on the next page) see "Poetry and the Church," The Church Review and Ecclesiastical Register, I, no. 1 (April, 1848), pp. 48-63.

C. KUCHEL, LITH HARTFORD.

IMP. LITH. OF KELLOGG S.

Christian Ballads

And he appointed singers before the LORD, that should praise the BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.—*Chronicles.*

C. KUCHEL, LITH

Revised Edition, with additional Ballads.

HARTFORD.
HENRY S. PARSONS.
NEW YORK.
D. APPLETON & Co 200 BROADWAY.

2 Coxe and Longfellow exchanged letters and occasionally dined together. A study in possible literary influence might prove rewarding. Manuscript resources exist at the Craigie House in Cambridge, and I am told that there are references to Coxe in Longfellow's Journal.

3 See Harris Elwood Starr, "Arthur Cleveland Coxe," Dictionary of American Biography, IV, 484, and William Stevens Perry, The Episcopate in America, N.Y., 1895, page 160.

4 Besides the review to be reprinted herein, Coxe wrote "Modern English Poetry," The Repository [Universalist and Ladies' Repository, of Boston] (1839); "Cowper's Poetry," The Repository (1839); "Devotional Poetry" [A review of John Keble's The Christian Year, Phila., 1834], New York Review, V, no. 10 (Oct., 1839), 348-366; "The Cave of the Regicides, and How Three of Them Fared in New England," Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, LXI, no. 377 (March, 1847), 333-349; "The Revolutions in Europe," Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, LXIII, no. 391 (May, 1848), 638-652; "My Route into Canada," Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, LXIII, no. 389 (March, 1848), 328-339 and no. 390 (April, 1848), 425-435; "The Reaction, or Foreign Conservatism," Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, LXV, no. 403 (May, 1849), 529-541.

5 The Church Review and Ecclesiastical Register, III, no. 3 (Oct., 1850), pp. 329-348. An extended review of Rufus Wilmot Griswold, The Prose Writers of America, with a Survey of the History, Condition, and Prospects of American Literature, Philadelphia, 1847.

6 Loc. cit., III, pp. 333-334.

7 The Church Review and Ecclesiastical Register, III, no. 4 (Jan., 1851), pp. 489-511.

BISHOP COXE.

From a daguerreotype taken about 1850.

THE CHURCH REVIEW.

Vol. III. JANUARY, 1851. No. 4.

THE WRITINGS OF HAWTHORNE.

Art. I.—*Mosses from an old Manse.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne. New York: Wiley & Putnam, 1846.

The Scarlet Letter. A Romance. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Ticknor, Reid & Fields, 1850.

Current Literature, in America, has generally been forced to depend, for criticism, upon personal partiality or personal spleen. We have had very little reviewing on principle; almost none with the pure motive of building up a sound and healthful literature for our country, by cultivating merit, correcting erratic genius, abasing assumption and imposture, and insisting on the fundamental importance of certain great elements, without which no literature can be either beneficial or enduring. Our reviews have, accordingly, exercised very little influence over public taste. They have been rather tolerated than approved; and, for the most part, have led a very precarious existence, rather as attempts than as achievements; creditable make-believes; tolerable domestic imitations of the imported article; well enough in their way, but untrustworthy for opinion, and worthless for taste. Their reviewals of cotemporary authors have too commonly been a mere daubing of untempered mortar, or else a deliberate assault, with intent to kill. In either case the reviewer has betrayed him-

self, as writing, not for the public, but for the satisfaction or the irritation of the author; and the game of mock reviewing has become as notorious as that of mock auctions. The intelligent public hears the hammering and the outcry, but has got used to it, and passes by. Nobody's opinion of a book is the more or less favorable for anything that can be said in this or that periodical. If a reviewal appears, it is at once understood that some friendly Mæcenas has elaborated three sheets of tender concern for the sale of Mr. Plume's new Poem, and has bribed the Editor of "The Ephemeral" to print it, by placing it, gratuitously, at his service, and purchasing a number of copies; or that, by a similar arrangement, Mr. Penn's particular enemy, an old college rival, has found vent for a long-fermenting heartfull of malice, in a criticism of Penn's maiden romance, which lacks nothing but a little imitative wit and pungency to make its borrowed formalisms a tolerable caricature of Jeffrey. Who cares for a volume of such mere puffs and invectives? The review comes quarterly, and is taken benevolently, and read skippingly, and paid for grumblingly; but it drags on from year to year without expiring, for several reasons; for, in the first place, everybody contributes to it, and wants to lay up his own trash in a convenient form; and then, everybody that do n't contribute has a friend that does, and would n't like to seem indifferent to a friend's lucubrations; and lastly, everybody else that subscribes, does it for the encouragement of American manufactures, or because he is aware that it looks respectable to have a review somewhere at hand, in his parlor. Ah! how very differently an old subscriber takes to his "Blackwood," or his "Edinburgh." There is a welcome for the genuine article, which can no more be mistaken than the warm shake of the hand, and the illuminated stare, with which we make a time-honored friend at home in a minute. "Here it comes, true to the day," shouts the subscriber, as he wheels the great chair to the parlor grate, and snatches *Maga* from the grinning negro, who hands it in, with the air of a Pharisee doing a good action—"here 's old Ebony! candles, Pompey! Mary, my dear, bring my paper-knife! now for Kit North! Why, no! buff and blue, after all—well, it 's the Edinburgh, and we 'll have something about France and Louis Napoleon; let 's see how the world goes." Who has not been actor, or spectator, in scenes like this? But now for a picture even more likely to be recognized. "Who rung the door-bell, Pompey?" "Nobody, sir, but a boy with a book; I left it in the entry, sir." "Left it in the entry—blockhead, why did n't ye bring it here!" "La! papa," says

Miss Mary, "'t was nothing but the National Review; Pompey knows you never read it." "Oh, dear!" responds the old worthy—"well, child, let 's have a game of chess." American periodical literature is, verily, in a flourishing condition.

So it must be, however, till our periodicals become something more than repositories of sophomorical eulogy, or ribaldry, upon literary toys and trifles. Reviews are superfluous, except as they represent a want, which they undertake to supply, from competent resources, and in an earnest spirit of accomplishing an honorable purpose. We make no apology, therefore, for becoming reviewers, when we acknowledge our earnest hope, not only that we may do something to assist the literary and theological studies of Anglo-American Churchmen, but that we may make the voice of the Church more audible to the American public in general, and thus may exercise, for the benefit of popular authors, some salutary influence upon public taste. Our mission—to borrow a little cant from the times—is, indeed, rather religious than literary; yet, in an age when literature makes very free with religion, we must be pardoned for supposing that religion owes some attention to literature. We grant that we have little taste for popular criticism, and if anybody chooses to assert that we are not qualified critics, we concede it entirely. A critic of popular writers should undoubtedly be *totus in his*, and we confess ourselves, almost *totus in aliis*. A critic should have no sick folk to visit, no sad folk to comfort, no heavy-laden to minister unto; he should have no babes to christen, no couples to marry, no sermons to prepare, no disciples to teach; above all, he should have no spasmodic door-bell, with its perpetual dingle-dingle communicating perpetual breaks, dashes, and disconnections to his pen; and to all such disqualifications, with others, we plead guilty, still devoutly hoping that we shall never be disposed to exchange the wear and tear of this kind of life for the fairest ideal of literary seclusion of which we ever dreamed. And yet we grant the critic's to be no ignoble, albeit an "ungentle craft." Our views of its importance are very high, and we consider the devotion of enthusiasm its just demand. Let him only be allowed a critic who can sit, like Pygmalion, studying beauty by the day's work, in lonely rapture, alike imperturbable and undisturbed; or give him the name, who can bend, as we once beheld an anatomist, over a putrid corpse, cutting and sawing with intense satisfaction, and wholly oblivious of his nose. A critic, we allow, must be, both actively and passively, an abstraction; he must be "an honest chronicler, like Griffith," if he would prove

A speaker of men's living actions,
And keep true honor from corruption;

and yet, in order thereto, he must first be like Burton, "a mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures, and how they play their parts." It is true that to most of these demands we are wanting; yet our apology for taking up a popular work, now and then, in a critical vein, shall be offered in pleading an abstraction of another kind. We are free, at least, from that literary contact which has infected American reviewers so generally, with the malady of which we complain, and which necessarily breeds selfish and personal feelings of affection or of hate. We know not the literary world, except from a distant view, and have nothing in common with its aims or its occupations; but we think it high time that the literary world should learn that Churchmen are, in a very large proportion, their readers and book-buyers, and that the tastes and principles of Churchmen have as good a right to be respected as those of Puritans and Socialists. It is in this relation to our subject that we have taken up the clever and popular writings of Hawthorne; and we propose to consider them, without any attempt to give them a formal review, just in the free and conversational manner which is permitted to table-talk or social intercourse; and if we can thus afford our author a candid exhibition of the impressions he is producing on a large, but quiet portion of the community, and prompt him to a future career more worthy of their entire regard, we shall feel that we have done the State, as well as the Church, some service; and no anxiety for our reputation as critics shall spoil our appetite for a smoking plum-pudding at Christmas.

In taking up Mr. Hawthorne's volumes, we are happy to particularize our general professions of impartiality, and to describe ourselves as heartily his well-wishers, knowing nothing either of him or his works, beyond what is patent to all men, in his own published confessions, or in other publications of the popular character. True we must own to a little prejudice against him, as a conspicuous member of the Bay School, but, in counterpoise, we must put in a profession of a specific feeling in his favor, as at all events one of the best of them, the very Irving of Down-East. He is one of the few Bays whose freest egotism seldom moves our disgust, and whom we are, in truth, disposed to thank for gossiping at random about himself and friends, as if every one knew both him and them, and were anxiously watching them with telescopes and lorgnettes. In fact, we were particularly interested in his

graphic description of that ancient seat of witchcraft in which he tells us he was born, for having had forefathers of our own among the broad-banded and steeple-crowned worthies of old Salem, we were glad to learn, more than geographies and gazetteers are wont to tell us, of its appearance and present condition. Nay, we began to feel a degree of cousinry with our author, in spite of ourselves, when, in an old family record of a marriage not very remotely connected with our own existence, we found the name of his ancestor, *Colonel Hathorn*, familiarly mentioned, with those of other Salemites who hasted to the wedding, in the year of Grace 1713, and were there gravely lectured, over their sack-posset, by godly Master Noyes, the Puritan parson. With such, and many other feelings in our author's favor, we take up his works. In fact, who can resist a pleasant influence in his behalf, exhaling from his very name, redolent as it is of guilelessness and spring-tide, and rich with associations derived from old ballads and madrigals that celebrate the garden-like agriculture of England? In faint suggestiveness too of "Hawthornden," it has a flavor of Scots poesy and the English drama; of Drummond and of Jonson; and if some patriot Pope or Gifford wants a name whose easy lubricity of pronunciation just suits a flowing line, who would not wish that Hawthorne's might be paired with Irving's, as indissolubly as Beaumont's with Fletcher's, and that the twain might be freely allowed to rank as the *lucida sidera* of our literary horizon? It is not for want of a predisposition to admire and praise our author and his performances, that we shall be obliged to say many things in a different humor.

Mr. Hawthorne must be now in the middle-way of his life, and we are glad to learn, by a morning paper of the day on which we write this paragraph, that both he and Mr. Longfellow have bought farms in Berkshire, Massachusetts, which will necessarily keep them, for a good part of the year, about as distant from Boston as the limits of the Bay State will allow. These two fine specimens of the Eastern School, in poetry and prose, seem to have been, in some degree, yokefellows, from the start. They are both set down, by Mr. Griswold, as born in 1807, and they seem to have been classmates at Bowdoin College, in 1825. In more than one of his works, Mr. Hawthorne has shown a disposition to make no secret of his intimate relations with Longfellow, and of his familiar visits to the poet's charming domestic circle; and we can easily conceive that it is with much of brotherly feeling that these distinguished gentlemen are now turning themselves

into a pair of metaphorical farmers, among the turnips and pigs of Berkshire. As an author, Mr. Hawthorne's name came before the public, for the first time, in 1837, when the first volume of his "Twice Told Tales" was collected from magazines and other periodicals, and given to the world under its very appropriate, and not infelicitous title. A second volume appeared in 1842; and he has since published "The Journal of an African cruiser," and "Mosses from an old Manse." His last production is "The Scarlet Letter," which appears to have been commenced only as one tale of a series, similar to those of his former books, but which is expanded to a little book of itself, and comes forth as "a romance," with a more ambitious appearance than belongs to any of its predecessors. As its author has freely indulged in autobiography, we shall be pardoned for presenting our readers with a few particulars derived from that source, and from others of a similar kind. Mr. Bancroft, it would seem, procured him the post of "Surveyor of the port of Salem," the duties of which are very amusingly described in his introduction to the "Scarlet Letter." After three years of public employment, the change of Administration, in 1849, remitted him, in company with many other patriotic public servants, to "the shades of private life," and he appears to have resumed his literary occupations, in consequence of this alteration in his circumstances. At some former period, since his leaving college, he has managed to spend three years of his life in an old New England parsonage, which fell vacant by the demise of its more appropriate tenant, the last of a long succession of village pastors, which evidently began with a Calvinistic dynasty, and died out in a Socinian one. To this residence in a decayed mansion, we owe "the Mosses from an old Manse," a very euphonious title certainly, although, to let the "Mosses" alone, we are disposed to doubt whether the house from which they came was a "Manse," any more than its departed occupants would have professed themselves Scotch presbyterians. However, we wish our author had never found worse quarters; but the life of a Bay writer generally leads us somewhere into a mist, and we accordingly encounter an intimation that "the Brook-farm community, at West Roxbury," was once the wiser and richer for Mr. Hawthorne's residence among them, as a practical disciple of Owen, Fourier, and St. Simon! In his own volumes we find plaintive allusions to the fact; and, as Mr. Griswold's biographical sketch does not pretend to make it a secret, we have only to congratulate our author upon the timely disbanding of the *phalansteries*, into which he had suffered himself to be enrolled. Like other "Boston Notions," the community at Brook-farm has had its day, and its former associates, as we learn, have passed into various phases of subsequent existence, most of them running the restless round of enthusiasm, and finding themselves at last, some Quakers and some Papists, some believing nothing at all, and some trying to believe everything. We bespeak indulgence, however, for our author, whom some will be inclined to censure unduly for the company he has kept. Our readers have probably no idea of the way in which such experiments are regarded at the seat of Mutual Admiration. There, where every man is a gospel unto himself, and where the necessity of a new revelation, suited to the age, is the only admitted doctrine of religion, a graduate of Brook-farm would be regarded with particular consideration, as an experimental philosopher; and we doubt not that he has accordingly made considerable figure in the charmed circle, and is the more looked up to for his acquaintance with the interior of a community, compared with which a madhouse should be regarded as a University. Mr. Hawthorne has too much good taste to tell us of the degree of consideration to which he has been borne by his real talent and peculiar qualifications, among his literary friends; but he spares no encomium when he takes an opportunity to mention the names of Alcott, Thoreau, Lowell, Hillard, and a Mr. Ellery Channing of Assabeth, whose classic refinement, subtile intellect, poetic sentiment and what not, are never sparingly attested, although it is impossible for us to conjecture what these respectable persons may have to do with either the "Old Manse" or "The Scarlet Letter," to justify their being mentioned in one, or both, in a manner so unusual that we are led to suppose them heroes of the narrative, or else to lament our own ignorance of their possible celebrity. The only direct allusion to his own rank, into which our author is betrayed by the habits of his School, occurs, if we rightly recollect, in the introduction to his last work, where he *naively* confesses his surprise that the clerks and tide-waiters at the Custom-house evinced no sense of his literary importance when he came among them, and, as "Surveyor of the port," undertook to show them that "a man of thought, fancy, and sensibility, may at any time be a man of affairs." To our homely ideas, it would be something to the purpose if Mr. Hawthorne could show a dignified precedent for his life at Brook-farm; but, with an evident fear that his Custom-house life would be most likely to imperil his caste in "the circle," he goes on to remember that Burns was an exciseman, and

Chaucer a comptroller of the wool-tax, and smuggles in the conclusion that "they were each of them a Custom-house officer in his day, as well as himself." After this consoling discovery of a literary warrant for his employment, it is pleasing to find that Mr. Hawthorne allowed his name to be grossly marked on boxes of herrings, and bags of coffee, and quintals of codfish, in due course of trade, with a praiseworthy effort to maintain a sublime indifference to the fact that the same had been "blazoned abroad on title-pages." It will illustrate what we have heretofore said of the Trimontane horizon, if we proceed to quote our author's lament over the indifference with which Salem tax-gatherers daily accosted him, when compared with his experiences in Boston. "It is a good lesson, though it may often be *a hard one*," says he, "for a man who has dreamed of literary fame, and of making for himself a rank among the world's *dignitaries* by such means, to step aside, out of the narrow *circle* in which his claims are recognized, and to find how utterly void of significance beyond that *circle*, is all that he achieves, and all he aims at!" We waive allusion to this use of the word *dignitaries*, which might alarm a Sidney Smith or a Milman, with fears that Mr. Hawthorne was looking to a stall at their side, but we must be allowed a laugh at the downright Bostonian character of this whole extract. Who but one of the *circle* could ever have entered a Custom-house with so many thoughts of literature? Surely, had we been so fortunate in our lay experiences, as to have got that Surveyorship, and had we enjoyed twice the reputation that even the "Twice Told Tales" could give, it does seem to us there would have been no great hardship in entering at once upon our duties, without a thought of being saluted either as a Burns or a Chaucer in disguise. It strikes us, moreover, that we should have pushed in among the herrings, and scored our democratic name upon the gunny-bags, without any of our author's misgivings that we were throwing away valuable autographs. We are sure that nothing could have been harder to endure with gravity, than a *salaam* to our authorship from the deputy-surveyors and inspectors. Tare and trett should be the only literary associations with such officials, and red tape and sealing-wax the nearest approach to "books and stationery" which we could wish from them. How it should be "a hard lesson" to become a witness of their simple devotion to their business, and to find one's self not half so important to them as their next meal, we are at loss to conjecture. What should they have done to soothe our author's feelings, or to acquit themselves of insensibility?

We really can think of no ceremony that would have relieved him, short of that for making a Grand *Mamamouchi*, in Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. The fact is, a Bay-writer is too commonly afflicted with a painful sense of literary consequence; he lives among imaginary Boswells; he feels that eating, drinking, sleeping and snoring with him are a virtual biography; and the tincture of this spirit which amuses us in Hawthorne, is merely a proof of the intensity with which it pervades the School to which he belongs.

Still another illustration of the School may be found in our author's elaborate remarks upon himself, under the ingenious paronyme of "Mons. de l' Aubépine." We think far more highly of Hawthorne than he does of himself, judging by the reflection which we find in his own mirror. "He occupies," says he, "an unfortunate position, between the transcendentalists, (who, under one name or another, have their share in all the current literature of the world,) and the great body of pen-and-ink men, who address the intellect and sympathies of the multitude. If not *too refined*, at all events too remote, too shadowy and unsubstantial in his mode of development to suit the taste of the latter class, and yet too popular to satisfy the spiritual or metaphysical requisitions of the former, he must necessarily find himself without an audience, except here and there an individual, or *possibly an isolated clique*." Pooh, pooh! Mr. Hawthorne, are you in earnest, or are you not? If not—why, in the name of sense, stand whining about Mons. de l' Aubépine's unpopularity, when you know that Hawthorne's books are fairly thumbed to pieces by the readers of all circulating libraries, and that everybody is disposed to like them and to buy them; if you are, pray throw away your transcendentalism, and your sympathetic ink, your refinement and your remoteness, your circle and your clique, and come down to flesh and blood, and live, and act, and talk like other men, and we assure you, you have talents that will take care of themselves, yes, and give you returns in hard cash besides, to stock that Berkshire farm! Forgive the matter-of-fact suggestion; but we live in "a bank-note world," and must sometimes condescend to men whose "talk is of bullocks." In our opinion, a little less starch and cambric and a little more bone and sinew, would be the thing for many a clever fellow in the Bay metropolis who is always "dying of a rose in aromatic pain;" and we never hear a really gifted man talking in this vein of Mons. de l' Aubépine, without longing to make so bold as to ask him to a bit of roast beef and a bottle of brown stout, in a plain, family way, with a benevolent idea of invigorating

his constitution in time to prevent the process of evaporative dissolution.

We have done ourselves injustice, if, in our free-spoken attempts to expose the unhappy effects of the School upon Mr. Hawthorne's originally fine powers, we have shown any lack of regard for his genius, in itself considered. Far more should we deprecate any appearance of personal disrespect; and we trust our good humored purpose in the banter we have indulged, will not be misinterpreted. We are sorry, and we own it, to see so really fine a mind, so much provincialized; and we speak the more earnestly, because we are sure that were he only a little less of a man than we think him to be, he could not but have become much more intensely so, and because we fear that this provincialism is, even now, likely to increase upon him. But to prove how exceedingly we were taken with him, at first sight, we must acknowledge that we were ignorant of the existence of so clever a writer, until we came across his "Celestial Railroad," in the columns of a newspaper. Such genuine grit, in so perishable a form, arrested our attention in no ordinary degree; and it was not until we had shown about our discovery among our friends, that we found we were merely admiring what everybody seemed to know. It is a humorous and satirical vision of a modern railway, erected on the route of Bunyan's Pilgrim. Was ever a happier thought, except the original? The story has all the humor of travesty, with nothing of its vulgar poverty of invention; and one is made to feel as if he were whisking in cars over the weary lengths which Christian once plodded on foot, and observing everywhere the effects of the nineteenth century, upon antiquated places and fashions. The "Pilgrim's Progress," in spite of its doctrinal errors, is a prodigy of literature. It is the one instance which flings back the sneer—*ne sutor ultra crepidam*—let the tinker stick to his kettle. To ignore it as the work of an illiterate enthusiast, is no longer possible; it is a classic of the language; part of that great store of literary material, which has so inwrought itself with the productions of other men's minds, that it is the hypothesis of the entertainment to be derived from general reading. A chance-begotten thing it may be; such a progeny as morbid religion and erratic genius never procreated before, and can never by any luck, repeat; but here it is, not only living, but immortal. Hawthorne's "Railroad" assumes that no one who reads the English language can be ignorant of the original, and so it is: nor can we say a better thing of the parody, than that it deserves to become a perpetual pendant to its archetype.

We should imagine it the most natural production of our author's genius, which his books contain. It seems to have proceeded from the man himself, in a happy moment of oblivious indifference to his School, and his circle; for strange to say, it satirizes German rationalism, transcendentalism, and all the varieties of dreamy irreligion, for habitual encouragement of which, the School are so notorious. It is one of the cleverest, best sustained, and most ingenious specimens of quiet satire to be found in our language.

To Hawthorne, if we judge him in his best mood, may justly be ascribed the merit of reflective powers habitually active, connected with a style that is taking, apparently unstudied, and generally perspicuous and expressive. He has been compared with Irving; but though in some respects he is not injured by the experiment, he must be considered, in others, as decidedly inferior. Irving is the better artist, and that not only in the choice of words, but in the arrangement of details, the production of effect, and the breadth and completeness of design; but had Hawthorne the taste and discrimination, and something more of the instinctive delicacy of Irving, we are not sure that the latter would long be left lonely in his preëminence. We are confirmed in these impressions by the opinions expressed in a very favorable critique of "the Mosses from an old Manse," which appeared a few years ago in a European Periodical.* The reviewer considers Hawthorne's style only occasionally comparable to that of Irving, but gives him credit for deeper thought. He is said to fail in character, and in verisimilitude; not that his incidents are particularly improbable, but that his leading ideas are extravagant, while he depends for effect upon a playful fancy and a charming control of language. If this criticism be just, it points out one very great fault; but from a Bay-writer we should naturally look for the *non ben trovato* precisely there, in personal character, because the ideal of character, after which the imagination of the School is perpetually straining, is essentially a false and unnatural one. Hence their humanities are the reverse of human. A bewitching "Birth-mark" on the cheek of Aylmer's lovely wife—the print of some fairy's tiny fingers who touched the sweet babe with benediction—becomes a torment to the husband who has a chemical devil in his head, and must needs devote soul and body to the erasure of the brilliant blemish, which consumes him the more, because but for it, his Georgiana would be an angel. This is the basis of

* Blackwood, 1847.

one of Hawthorne's unnatural stories, which the reviewer cites. With ordinary husbands such a blemish would become a beauty; even a mole becomes proverbially attractive to a devoted lover: but with one who dreams of reconstructing society, and who would have men and women live as if the Fall were not a reality, we must not marvel that an Aylmer is a very plausible sort of a person. There is a good moral, however, in the result, for he succeeds triumphantly—so triumphantly that the lady dies of chemistry in the moment when her husband is shouting his raptures over the splendid experiment. What would Transcendentalism be at, but a similar attempt to erase the outside birth-marks of humanity, which would end in destroying humanity itself! Then again, the reviewer cites the story entitled the "Artist of the Beautiful," in criticising which he labors under the same infelicitous ignorance of what a Bay-writer is thinking about. More than once he complains of an unintelligible sentence, without the least idea that he is censuring the vernacular of a School in which "achieving the Beautiful," is the daily effort of every disciple; and he seems equally surprised that the Promethean passion of the hero should exhaust itself in the creation of a mechanical butterfly, which might be the more becoming handiwork of a watchmaker and a Chinese painter of piths! But here again, as in the disappointing issue of the story, the spirit of the School is dominant over the genius of the author. He lives and breathes in an atmosphere where men and women are wont to expend a fever of inspiration in the creation of just such butterflies, and where life itself is wasted in chasing them to destruction.

We thank the Scottish critic for touching gently these faults in the tales of our clever countryman, while he goes on to commend his style as much better in the essays, and as not unworthy of Addison or Steele. Though he somewhat dilutes this high compliment, afterwards, it is with a common reference to all correct writers in America. He thinks our purists are too pure, or rather too artificially so; much the same, we suppose, as a dentist's teeth are more perfect than nature's, and become repulsive for lack of those very inequalities which are graceful and life-like. Poor Jonathan! We despair of his ever learning to write the language which he pronounces so ill; for if he exposes himself in the manner of Headley, its incurable vulgarity is cited as essential and instinctive; while the mannerism of Channing and Ware is equally laughed at, as the adoption of a schoolboy's accuracy, for want of the confident, but careless art of a well-

bred man. It is curious to observe what minute blemishes, moreover, always strike an Englishman, in an American author. The Blackwood critic, whom we have cited, though far enough above the spirit of picking motes out of Brother Jonathan's eye, furnishes us not a little amusement, when we discover that without mentioning the alteration, he has slyly changed a *baggage-car* into a *luggage-van*, for the benefit of English travelers in Mr. Hawthorne's "Celestial Railroad."

Our readers must have felt that it is rather of our author's School, than of him, that we have been disposed to complain; for to it we have alike attributed the blemishes pointed out by ourselves and others. He is a writer, who, under other influences, might have contributed to our literature a variety of sterling and valuable works, admitting of no dispute as to their merit, or who would have made even popular tales the vehicle of deep and earnest suggestion to the young, as well as of pure amusement to all classes. We would exhort him against becoming a trifler, as one who must give account for gifts that might be prolific of good to the world. If, even now, he would resolve to make his future career one of high moral principle, and to use his talents not so much for "making himself a rank among the world's *dignitaries*," as for doing good in his day and generation, we know of no one more likely to succeed in becoming one of the world's *benefactors*, and gaining quite enough of its empty admiration beside. Not that we would have him change his songs into sermons, or his tales and romances into moral essays. We are not of those who question the utility of fairy fiction as the costume of severe and homely truth. Parable and allegory have been the vehicle of wisdom, among all cultivated nations; yes, of inspired wisdom, too; of Nathan's rebuke, when he pointed the arrows of the Law at the sinner's conscience, and of the love of Jesus Christ, when he opened to the sick and needy the healing waters of the Gospel. The principle thus established leaves nothing for the casuist to prescribe, but that stories should be always of moral benefit to those whole faculties of soul, and mind, and heart, with which God claims to be loved and served. Here is the standard, therefore, by which we are to estimate the tale-writer. In the one case, he may be justly regarded as a preceptor who has mastered the difficult art of imparting instruction, with impressions of pastime, and who has managed to make even the recreations of the mind, subservient to its most laborious exercises: in the other he is, in short, a nuisance in society, which it becomes the duty of good citizens to

abate. Let the father snatch the pestilent romance from the hands of the maiden and the boy, and give it to be ignominiously destroyed by the scullion: let the school-master weed the filthy pages out of desks and pockets, and give the lads a laugh at the bonfire they will create; and let the press approve itself as an engine of moral, as well as of mental light, by such wise judicial censures, as shall fix all the ignominy of the scourge, the pillory, and the brand, upon the writer who panders to the brothel, and exhausts his powers in producing and sowing the seeds of incalculable evils to the souls of men and the structure of society.

But this principle of moral criticism bears harder upon our author than anything we have said before. As yet our literature, however humble, is undefiled, and as such is a just cause for national pride, nor, much as we long to see it elevated in style, would we thank the Boccaccio who should give it the classic stamp, at the expense of its purity. Of course we cannot expect to see it realize that splendid ideal which a thoughtful Churchman would sketch for it, as equally chaste in morals, lofty in sentiment, uncorrupt in diction, and in all points conformable to truth; but surely we may demand that it shall keep itself from becoming an offense to faith, and a scandal to virtue. Not that we expect the literary pimp to cease from his disgusting trade, but that we hope to keep writers of that class out of the pale of Letters, and to effect the forcible expulsion of any one of a higher class, who, gaining upon our confidence by dealing at first in a sterling article, afterwards debases his credit, by issuing with the same stamp a vile, but marketable, alloy. In a word, we protest against any toleration to a popular and gifted writer, when he perpetrates bad morals. Let this brokerage of lust be put down at the very beginning. Already, among the million, we have imitations enough of George Sand and Eugene Sue; and if as yet there be no reputable name, involved in the manufacture of a Brothel Library, we congratulate the country that we are yet in time to save such a reputation as that of Hawthorne. Let him stop where he has begun, lest we should be forced to select an epitaph from Hudibras, for his future memorial:

> "Quoth he—for many years he drove
> A kind of broking trade in love,
> Employed in all th' intrigues and trust
> Of feeble, speculative lust;
> Procurer to th' extravaganzy
> And crazy ribaldry of fancy."

It is chiefly, in hopes, to save our author from embarking

largely into this business of Fescennine romance, that we enter upon a brief examination of his latest and most ambitious production, "The Scarlet Letter."

The success which seems to have attended this bold advance of Hawthorne, and the encouragement which has been dealt out by some professed critics,* to its worst symptoms of malice prepense, may very naturally lead, if unbalanced by a moderate dissent, to his further compromise of his literary character. We are glad, therefore, that "The Scarlet Letter" is, after all, little more than an experiment, and need not be regarded as a step necessarily fatal. It is an attempt to rise from the composition of petty tales, to the historical novel; and we use the expression *an attempt*, with no disparaging significance, for it is confessedly a trial of strength only just beyond some former efforts, and was designed as part of a series. It may properly be called a novel, because it has all the ground-work, and might have been very easily elaborated into the details, usually included in the term; and we call it *historical*, because its scene-painting is in a great degree true to a period of our Colonial history, which ought to be more fully delineated. We wish Mr. Hawthorne would devote the powers which he only partly discloses in this book, to a large and truthful portraiture of that period, with the patriotic purpose of making us better acquainted with the stern old worthies, and all the *dramatis personæ* of those times, with their yet surviving habits, recollections, and yearnings, derived from maternal England. Here is, in fact, a rich and even yet an unexplored field for historic imagination; and touches are given in "The Scarlet Letter," to secret springs of romantic thought, which opened unexpected and delightful episodes to our fancy, as we were borne along by the tale. Here a maiden reminiscence, and here a grave ecclesiastical retrospection, clouding the brow of the Puritan colonists, as they still remembered home, in their wilderness of lasting exile! Now a lingering relic of Elizabethan fashion in dress, and now a turn of expression, betraying the deep traces of education under influences renounced and foresworn, but still instinctively prevalent!

Time has just enough mellowed the facts, and genealogical research has made them just enough familiar, for their employment as material for descriptive fiction; and the New England colonies might now be made as picturesquely real to our perception, as the Knickerbocker tales have made the

* See a late article in the Massachusetts Quarterly.

Dutch settlements of the Hudson. This, however, can never be done by the polemical pen of a blind partisan of the Puritans; it demands Irving's humorously insinuating gravity, and all his benevolent satire, with a large share of honest sympathy for at least the earnestness of wrong-headed enthusiasm. We are stimulated to this suggestion by the very life-like and striking manner in which the days of Governor Winthrop are sketched in the book before us, by the beautiful picture the author has given us of the venerable old pastor Wilson, and by the outline portraits he has thrown in, of several of their cotemporaries. We like him all the better for his tenderness of the less exceptionable features of the Puritan character; but we are hardly sure that we like his flings at their failings. If it should provoke a smile to find us sensitive in this matter, our consistency may be very briefly demonstrated. True, we have our own fun with the follies of the Puritans; it is our inseparable privilege as Churchmen, thus to compensate ourselves for many a scar which their frolics have left on our comeliness. But when a degenerate Puritan, whose Socinian conscience is but the skimmed-milk of their creamy fanaticism, allows such a conscience to curdle within him, in dyspeptic acidulation, and then belches forth derision at the sour piety of his forefathers—we snuff at him, with an honest scorn, knowing very well that he likes the Puritans for their worst enormities, and hates them only for their redeeming merits.

The Puritan rebelling against the wholesome discipline of that Ecclesiastical Law, which Hooker has demonstrated, with Newtonian evidence, to be but a moral system of central light with its dependent order and illumination; the Puritan with his rough heel and tough heart, mounted upon altars, and hacking down crosses, and sepulchres, and memorials of the dead; the Puritan with his axe on an Archbishop's neck, or holding up in his hand the bleeding head of a martyred king; the Puritan in all this guilt, has his warmest praise, and his prompt witness that he allows the deeds of his fathers, and is ready to fill up the measure of their iniquity; but the Puritans, with a blessed inconsistency, repeating liturgic doxologies to the triune God, or, by the domestic hearth, bowing down with momentary conformity, to invoke the name of Jesus, whom the Church had taught him to adore as an atoning Saviour—these are the Puritans at whom the driveler wags his head, and shoots out his tongue! We would not laugh in that man's company. No—no! we heartily dislike the Puritans, so far as they were Puritan; but even in them we

recognize many good old English virtues, which Puritanism could not kill. They were in part our ancestors, and though we would not accept the bequest of their enthusiasm, we are not ashamed of many things to which they clung, with principle quite as characteristic. We see no harm in a reverent joke now and then, at an abstract Puritan, in spite of our duty to our progenitors, and Hudibras shall still be our companion, when, at times, the mental bow requires fresh elasticity, and bids us relax its string. There is, after all, something of human kindness, in taking out an old grudge in the comfort of a hearty, side-shaking laugh, and we think we are never freer from bitterness of spirit, than when we contemplate the Banbury zealot hanging his cat on Monday, and reflect that Strafford and Montrose fell victims to the same mania that destroyed poor puss. But there is another view of the same Puritan, which even a Churchman may charitably allow himself to respect, and when precisely that view is chosen by his degenerate offspring for unfilial derision, we own to a sympathy for the grim old Genevan features, at which their seventh reproduction turns up a repugnant nose; for sure we are that the young Ham is gloating over his father's nakedness, with far less of sorrow for the ebriety of a parent, than of satisfaction in the degradation of an orthodox patriarch. Now without asserting that it is so, we are not quite so sure, as we would like to be, that our author is not venting something of this spirit against the Puritans, in his rich delineation of "godly Master Dimmesdale," and the sorely abused confidence of his flock. There is a provoking concealment of the author's motive, from the beginning to the end of the story; we wonder what he would be at; whether he is making fun of all religion, or only giving a fair hint of the essential sensualism of enthusiasm. But, in short, we are astonished at the kind of incident which he has selected for romance. It may be such incidents were too common, to be wholly out of the question, in a history of the times, but it seems to us that good taste might be pardoned for not giving them prominence in fiction. In deference to the assertions of a very acute analyst, who has written ably on the subject of colonization, we are inclined to think, as we have said before, that barbarism was indeed "the first danger" of the pilgrim settlers. Of a period nearly cotemporary with that of Mr. Hawthorne's narrative, an habitual eulogist has recorded that "on going to its Church and court records, we discover mournful evidences of incontinence, even in the respectable families; as if, being cut off from the more refined pleasures of society, their

baser passions had burnt away the restraints of delicacy, and their growing coarseness of manners had allowed them finally to seek, in these baser passions, the spring of their enjoyments." We are sorry to be told so, by so unexceptionable a witness.* We had supposed, with the Roman satirist, that purity might at least be credited to those primitive days, when a Saturnian simplicity was necessarily revived in primeval forests, by the New England colonists:

> Quippe aliter tunc orbe novo, cœloque recenti
> Vivebant homines:

but a Puritan doctor in divinity publishes the contrary, and a Salemite novelist selects the intrigue of an adulterous minister, as the groundwork of his ideal of those times! We may acknowledge, with reluctance, the historical fidelity of the picture, which retailers of fact and fiction thus concur in framing, but we cannot but wonder that a novelist should select, of all features of the period, that which reflects most discredit upon the cradle of his country, and which is in itself so revolting, and so incapable of receiving decoration from narrative genius.

And this brings inquiry to its point. Why has our author selected such a theme? Why, amid all the suggestive incidents of life in a wilderness; of a retreat from civilization to which, in every individual case, a thousand circumstances must have concurred to reconcile human nature with estrangement from home and country; or amid the historical connections of our history with Jesuit adventure, savage invasion, regicide outlawry, and French aggression, should the taste of Mr. Hawthorne have preferred as the proper material for romance, the nauseous amour of a Puritan pastor, with a frail creature of his charge, whose mind is represented as far more debauched than her body? Is it, in short, because a running undertide of filth has become as requisite to a romance, as death in the fifth act to a tragedy? Is the French era actually begun in our literature? And is the flesh, as well as the world and the devil, to be henceforth dished up in fashionable novels, and discussed at parties, by spinsters and their beaux, with as unconcealed a relish as they give to the vanilla in their ice cream? We would be slow to believe it, and we hope our author would not willingly have it so, yet we honestly believe that "the Scarlet Letter" has already done not a little to degrade our literature, and to encourage social licentiousness: it has started other pens on like enterprises,

* Barbarism the first Danger, by H. Bushnell, D. D.

and has loosed the restraint of many tongues, that have made it an apology for "the evil communications which corrupt good manners." We are painfully tempted to believe that it is a book made for the market, and that the market has made it merchantable, as they do game, by letting everybody understand that the commodity is in high condition, and smells strongly of incipient putrefaction.

We shall entirely mislead our reader if we give him to suppose that "the Scarlet Letter" is coarse in its details, or indecent in its phraseology. This very article of our own, is far less suited to ears polite, than any page of the romance before us; and the reason is, we call things by their right names, while the romance never hints the shocking words that belong to its things, but, like Mephistophiles, insinuates that the arch-fiend himself is a very tolerable sort of person, if nobody would call him Mr. Devil. We have heard of persons who could not bear the reading of some Old Testament Lessons in the service of the Church: such persons would be delighted with our author's story; and damsels who shrink at the reading of the Decalogue, would probably luxuriate in bathing their imagination in the crystal of its delicate sensuality. The language of our author, like patent blacking, "would not soil the whitest linen," and yet the composition itself, would suffice, if well laid on, to Ethiopize the snowiest conscience that ever sat like a swan upon that mirror of heaven, a Christian maiden's imagination. We are not sure we speak quite strong enough, when we say, that we would much rather listen to the coarsest scene of Goldsmith's "Vicar," read aloud by a sister or daughter, than to hear from such lips, the perfectly chaste language of a scene in "the Scarlet Letter," in which a married wife and her reverend paramour, with their unfortunate offspring, are introduced as the actors, and in which the whole tendency of the conversation is to suggest a sympathy for their sin, and an anxiety that they may be able to accomplish a successful escape beyond the seas, to some country where their shameful commerce may be perpetuated. Now, in Goldsmith's story there are very coarse words, but we do not remember anything that saps the foundations of the moral sense, or that goes to create unavoidable sympathy with unrepenting sorrow, and deliberate, premeditated sin. The "Vicar of Wakefield" is sometimes coarsely virtuous, but "the Scarlet Letter" is delicately immoral.

There is no better proof of the bad tendency of a work, than some unintentional betrayal on the part of a young fe-

male reader, of an instinctive consciousness against it, to which she has done violence, by reading it through. In a beautiful region of New England, where stage-coaches are not yet among things that were, we found ourselves, last summer, one of a traveling party, to which we were entirely a stranger, consisting of young ladies fresh from boarding-school, with the proverbial bread-and-butter look of innocence in their faces, and a nursery thickness about their tongues. Their benevolent uncle sat outside upon the driver's box, and ours was a seat next to a worshipful old dowager, who seemed to bear some matronly relation to the whole coach-load, with the single exception of ourselves. In such a situation it was ours to keep silence, and we soon relapsed into nothingness and a semi-slumberous doze. Meanwhile our young friends were animated and talkative, and as we were approaching the seat of a College, their literature soon began to expose itself. They were evidently familiar with the Milliners' Magazines in general, and even with Graham's and Harper's. They had read James, and they had read Dickens; and at last their criticisms rose to Irving and Walter Scott, whose various merits they discussed with an artless anxiety to settle forever the question whether the one was not "a charming composer," and the other "a truly beautiful writer." Poor girls! had they imagined how much harmless amusement they were furnishing to their drowsy, dusty, and very unentertaining fellow traveler, they might, quite possibly, have escaped both his praise and his censure! They came at last to Longfellow and Bryant, and rhythmically regaled us with the "muffled drum" of the one, and the somewhat familiar opinion of the other, that

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

And so they came to Hawthorne, of whose "Scarlet Letter" we then knew very little, and that little was favorable, as we had seen several high encomiums of its style. We expected a quotation from the "Celestial Railroad," for we were traveling at a rate which naturally raised the era of railroads in one's estimation, by rule of contrary; but no—the girls went straight to "the Scarlet Letter." We soon discovered that one Hester Prynne was the heroine, and that she had been made to stand in the pillory, as, indeed, her surname might have led one to anticipate. We discovered that there was a mysterious little child in the question, that she was a sweet little darling, and that her "sweet, pretty little name," was "Pearl." We discovered that mother and child had a meeting, in a wood, with a very fascinating young preacher, and that there was a hateful creature named Chillingworth, who persecuted the said preacher, very perseveringly. Finally, it appeared that Hester Prynne was, in fact, Mrs. Hester Chillingworth, and that the hateful old creature aforesaid had a very natural dislike to the degradation of his spouse, and quite as natural a hatred of the wolf in sheep's clothing who had wrought her ruin. All this leaked out in conversation, little by little, on the hypothesis of our protracted somnolency. There was a very gradual approximation to the point, till one inquired—"did n't you think, from the first, that he was the one?" A modest looking creature, who evidently had not read the story, artlessly inquired—"what one?"—and then there was a titter at the child's simplicity, in the midst of which we ventured to be quite awake, and to discover by the scarlet blush that began to circulate, that the young ladies were not unconscious to themselves that reading "the Scarlet Letter" was a thing to be ashamed of. These school-girls had, in fact, done injury to their young sense of delicacy, by devouring such a dirty story; and after talking about it before folk, inadvertently, they had enough of mother Eve in them, to know that they were ridiculous, and that shame was their best retreat.

Now it would not have been so if they had merely exhibited a familiarity with "the Heart of Mid-Lothian," and yet there is more mention of the foul sin in its pages, than there is in "the Scarlet Letter." Where then is the difference? It consists in this—that the holy innocence of Jeanie Deans, and not the shame of Effie, is the burthen of that story, and that neither Effie's fall is made to look like virtue, nor the truly honorable agony of her stern old father, in bewailing his daughter's ruin, made a joke, by the insinuation that it was quite gratuitous. But in Hawthorne's tale, the lady's frailty is philosophized into a natural and necessary result of the Scriptural law of marriage, which, by holding her irrevocably to her vows, as plighted to a dried up old book-worm, in her silly girlhood, is viewed as making her heart an easy victim to the adulterer. The sin of her seducer too, seems to be considered as lying not so much in the deed itself, as in his long concealment of it, and, in fact, the whole moral of the tale is given in the words—"Be true—be true," as if sincerity in sin were virtue, and as if "Be clean—be clean," were not the more fitting conclusion. "The untrue man" is, in short, the hang-dog of the narrative, and the unclean one is made a very interesting sort of a person, and as the two qualities are

united in the hero, their composition creates the interest of his character. Shelley himself never imagined a more dissolute conversation than that in which the polluted minister comforts himself with the thought, that the revenge of the injured husband is worse than his own sin in instigating it. "Thou and I never did so, Hester"—he suggests: and she responds—"never, never! What we did had *a consecration of its own*, we felt it so—we said so to each other!" This is a little too much—it carries the Bay-theory a little too far for our stomach! "Hush, Hester!" is the sickish rejoinder; and fie, Mr. Hawthorne! is the weakest token of our disgust that we can utter. The poor bemired hero and heroine of the story should not have been seen wallowing in their filth, at such a rate as this.

We suppose this sort of sentiment must be charged to the doctrines enforced at "Brook-farm," although "Brook-farm" itself could never have been Mr. Hawthorne's home, had not other influences prepared him for such a Bedlam. At all events, this is no mere slip of the pen; it is the essential morality of the work. If types, and letters, and words can convey an author's idea, he has given us the key to the whole, in a very plain intimation that the Gospel has not set the relations of man and woman where they should be, and that a new Gospel is needed to supersede the seventh commandment, and the bond of Matrimony. Here it is, in full: our readers shall see what the world may expect from Hawthorne, if he is not stopped short, in such brothelry. Look at this conclusion:—

"*Women*—in the continually recurring trials of wounded, wasted, wronged, misplaced, or erring and sinful passion, or with the dreary burden of a heart unyielded, because unvalued and unsought—came to Hester's cottage, demanding why they were so wretched, and what the remedy! Hester comforted and counseled them as best she might. She assured them too *of her firm belief*, that, at some brighter period, when the world should have grown ripe for it, in Heaven's own time, *a new truth would be revealed, in order to establish the whole relation between man and woman on a surer ground of mutual happiness.*"

This is intelligible English; but are Americans content that such should be the English of their literature? This is the question on which we have endeavored to deliver our own earnest convictions, and on which we hope to unite the suffrages of all virtuous persons, in sympathy with the abhorrence we so unhesitatingly express. To think of making such

speculations the amusement of the daughters of America! The late Convention of females at Boston, to assert the "rights of woman," may show us that there are already some, who think the world is even now *ripe for it;* and safe as we may suppose our own fair relatives to be above such a low contagion, we must remember that to a woman, the very suggestion of a mode of life for her, as preferable to that which the Gospel has made the glorious sphere of her duties and her joys, is an insult and a degradation, to which no one that loves her would allow her to be exposed.

We assure Mr. Hawthorne, in conclusion, that nothing less than an earnest wish that his future career may redeem this misstep, and prove a blessing to his country, has tempted us to enter upon a criticism so little suited to our tastes, as that of his late production. We commend to his attention the remarks of Mr. Alison, on cotemporary popularity, to be found in the review of Bossuet. We would see him, too, rising to a place among those immortal authors who have "clothed the lessons of religion in the burning words of genius;" and let him be assured, that, however great his momentary success, there is no lasting reputation for such an one as he is, except as it is founded on real worth, and fidelity to the morals of the Gospel. The time is past, when mere authorship provokes posthumous attention; there are too many who write with ease, and too many who publish books, in our times, for an author to be considered anything extraordinary. Poems perish in newspapers, now-a-days, which, at one time, would have made, at least, a name for biographical dictionaries; and stories lie dead in the pages of magazines, which would once have secured their author a mention with posterity. Hereafter those only will be thought of, who have enbalmed their writings in the hearts and lives of a few, at least, who learned from them to love truth and follow virtue. The age of "mute inglorious Miltons," is as dead as the age of chivalry. Everybody can write, and everybody can publish. But still, the wise are few; and it is only the wise, who can attain, in any worthy sense, to shine as the stars forever.

EMERSON'S *SECOND MERLIN SONG* AND ECONOMIST H. C. CAREY

BY KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

In two earlier articles,[1] I have dealt with the transcendental elements and allusions in the short poem called the "Second Merlin Song," published in 1860. That there is yet another dimension to be considered will, I hope, become apparent in the following pages, for, as Professor Carl Strauch has rightly pointed out,[2] Emerson sought to have both warp and woof in his poetic texture——to have the poles of freedom and fate confront each other ——to have the realms of nature and spirit interpenetrate. In this third article, therefore, I intend to demonstrate schematically the usefulness to Emerson of an American economist and publisher during the years preceding the publication of The Conduct of Life (1860).

I
EMERSON'S ESTEEM FOR HENRY CHARLES CAREY

The evidence appears in a letter written by Anna M. M. Storm, of the Netherlands, addressed to the economist in 1862:[3]

N. York August 29—1862

H. C. Carey Esq.
Phil[a]

D[r] Sir:

When I was staying with my friend, Capt[n] E. B. Ward at Detroit, I found in his excellent library one of the smallest, but highly interesting works of your able pen entitled: "The Harmony of Interest——Myron N.Y." But no M[r] Myron is to be found in whole N.Y, to obtain a copy of it. It is a gem of beauty and truth and if I did not had read more of your works I must agree with M[r] Ralph Emerson, who some time ago said to me: "M[r] Carey is the greatest political economist of our country."

I intended to visit Philadelphia a second time, before my departure to Europe, but can not spare time before the cloth [sic] of the London exhibition, where I hope to find abundant material to compare the European industry, with that of America, I was studying during six years, that I visited the largest part of your States, institutions etc.

Capt[n] Ward charged me, if I had the honor to meet you, to invite you to participate in a pleasure trip with one of his beautiful boats to Lake Superior, while he wished to have sent for his account all the books ever published by you. He is one of your greatest admirers and like my self, sympathisers with your well digested ideas on the necessity of a protective Tariff for this Republic.

In my projected large work: "The N. American Republic as it is," I intend to speak at large on this question and to prove how the pervertion in politics has induced Americans to feed European laborers and Manufacturers, at the same time, that they themselves were provided with all the materials to erect similar manufactures among themselves and to keep their capital at home.

Intending to quote your sound views on that subject, and to have your Autograph lithographed among the large number of America's authors, artists, inventors, political leaders, etc. I had the pleasure to meet during my long stay in and study of your country, you should oblige me very much Sir! in forwarding "The Harmony of Interests," with your Autograph to my address, care of R. C. Burlage Esq. Consul General of the Netherlands, 45 Exchange place N. York, and to dispose of me, wherever I can be of any service to you in the old country.

Very respectfully

Anna M. M. Storm
of the Netherlands.

excuse the haste in
which this is written.

II
THE POEM——AND A RECAPITULATION OF THE PRINCIPAL THEMES CONSTITUTING ITS "PROSE MEANING"

Hear what British Merlin sung,
Of keenest eye and truest tongue.
Say not, the chiefs who first arrive
Usurp the seats for which all strive;
The forefathers this land who found
Failed to plant the vantage-ground;
Ever from one who comes to-morrow
Men wait their good and truth to borrow.
But wilt thou measure all thy road,
See thou lift the lightest load.
Who has little, to him who has less, can spare,
And thou, Cyndyllan's son! beware
Ponderous gold and stuffs to bear,
To falter ere thou thy task fulfil,——
Only the light-armed climb the hill.
The richest of all lords is Use,
And ruddy Health the loftiest Muse.
Live in the sunshine, swim the sea,
Drink the wild air's salubrity:
Where the star Canope shines in May,
Shepherds are thankful, and nations gay.
The music that can deepest reach,
And cure all ill, is cordial speech:
Mask thy wisdom with delight,
Toy with the bow, yet hit the white.
Of all wit's uses, the main one
Is to live well with who has none.
Cleave to thine acre; the round year
Will fetch all fruits and virtues here:
Fool and foe may harmless roam,
Loved and lovers bide at home.
A day for toil, an hour for sport,
But for a friend is life too short.

(A) THE UNIVERSE JUSTIFIES MAN'S OPTIMISM. [THE PRESENT BRITISH ECONOMISTS LIKE RICARDO AND MALTHUS DO NOT SPEAK FOR BRITISH MERLIN. THEIR PROPHECIES OF DOOM ARE NOT CHARACTERISTIC OF BRITISH GENIUS, AND THEY ARE NOT SUPPORTED BY AVAILABLE FACTS.] OPPORTUNITY ABOUNDS EVERYWHERE. IN NATURE, THINGS ARE NOT EXHAUSTED IN THEIR FIRST USE BUT ARE CONTINUALLY AVAILABLE FOR NEW USES. THE FIRST SETTLERS NEVER OCCUPY THE BEST SOILS.

See Nature (ed. princ.), 52.10-17: "Nothing in nature is exhausted in its first use. When a thing has served an end to the uttermost, it is wholly new for an ulterior service. In God, every end is converted into a new means. Thus the use of Commodity, regarded by itself, is mean and squalid. But it is to the mind an education in the great doctrine of Use, namely, that a thing is good only so far as it serves...."

See Nature (ed. princ.), 94.16—95.12: "A correspondent revolution in things will attend the influx of the spirit. So fast will disagreeable appearances, swine, spiders, snakes, pests, mad-houses, prisons, enemies, vanish; they are temporary and shall be no more seen. The sordor and filths of nature, the sun shall dry up, and the wind exhale. As when the summer comes from the south, the snow-banks melt, and the face of the earth becomes green before it, so shall the advancing spirit create its ornaments along its path...until evil is no more seen...."

See "The Statement of the First Philosophy," Section IX (in E T E, I, 193): "The mind reveals that Virtue is happiness; that good spirits associate; that the only Rank is Character; that Virtue is the key to the secrets of the world. The Understanding accepts the oracle, but, with its short sight not apprehending the truth, declares that in Futurity it is so, & adds all manner of fables of its own."

See "The American Scholar" (Works, I, 105-108): "It is a mischievous notion that we are come late into nature; that the world was finished a long time ago.... Not he is great who can alter matter, but he who can alter my state of mind.... The main enterprise of the world for splendor, for extent, is the upbuilding of a man. Here are the materials strewn along the ground. The private life of one man shall be a more illustrious monarchy...than any kingdom in history.... The man has never lived that can feed us ever."

See below: Sections (F), (G) and (H).

(B) MATERIALISM IS MAN'S PRINCIPAL ENEMY. COMMODITY IS ONLY THE LOWEST USE OF NATURE. ITS HIGHEST USE IS SPIRITUAL.

See Nature (ed. princ.), 15.9-19: "Under the general name of Commodity, I rank all those advantages which our senses owe to nature. This, of course, is a benefit which is temporary and mediate, not ultimate, like its service to the soul. Yet although low, it is perfect in its kind, and is the only use of nature which all men apprehend. The misery of man appears like childish petulance, when we explore the steady and prodigal provision that has been made for his support and delight on this green ball...."

See Nature (ed. princ.), 82.8—83.14: "Empirical science is apt to cloud the sight, and, by the very knowledge of functions and processes, to bereave the student of the manly contemplation of the whole. The savant becomes unpoetic. But the best read naturalist who lends an entire and devout attention to truth, will see that there remains much to learn of his relation to the world, and that it is not to be learned by any addition or subtraction or other comparison of known quantities, but is arrived at by untaught sallies of the spirit, by a continual self-recovery, and by entire humility. He will perceive that there are far more excellent qualities in the student than preciseness and infallibility; that a guess is often more fruitful than an indisputable affirmation, and that a dream may let us deeper into the secret of nature than a hundred concerted experiments. ¶ For, the problems to be solved are precisely those which the physiologist and the naturalist omit to state. It is not so pertinent to man to know all the individuals of the animal kingdom, as it is to know whence and whereto is this tyrannizing unity in his constitution, which evermore separates and classifies things, endeavouring to reduce the most diverse to one form."

See Nature (ed. princ.), 84.12-20.

See "The Statement of the First Philosophy," Section XII (loc. cit.): "Those who are styled Practical Men are not awake, for they do not exercise the Reason; yet their sleep is restless. The most active lives have so much routine as to preclude progress almost equally with the most inactive. We bow low to the noted merchants whose influence is felt, not only in their native cities, but in most parts of the globe; but our respect does them and ourselves great injustice, for their trade is without system, their affairs unfold themselves after no law of the mind, but

are bubble built on bubble without end; a work of arithmetic, not of commerce, much less of humanity. They add voyage to voyage, and buy stocks,——that they may buy stocks,—— and no ulterior purpose is thought of. When you see their dexterity in particulars, you cannot overestimate the resources of good sense; and when you find how empty they are of all remote aims, you cannot underestimate their philosophy."

(C) WEALTH OUGHT TO BE BROADLY INTERPRETED AS HEALTH OF BODY, MIND AND SOUL——AS THE JOY WHICH EMERGES FROM ONE'S PERFORMING A TASK IN THE HUMAN FAMILY——AS HAVING A "USE" OR FUNCTION IN THE WHOLE OF MANKIND, TO BORROW AN IDEA CURRENT AMONG THE SWEDENBORGIANS.

See "Gnothi Seauton," Sections VIII and IX (E T E, I, 177-178).

See the commentary on the lines of the Orphic Poet in E T E, I, 393.

On the Doctrine of Uses, see E T E, I, 374-379.

For the concept of Universal Man, of whom we are parts or from whom we have parts, see "The American Scholar." For the scholar, action was considered as important as communion with Nature and learning from books.

See below: Sections (D), (E) and (I).

(D) POWER DWELLS IN CONTENTMENT. ONE SHOULD, THEREFORE, STAY AT HOME, CULTIVATE ONE'S ACRE AND DEEPEN ONE'S ROOTS. ONLY THE NEUROTIC OR DISCONTENTED SEEK TO SHOOT OR COUNT THE CATS IN ZANZIBAR. ONLY THE COWARDLY ENLIST FOR THE WARS.

See Emerson the Essayist, I, 392. See the concluding pages of Nature and the last chapter of Walden.

See below: Section (I).

(E) ONE SHOULD BE RELATED TO THE HUMAN FAMILY BY VITAL TIES——SHOULD LEARN TO COOPERATE TOWARDS ITS CORPORATE WELL-BEING. ONE MUST LEARN, THEREFORE, TO DEAL SUCCESSFULLY AND SMOOTHLY WITH BLOCKHEADS AND THE MONOTONED. ONE'S DEEPEST SATISFACTIONS WILL BE CENTERED IN ONE'S FRIENDS.

See Nature (ed. princ.), 17.15-23; 58.3-20. Notable are the final pages of the chapter on "Discipline." In this connection, see E T E, I, 419-421.

III

EMERSON'S ADDRESS ENTITLED "THE FARMER" DELIVERED IN CONCORD ON SEPT. 29, 1858.[4] (PERTINENT EXCERPTS)

"The town of Concord is one of the oldest towns in this country, far on now in its third century. The selectmen have once in every five years perambulated the boundaries, and yet, in this very year, a large quantity of land has been discovered and added to the town without a murmur of complaint from any quarter. By drainage we went down to a subsoil we did not know, and have found there is a Concord under old Concord, which we are now getting the best crops from; a Middlesex under Middlesex; and, in fine, that Massachusetts has a basement story more valuable and that promises to pay a better rent than all the superstructure. But these tiles have acquired by association a new interest. These tiles are political economists, confuters of Malthus and Ricardo; they are so many Young Americans announcing a better era,—more bread. They drain the land, make it sweet and friable; have made English Chat Moss a garden, and will now do as much for the Dismal Swamp. But beyond this benefit they are the text of better opinions and better auguries for mankind." [VII, 149-152]

"There has been a nightmare bred in England of indigestion and spleen among landlords and loomlords, namely, the dogma that men breed too fast for the powers of the soil; that men multiply in a geometrical ratio, whilst corn multiplies only in an arithmetical; and hence that, the more prosperous we are, the faster we approach these frightful limits: nay, the plight of every new generation is worse than of the foregoing, because the first comers take up the best lands; the next, the second best; and each succeeding wave of population is driven to poorer, so that the land is ever yielding less returns to enlarging hosts of eaters. Henry Carey of Philadelphia replied: 'Not so, Mr. Malthus, but just the opposite of so is the fact.'" [VII, 150-151]

"The first planter, the savage, without helpers,

without tools, looking chiefly to safety from his enemy,—man or beast,—takes poor land. The better lands are loaded with timber, which he cannot clear; they need drainage, which he cannot attempt. He cannot plough, or fell trees, or drain the rich swamp. He is a poor creature; he scratches with a sharp stick, lives in a cave or a hutch, has no road but the trail of the moose or bear; he lives on their flesh when he can kill one, on roots and fruits when he cannot. He falls, and is lame; he coughs, he has a stitch in his side, he has a fever and chills; when he is hungry, he cannot always kill and eat a bear,—chances of war,—sometimes the bear eats him. 'T is long before he digs or plants at all, and then only a patch. Later he learns that his planting is better than hunting; that the earth works faster for him than he can work for himself, —works for him when he is asleep, when it rains, when heat overcomes him.... The last lands are the best lands. It needs science and great numbers to cultivate the best lands, and in the best manner. Thus true political economy is not mean, but liberal, and on the pattern of the sun and sky. Population increases in the ratio of morality; credit exists in the ratio of morality." [VII, 151-152]

"That uncorrupted behavior which we admire in animals and in young children belongs to him [the farmer], to the hunter, the sailor,—the man who lives in the presence of Nature.... What possesses interest for us is the <u>natural</u> of each, his constitutional excellence. This is forever a surprise, engaging and lovely; we cannot be satiated without knowing it, and about it; and it is this which the conversation with Nature cherishes and guards." [VII, 153-154]

[RECAPITULATION OF THE FOREGOING QUOTATIONS:]

(F) THE DISCOVERY OF NEW LAND IN CONCORD——IN LAYERS UNDER THE OLD AND IN THE DRAINED SWAMPS——HAS REFUTED MALTHUS AND RICARDO, THE PESSIMISTIC AND MATERIALISTIC ENGLISH ECONOMISTS OF THE SO-CALLED "CLASSICAL SCHOOL." FIRST SETTLERS NEVER OCCUPY THE BEST SOILS. [See (A) and (H).]

(G) THROUGH THEIR OWN EXPERIENCES CORROBORATING THE OPTIMISTIC VIEWS EXPOUNDED BY HENRY CHARLES CAREY OF PHILADELPHIA, AMERICANS MAY LOOK FORWARD TO THE EVENTUAL DEVELOPMENT EVEN OF THE DISMAL SWAMP, MUCH AS CHAT MOSS (ONCE A PEAT BOG IN LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND) HAS BECOME A GARDEN. (DID NOT GEORGE STEPHENSON PUT A RAILROAD ACROSS THE LATTER IN 1828-1830, FOR THE FIRST TIME OPENING ITS RICHES TO BELATED DEVELOPMENT?) [See (A), (F), and (H).]

(H) IT IS A FALLACY TO BELIEVE WITH RICARDO AND MALTHUS THAT THE FIRST COMERS TAKE UP THE BEST LANDS AND LEAVE THE WORST FOR SWOLLEN, HUNGRY POPULATIONS. HENRY CAREY SAYS, "NOT SO!" THE LAST LANDS ARE THE BEST LANDS, DEVELOPED ONLY WHEN POPULATION GROWS TO SUCH A POINT THAT COOPERATIVE EFFORT IS SUFFICIENT TO EXPLOIT THEM. (CONCORD ITSELF IS AN EXAMPLE OF THE TRUTH OF THIS POSTULATE.) [See (A), (F) and (G).]

(I) THE TRUE SCIENCE OF ECONOMICS (CAREY'S) IS LIBERAL---ENCOURAGING THE BIRTHRATE AND THE CONCOMITANT INCREASE IN GENERAL WEALTH——LIBERAL AS THE SUN, THE SKY AND ALL NATURE ARE LIBERAL. IT SHOWS A <u>MORAL</u> SIDE. IT GOES BEYOND MERE MATERIALISM. POPULATION INCREASES AS MEN BECOME <u>BETTER</u>——AS MEN DEVELOP COMMUNITY SPIRIT AND MORE AND MORE WORK TOGETHER. GENERAL WEALTH AND WELL-BEING KEEP PACE WITH THE POPULATION. [See (C) and (D).]

(J) THE SCIENCE OF ECONOMICS CLOSEST TO THE TRUTH (CAREY'S SYSTEM) CORROBORATES THE TRANSCENDENTAL VIEW OF NATURE AS A SHAPER OF CHARACTER AND AS DISCIPLINER OF THE SOUL. [See "Discipline" in <u>Nature</u> (<u>ed. princ.</u>), pp. 46-58.]

IV

EMERSON'S ASSOCIATION WITH CAREY AND HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH SOME OF CAREY'S PRINCIPAL ILLUSTRATIONS

Emerson had met Carey—probably not for the first time—on January 8, 1854, as indicated in his letter to Lidian, dated Sunday, January 9 (<u>Letters</u>, IV, 414-415):

> Walter Langdon, Sam. Bradford, J. P. Lesley, Mr Fleming, Mr Kane, Mr Furness; these are my Philadelphia, though on Saturday night [Jan. 8] I saw all the learned Phila. at the Wistar Party, & talked with Dr Hare, Mr Carey, (the Economist), Mr David Paul Brown, & others I dined once with Lucretia Mott.

As early as 1848—six years before meeting Carey at the above-mentioned reception —Emerson had spent some time with the famous engineer, George Stephenson, who had victoriously conquered the Peat Bog in Lancashire:[5]

In the spring of 1848, Mr. Stephenson was invited to Whittington House, near Chesterfield, the residence of his friend and former pupil, Mr. Swanwick, to meet the distinguished American, Emerson. It was interesting to see those two remarkable men, so different in most respects, and whose lines of thought and action lay in such widely different directions, yet so quick to recognise each other's merits. Mr. Stephenson was not, of course, acquainted with Mr. Emerson as an author; and the contemplative American might not be supposed to be particularly interested beforehand in the English engineer, whom he knew by reputation only as a giant in the material world. But there was in both an equal aspiration after excellence, each in his own sphere,—the æsthetic and abstract tendencies of the one complementing the keen and accurate perceptions of the material of the other. Upon being introduced, they did not immediately engage in conversation; but presently Mr. Stephenson jumped up, took Emerson by the collar, and, giving him one of his friendly shakes, asked how it was that in England we could always tell an American? This led to an interesting conversation, in the course of which Emerson said how much he had everywhere been struck by the haleness and comeliness of the English men and women; and this diverged into a further discussion of the influences which air, climate, moisture, soil, and other conditions exercised upon the physical and moral development of a people. From this the conversation was directed upon the subject of electricity, upon which Mr. Stephenson launched out enthusiastically, explaining his views by several simple and striking illustrations. From thence it diverged into the events of his own life, which he related in so graphic a manner as completely to rivet the attention of the American. Afterwards Emerson said, "that it was worth crossing the Atlantic to have seen Stephenson alone; he had such native force of character and vigour of intellect." Although Emerson does not particularly refer to this interview in the interesting essay afterwards published by him, entitled "English Traits," embodying the results of the observations made by him in his journeys through England, one cannot help feeling that his interview with such a man as Stephenson must have tended to fix in his mind those sterling qualities of pluck, bottom, perseverance, energy, shrewdness, bravery, and freedom, which he so vividly depicts in his book as the prominent characteristics of the modern Englishman.

The rest of his days were spent quietly at Tapton, amongst his dogs, his rabbits, and his birds. When not attending to the extensive works connected with his collieries, he was engaged in horticulture and farming. He continued proud of his flowers, his fruits, and his crops; and the old spirit of competition still lived strong within him. Although he had for some time been in delicate health, and his hand shook from nervous affection, he appeared to possess a sound constitution. Emerson had observed of him that he had

the lives of many men in him. But perhaps the American spoke figuratively, in reference to his vast stores of experience.

[Stephenson died August 12, 1848. The drainage of Chat Moss is described in the Edinburgh Review, LX, 97ff. and 103ff.]

Emerson borrowed Samuel Smiles' The Life of George Stephenson (London, 1857) from the Boston Athenaeum on October 6, 1857, returning it on October 31. In it he read the above account of his conversation with the famous engineer a few months before his death as well as a stirring record of the bridging of Chat Moss (pages 250-255).

On September 17, 1858, before writing his address for the Middlesex Agricultural Society ("The Farmer"), quoted above, he borrowed two of Carey's works from the Boston Athenaeum, keeping one (perhaps both) until October 23:

Henry Charles Carey, The Past, the Present and the Future, Philadelphia, 1848.

Henry Charles Carey, Principles of Social Science (vol. 1), Philadelphia, 1858.
[Volumes 2 and 3 had not yet been published and were, therefore, not available to Emerson at this time.]

Notes from these books appear in Emerson's unpublished blotting book, W A 147, part of which was compiled just preceding the delivery of his paper on "The Farmer." (The scholar interested in the composition of this lecture may consult the jottings in the Houghton Library.)

We are now ready to glance at Emerson's Journals of this period for other speculation that can throw light on the "Second Merlin Song."

V. EVIDENCE IN EMERSON'S PUBLISHED JOURNALS

(K) MATERIALISM IN CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE BLINDS MEN TO THE TRUTH.

> Materialists. Economical geology; economical astronomy, with a view (to annexation, if it could be) to navigation: and chemistry and natural history, for utility. Yes, rightly enough: but is there no right wishing to know what is, without reaping a rent or commission? Now, their natural history is profane. They do not know the bird, the fish, the tree they describe. The ambition that "hurries them after truth, takes away the power to attain it."
>
> This charge that I make against English science, that it bereaves Nature of its charm, lies equally against all European science. [Journals, IX, 35. April 26, 1856]

(L) THERE IS A POLARITY IN THE UNIVERSE MANIFESTED IN A LAW OF CORRESPONDENCE. TRANSCENDENTAL TRUTH CAN, THEREFORE, BE SEEN IN THE NATURAL REALM.

> If natural philosophy is faithfully written, moral philosophy need not be, for that will find itself expressed in these theses to a perceptive soul. [Journals, IX, 81. Ca. January, 1857]
>
> Faraday is an excellent writer, and a wise man, and whilst I read him, I think that, if natural philosophy is faithfully written, moral philosophy need not be, for it will find itself expressed in these theses to a perceptive soul. That is, we shall read off the commandments and gospels in chemistry—without need of translation; as we read a Latin or a French book to scholars without translation. [Journals, IX, 107-108. July 28, 1857]
>
> Whatever we study in Nature, 'tis always found to be the study of man. That gives the edge to the inquiry. If you could once show an independency and foreignness in Nature, we should never care for it more.... But this study has its stern, purifying, corrective effect. Man's egotism will not be found there; man's crime or folly will be filtered out. 'T is only moral and rational man, that Nature subserves. [Journals, IX, 132. Ca. September, 1857]

(M) WE LIVE IN BOTH THE KINGDOM OF FATE AND THE SPHERE OF SOULS.

> Greatness. Every human being whom History selects is some child of fate, full of fate, who did what he did by this strong arm; as the woodchopper, by using the force of gravity, lets the planet chop his stick, so these men perceived each that he had inherited some trick of nature, a voice, or a face, or a sympathy, or a brutish courage, or skill, some fascination, which prevailed with his fellows, and he gladly threw himself on this, seeing how much it served him, though this all belonged to the kingdom of fate, and not to the sphere of souls. [Journals, IX, 114-115. September, 1857]

(N) HENCE THE HIGHEST FORM OF WEALTH IS CHARACTER, INVOLVING A PRACTICAL AS WELL AS MORAL COMMITMENT TO ONE'S TASK. WHY PIONEERS ARE OFTEN UNSUCCESSFUL. [See (C), (D), (I), and (J).]

> In Tarare, Beaumarchais directed to be sung "majestically," by Nature and the Genius of Fire, the verses,
>
> "Mortel, qui que tu sois, prince, brahme, ou soldat,
> Homme, ta grandeur sur la terre
> N'appartient point à ton état,
> Elle est toute à ton caractère." [Journals, IX, 109. Ca. August 1, 1857]
>
> Success. I like the successes of George Stephenson and Columbus, well-won, hard-earned, by fifty years of work, a sleepless eye, and an invincible will. Do you not know that "Wisdom is not found in the hands of those who live at their ease"?—Job. [Journals, IX, 125. Ca. Sept., 1857]
>
> J. Bright, of Rochdale, said, the use of machinery in America and in England went by fancy: and [I learned in] my search for the pioneers in Illinois and Wisconsin,—"they were visionary men, not practical, and all bankrupted." [Journals, IX, 145. Ca. January, 1858]

(O) THE IDEAL AND NATURAL POLES OUGHT NOT, HOWEVER, CARELESSLY TO BE CONFUSED. THEY NECESSARILY APPROACH TRUTH FROM DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS.

High Criticism. You must draw your rule from the genius of that which you do, and not from by-ends. Don't make a novel to establish a principle of political economy. You will spoil both. Don't set out to teach Theism from your Natural History, like Paley and Agassiz. You spoil both. [Journals, IX, 134. Ca. September, 1857]

(P) THE PATTERN OF EVOLUTION OR ASCENT AS SEEN IN THE KINGDOM OF NATURE OR FATE.

What we value, all we value, is the naturel, or peculiar quality of each man; and, in a large, healthy individual, this is the antagonist of gravitation, vegetation, chemistry, nay, of matter itself, and as good at last as they. This is the saliency, the principle of levity, the sal volatile, which is the balance, or offset, to the mountains and masses. This is forever a surprise, and engaging, and a man is therefore and thus wonderful and lovely. Now Homer, Shakspeare, Burns, Scott, Voltaire, Rabelais, Montaigne, Hafiz, have these spirits or intuitions, and are magnetic, or interesting to all men. We are curious about them, can't be satisfied with watching the primal springs, and their movements, wish to know their law, if we could. Well, every man has the like potency in him, more or less. This wit is related to the secret of the world, to the primitive power, the incessant creation. It is in harmony with gravity, and the orbit of the stars, and the growth of grass, and the angles of crystals. There is no luck or choice about it, but law in it, from first to last. It is the next finer ascent or metamorphosis of gravity, chemistry, vegetation, animal life, the same thing, on the next higher plane; as the morale is a still higher ascent or metamorphosis, and kindred to it. But the essence of it is, that it be native and intuitive. [Compare the tree in Carey's book, reproduced in Section CC of the next division.] [Journals, IX, 128-129. Ca. September, 1857]

VI. CAREY'S PRINCIPLES AS BACKGROUND OF EMERSON'S THOUGHT AT THE TIME OF THE WRITING OF THE "SECOND MERLIN SONG."

Carey's significance in the history of American thought is beginning to be appreciated.[6] In 1836, when Emerson published Nature in Boston, Carey issued his The Harmony of Nature: as exhibited in the laws which regulate the increase of population and of the means of subsistence; and in the identity of the interests of the sovereign and the subjects; the landlord and the tenant; the capitalist and the workman, the planter and the slave, at Philadelphia. There seems to be no evidence that Emerson knew it. Carey's principal influence upon Emerson came through his Principles of Social Science, (3 vols.), Philadelphia, 1858, 1860, 1860, in the first of which Emerson found three chapters of more than usual importance:

Chap. III. "Of Increase in the Numbers of Mankind" [Refutation of Malthus].

Chap. IV. "Of the Occupation of the Earth" [Refutation of Ricardo's theory].

Chap. VII. "Of Wealth" [Wealth is defined not in terms of commodity, but in terms of happiness, prosperity and power. It grows with the increased ability of man to associate with his fellows.]

The following extracts from Carey will prove instructive:

VII. OUTLINE OF CAREY'S SYSTEM AS OBSERVED BY EMERSON IN 1868.

(AA) CONDITIONS PREVAILING WHEN NEW LANDS ARE OCCUPIED.

The first cultivator, the Robinson Crusoe of his day, provided however with a wife, has neither axe nor spade. He works alone. Population being small, land is, of course, abundant. He may select for himself, without fear of his title being disputed. He is surrounded by soils possessed, in the highest possible degree, of the qualities that fit them for yielding large returns to labour. They are, however, covered with immense trees that he cannot fell, or they are swamps that he cannot drain. To pass through them even is attended with no small difficulty. The first is a mass of roots, stumps, decaying logs, and shrubs, while into the other he sinks half leg deep at every step. The atmosphere, too, is impure. Fogs settle upon the low lands, and the dense foliage of the wood prevents the circulation of the air. He has no axe, but if he had, he would not venture there, for to do so, would be attended with certain loss of health and great risk of life. Vegetation, too, is so luxuriant, that before he could, with the imperfect machinery at his command, clear a single acre, a portion of it would be again so overgrown that he would have to recommence his labour, which would be almost, if not quite, that of Sisyphus. The higher lands, comparatively bare of timber, are ill calculated to yield a return to his labour. Nevertheless there are spots

on the hill where the thin soil has prevented the growth of trees and shrubs, or there are spaces among the trees, that can be cultivated while they still remain standing, and when he pulls up by the roots the few shrubs scattered over the surface, he feels no apprehension of their being speedily replaced. With his hands he may even succeed in barking the trees, or, by the aid of fire, he may so far destroy them that time alone is needed to give him a few cleared acres, upon which he may plant his grain, with little fear of weeds. To attempt these things upon the richer lands would be loss of labour. In some places the ground is always wet. In others, the trees are too large to be seriously injured by fire, and its only effect would be to stimulate the growth of weeds and brush. He, therefore, commences the work of cultivation far up the hill, where, making with his stick holes in the light soil that drains itself, he drops the grain an inch or two below the surface, and in due season obtains a return of double the amount of his seed. He pounds this between stones, and obtains bread. His condition is improved. He has succeeded in making the earth labour for him, while himself engaged in trapping rabbits or squirrels, and in gathering fruits. [The Past, The Present and The Future, Phila., 1848, pp. 9-10]

(BB) FIRST SETTLERS NEVER OCCUPY THE BEST SOILS. THE RICHEST ARE DEVELOPED LAST.

No man, left to himself, will commence the work of cultivation on the rich soils, because it is from them that the return is then the least; and it is upon them, throughout all the new countries of the world, that the condition of the laborer is the worst, where the work is undertaken in advance of the habit of association that comes with the growth of wealth and population. The settler who sought the high, light lands obtained food, although the return to his labor was very small. Had he undertaken to drain the rich soils of the Dismal Swamp, he would have perished for want of food, as did those who settled the fertile island of Roanoke.

There is, probably not in the world, a richer body of land than that of Lower Virginia and North Carolina, of which the Dismal Swamp forms a part, but, for that reason, it cannot, at present, be cultivated. [Principles of Social Science, I, 117-118]

Crossing the ocean and landing in the south of England, the traveller finds himself in a country in which the streams are short and the valleys limited; and, as a consequence, well fitted for early cultivation.... Inquiring...for the seats of early cultivation, he will be referred to the sites of rotten boroughs—to those parts of the kingdom in which men who can neither read nor write, still live in mud-built cottages, and receive eight shillings a week for their labor.... Seeking the palace of the Norman Kings, he will find it at Winchester, and not in the valley of the Thames. Inquiring for the forests and swamps of the days of the Plantagenets, he will everywhere be shown cultivated lands of the highest fertility. Should curiosity lead him to desire to see the country whose morasses had nearly swallowed up the army of the conquering Norman, on his return from the devastation of the north—that which daunted the antiquary, Camden, even so late as the age of James I.—he would be shown South Lancashire [the Chat Moss area], with its rich fields covered with waving grain, and meadows on which pasture the finest cattle. Asking for the land most recently reduced to cultivation, he will be taken to the fens of Lincoln—to the late sandy wastes of Norfolk—and to Cambridgeshire—all of them yielding now the largest and best crops of England; but which yet were almost wholly valueless until the steam-engine, with its wonderful power, was brought to aid the operations of the agriculturist. "The expenditure of a few bushels of coal," says Porter, "places it in the farmer's power to drain his fields of superfluous moisture, at a comparatively inconsiderable expense." [Principles of Social Science, I, 122-124]

The settler who begins by draining swamps, throws away his labor, and dies of fever. The land is rich, but its time has not come. The man who bores into granite searching for coal, throws away his labor. The land will be valuable when granite quarries are required, but its time has not come. The man who attempts to raise marl while surrounded by rich meadow-land, yet uncleared, loses his time. The land is rich, but its time has not come. All soils have qualities tending to render them useful to man, and all are destined ultimately to become utilized; but, it being the decree of nature that the best—those fitted to yield the largest return to labor—shall be obtained for his use only at the cost of long-continued and combined exertion; their attainment is the reward held out to him as the inducement to steady industry, prudence, and economy, and to a constant observance of that great law of Christianity which requires every man to respect in others those rights of person and property that he desires others to respect in himself. Where these exist, he is seen passing steadily and regularly from poor soils to those which are more productive, with constant increase of population, wealth, prosperity, and happiness, and steady decline of value in all the lands first cultivated; except where the constant application of labor has tended to render them more productive. [Principles of Social Science, I, 175.]

(CC) CONDITIONS FOR DEVELOPING THE BEST SOILS AND FOR INCREASING MAN'S DOMINION OVER NATURE: (1) CONTRARY TO MALTHUS, MEN SHOULD WELCOME AN INCREASE IN POPULATION; (2) MEN SHOULD STRIVE FOR IMPROVEMENTS IN COMMUNICATION, ASSOCIATION AND COOPERATION.

Population and wealth tend to increase, and cultivation tends towards the more fertile soils, when man is allowed to obey those instincts of his nature which prompt him to seek association with his fellow-men. They tend to decrease as association declines, and then the fertile soils are everywhere abandoned; and with every step in that direction the difficulty of obtaining food is increased. Population it is that makes the food come from the rich soils of the earth; while depopulation drives the unhappy cultivator back to the poorer ones. [Principles of Social Science, I, 139]

The great object of MAN, in this world, is to acquire dominion over NATURE—compelling her to do his work; and with every step in that direction labor becomes less severe—while increasing in its reward. With each, the accumulations of the past become less valuable—with constant decline in their power to command the services of the laborers of the present. With each, the power of association grows—with constant increase in the tendency to the development of the various faculties of the individual man, and equally constant increase in the power of further progress; and thus it is, that while combination of action enables man to overcome the resistance of nature, each successive triumph is attended by increased facility for further combinations, to be followed by new and greater triumphs. [Principles of Social Science, I, 158]

The supply of food increases rapidly, and with it the power of accumulation. In the first years, there was perpetual danger of famine. Now, there is a surplus, and a part is stored to provide against the danger of short crops. Cultivation extends itself along the hill-side, where deeper soils now laid open by the plough, afford a better return, while down the slope of the hill each successive year is marked by the disappearance of the great trees by which the richer lands have heretofore been occupied, the intermediate spaces becoming meanwhile enriched by the decomposition of the enormous roots, and more readily ploughed because of the gradual decay of the stumps.

• • •

The father and grandfather have passed away, and the younger generations are now profiting by the wealth they had accumulated, while applying their own labour with daily increasing advantage: and obtaining a constantly increasing return, with increasing power of accumulation, and decreasing severity of application. They now bring new powers to their aid, and the water no longer is allowed to run to waste: the air itself is made to work. Windmills grind the grain, and sawmills cut the timber, which disappears more rapidly, while the work of drainage is in course of being improved by more efficient spades and ploughs. The little furnace makes its appearance and charcoal is now applied to the reduction of the soil yielding iron, when it is found that the labour of a single day becomes more productive than was before that of half a dozen. Population spreads itself along the faces of the hills and down into the lower lands, becoming more and more dense at the seat of the original settlement, and with every step we find increasing tendency to combination of action for the production of food, the manufacture of clothing and household utensils, the construction of houses, and the preparation of machinery for aiding in all these operations. The heaviest timber: that growing on the most fertile land: now disappears, and the deepest marshes are now drained. Roads are next made to facilitate the intercourse between the old settlement and the newer ones that have been formed around it, and to enable the grower of corn to exchange his product for improved spades and ploughs, and for clothing and furniture. Population again increases, and wealth still further increases, and therewith man acquires more leisure for reflection on the results furnished by the experience of himself and his predecessors. His mind becomes more and more stimulated into action. The sand in the neighbourhood is found to be underlaid with marl, and by the aid of the improved machinery now in use, the two are brought into combination, thereby producing a soil of power far exceeding that of those heretofore cultivated. [The Past, The Present, and The Future, 13-15]

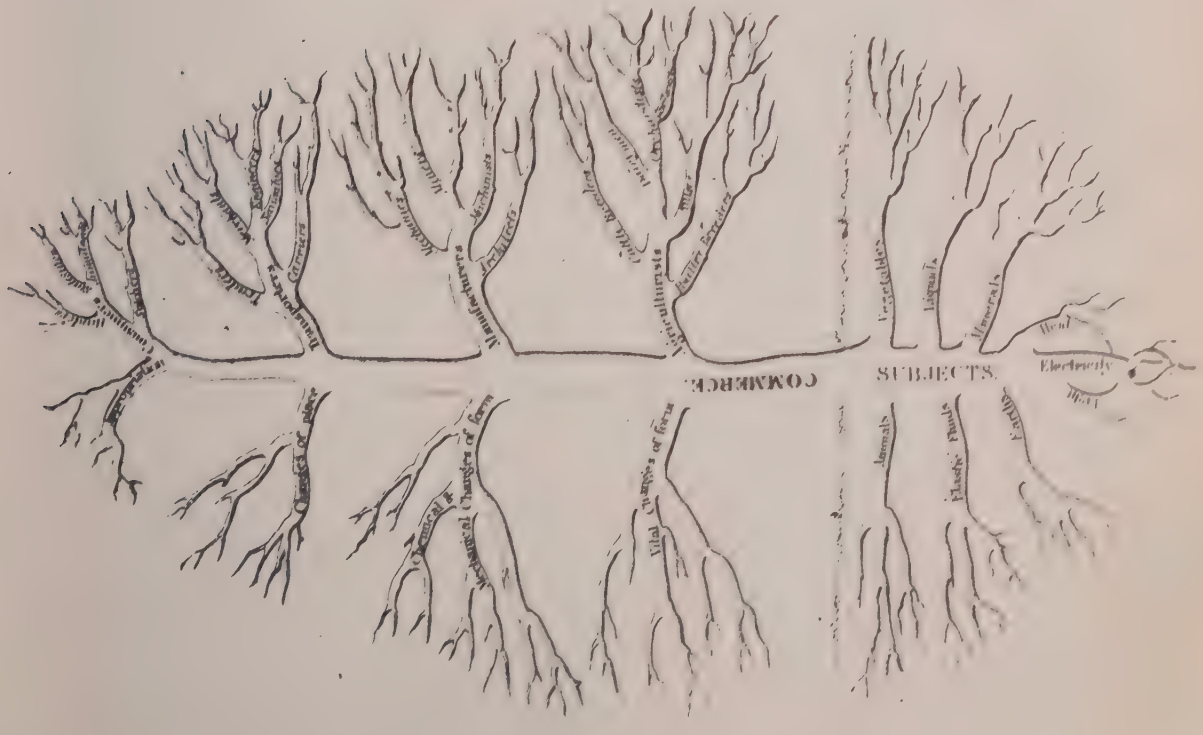
The earth is a great machine, given to man to be fashioned to his purpose. The more he fashions it, the better it feeds him, because each step is but preparatory to a new one more productive than the last; requiring less labour and yielding larger return....

With every operation connected with the fashioning of the earth, the result is the same. The first step is, invariably, the most costly one, and the least productive.... Such is the case with the earth everywhere. The more that is taken from it the more there is left. When the coal mines of England were untouched, they were valueless. Now their value is almost countless; yet the land contains abundant supplies for thousands of years. [The Past, The Present, and The Future, 95-97]

[The following page includes paterials from pages 224-224a of Principles of Social Science, volume one.]

The greater the number of people that can live together, the greater must be the power of association — the more uniform, regular, and rapid must be the motion — the more perfect must be the development of the faculties—and the greater the tendency to sink deeply the foundations of society, by means of the development of the wondrous treasures of the earth. The greater the tendency towards utilizing the various forces presenting themselves in the form of water-powers, masses of coal, iron, lead, copper, zinc, and other metals, the greater, necessarily, is the tendency to the formation of local centres—neutralizing the attraction towards the political or commercial capital; with steady tendency to decline of centralization, and constant diminution in the *proportion* borne by the soldiers, the politicians, the traders, and all others of the class that lives by appropriation, to the mass of which society is composed; and with a constant tendency to have society itself assume that form which everywhere is seen to combine beauty, strength, and durability—that of a cone or pyramid.

§ 11. A tree conforming in its structural provisions to the conditions above described — as may be seen in the diagram here given — and its ramifications, both of roots and branches, serving to illustrate the natural history of societary commerce—advantage may be derived from presenting somewhat in detail the illustrative facts in the correspondence.



(DD) TRUE WEALTH DEFINED AS GENERAL HAPPINESS, WELL-BEING, POWER OVER SELF, AND INCREASE IN THE VALUE OF HUMAN PERSONALITY.

By the definition of wealth...such inconsistencies [as exist in contemporary opinion] are avoided, and the word is brought back to its original signification of general happiness, prosperity, and power—not the power of man over his fellow-man, but over himself, his faculties, and the numerous and wonderful forces provided for his use. Such, to no inconsiderable extent, was the idea of Adam Smith.... [Principles of Social Science, I, 194-195]

The value of all commodities is the measure of the resistance to be overcome before they can be obtained. As that resistance diminishes, there is a decline in their value, and an increase in that of man. Whatever tends to promote increase in the motion of society, tends to diminish the value of the formor, and to increase that of the latter. Whatever, on the contrary, tends to retard the movements of society, and prevent the growth of the power of association, or commerce, tends equally to prevent decline of values; to retard the growth of wealth; to arrest the development of individuality; and to diminish the value of man. [Principles of Social Science, I, 205]

The first and great desire of man is that of maintaining and improving his condition. With each step in the progress of concentration, his physical condition would improve, because he would cultivate more fertile lands, and obtain increased power over the treasures of the earth. His moral condition would improve, because he would have greater inducements to steady and regular labour; and the reward of good conduct would steadily increase. His intellectual condition would improve, because he would have more leisure for study, and more power to mix with his fellow men at home or abroad; to learn what they know, and to see what they possessed; while the reward of talent would steadily increase, and that of mere brute wealth would steadily decline. His political condition would improve, because he would acquire an increased power over the application of his labour and of its proceeds. He would be less governed, better governed, and more cheaply governed: and all because more perfectly self-governed. [The Past, The Present, and The Future, 473-474. Cf. "Self-Reliance" and "Politics."]

(EE) DISCUSSION OF "TRUE WEALTH" CONTINUED. IN CONTRAST WITH RICARDO AND MALTHUS, CAREY HOLDS A HIGH REGARD FOR MAN AND HIS SPIRITUAL POTENTIALITIES. [Principles of Social Science, I, 30-31]

—What is wealth?

Turning next to the being so sedulously engaged in the pursuit of an undefined something that seems to embrace so much, and that yet excludes so large a proportion of the things usually regarded as wealth, he would desire to satisfy himself if the subject of political economy was really the being known as man. He might perhaps ask himself, has man no other qualities than those here attributed to him? Is he, like the beasts of the field, solely given to the search for food and shelter for his body? Does he, like them, beget children for the sole gratification of his passions, and does he, like them, leave his offspring to feed and shelter themselves as they may? Has he no feelings or affections to be influenced by the care of wife and children? Has he no judgment to aid him in the decision as to what is likely to benefit or to injure him? That he did possess these qualities he would find admitted, but the economist would assure him that his science was that of material wealth alone, to the entire exclusion of the wealth of affection and of intellect held by Adam Smith in such high esteem—and thus would he, at the close of all his search, discover that the subject of political economy was not really a man, but an imaginary being moved to action by the blindest passion, and giving all his energies to the pursuit of a thing in its nature so undefinable that all the books in use might be searched for a definition that would be admitted by a jury of economists as embracing all that should be included, and excluding all that should not.

The law of the composition of forces requires that we should study *all* the causes tending to produce a given effect. That effect is MAN—the man of the past and the present; and the social philosopher who excludes from consideration his feelings and affections, and the intellect with which he has been endowed, makes precisely the same mistake that would be made by the physical one who should look exclusively to gravitation, forgetting heat; and should thence conclude that at no distant day the whole material of which the earth is composed would become a solid mass, plants, animals and men having disappeared. Such is the error of modern political economy, and its effects are seen in the fact that it presents for our consideration a mere brute animal, to find a name for which it desecrates the word "man," recognized by Adam Smith as expressing the idea of a being made in the likeness of its Creator.

It was well asked by Goethe—"*What is all intercourse with nature, if by the analytical method, we merely occupy ourselves with individual material parts, and do not feel the breath of the spirit* which prescribes to every part its direction, and orders or sanctions every deviation by means of an inherent law?" And what, we may ask, is the value of an analytical process that selects only the "material parts" of man—those which are common to himself and the beast—and excludes those common to the angels and himself? Such is the course of modern political economy, which not only does not "feel the breath of the spirit," but even ignores the existence of the spirit itself, and is therefore found defining what it is pleased to call the natural rate of wages, as being "that price which is necessary to enable the laborers, one with another, to subsist and perpetuate their race, without either increase or diminution"*—that is to say, such price as will enable some to grow rich and increase their race, while others perish of hunger, thirst, and exposure. Such are the teachings of a system that has fairly earned the title of the "dismal science"—that one the study of which led M. Sismondi to the inquiry—"What, then, is wealth everything, and is man absolutely nothing?" In the eyes of modern political economy he *is* nothing, and can be nothing, because it takes no note of the qualities by which he is distinguished from the brute, and is therefore led to regard him as being a mere instrument to be used by capital to enable its owner to obtain compensation for its use. "Some economists," said a distinguished French economist, shocked at the material character of the so-called science, "speak as if they believed that men were made for products, not products for men;"† and at that conclusion must all arrive who commence by the method of analysis, and close with exclusion of all the higher and distinctive qualities of man.

(FF) THE BEST WEALTH IS THE RESULT OF COMMUNITY ACTION. ALL MEMBERS GAIN IN WELL-BEING AS MARKED DISTINCTIONS IN PROPERTY VALUES TEND TO DISAPPEAR.

At this moment, however, an improvement takes place in the mode of making bricks and clearing lands, and forthwith there is a diminution of his comparative, but without alteration in his positive wealth--the house still continuing to shelter him, and the farm to feed him, as before. The decline in the former is a consequence of increase in the wealth and power of the whole community of which he is a member--and that decline becomes more rapid as improvements multiply; because with each successive one, there is a diminution in the obstacles offered by nature to the production of houses and farms, and an increase in the number produced, with steady improvement in the condition of the community. The positive wealth of the individual remains unchanged, and yet his relative wealth is steadily diminishing; and this is equally true, whether considered with reference to intellectual or material accumulations. The man who can read, has wealth; and the more ignorant those around him, the greater is its value. Place him among others who can both read and write, and he becomes poorer than before, by comparison, although his positive wealth remains undiminished.

The wealth of a community is in the ratio of its power to command the services of nature; and the greater that power, the less will be the value of commodities, and the greater the quantity that may be obtained in return for any given amount of labor. With every step in this direction, there will be a diminution in the proportion borne by the time required for producing the necessaries of life, to that which may be given to the preparation of machinery required for obtaining further control over nature; or to the purposes of education, recreation, or enjoyment. The progress of man is, therefore, in the ratio of the decline in the value of commodities, and of the increase in his own. [Principles of Social Science, I, 191-192]

The habit of association is seen exercising the most beneficial influence in every action of life, and it is most seen where population and wealth most abound: in the states of New England. There, we see a network of association so far exceeding what is elsewhere to be seen as to defy comparison. The ship-wright, and the merchant, and the more advanced and less active capitalist, unite with the master in the ownership of the vessel: and all unite with the crew in the division of the oil which is the result of the cruise.... In every relation of life, the same tendency to combination of action is seen to exist. Everywhere, man is seen helping, and governing himself. That he may do this effectually, wealth is necessary: for men cannot live near each other while forced to cultivate the worst soils. Wealth thus produces union, which is seen most to exist where wealth most exists: more in the east than in the west, and more in the north than in the south. Union in turn produces wealth, which grows more rapidly in the north and east than in the west and south: and thus wealth, combined action, and power of self-government, with a constant increase in the respect for laws which they themselves have made: manifested alike by individuals and by States whose population counts by millions: and corresponding increase in the return to labour, are seen constantly advancing; each helping and helped by the other. Such is democracy.... [The Past, The Present, and The Future, 229-231]

The savage lives in constant dread of starvation. He draws his supply of food from the poorest soils. The lonely cultivator of the almost desert land is forced to depend upon the thin soil of the hills for support, and is in constant fear for his life, and for the safety of his little property. In every stranger he sees one poor as himself: one to whom his little stock of wealth, trivial as it is, would be a treasure: or if, perchance, the stranger come from distant and civilized lands: from among a people who cultivate the rich soils of the earth: the lonely man sees in the nails and beads, and other treasures of his visitor, what "would make him rich indeed;" and avarice seizes on his soul. His labour, severe as it is, scarcely yields him food, and he has no means with which to buy. He murders his visitor, and seizes on his goods. Here we have combined, fear, rapacity, treachery, and cruelty: and such are, uniformly, the characteristics of the men who are forced to rely on the poorest soils of the earth for the means of subsistence.

The man who cultivates the rich soils is animated by Hope. He finds his labours blessed with large returns, and he sees in the underlying marl or lime, and in the inexhaustible supplies of coal and iron by which he is surrounded, the means of adding to his power over the comforts, conveniences, and luxuries of life. His neighbours are men who, like himself, have property, and who, also like himself, could fight in its defence should occasion make it necessary.... [The Past, The Present, and The Future, 247]

(GG) "HAPPY VALLEY" OF SAMUEL JOHNSON'S RASSELAS IS USED AS AN ILLUSTRATION OF CAREY'S ECONOMIC THEORIES.

The people of the Happy Valley commenced the work of cultivation on the sides of the hills by which it was shut in from the world. Could we have had a view of them in the early stages of the settlement, we should have seen a few families on the various sides, north, south, east,

and west, cultivating the thin soils, and deriving from their labour a slender subsistence, while below the rich soils were covered with magnificent trees, through which rolled a beautiful stream. Intercourse between the families must have been impossible, except by keeping round the sides of the hills, themselves very frequently indented by ravines also filled with trees, and hence all intercourse must have been attended with severe labour. By slow degrees we find them, however, working downward, and all looking inward toward the banks of the little stream. Population increases and cultivation extends itself, and the young people desire to meet together; and marriages take place; and exchanges arise; and places of exchange are needed; and farmer's [sic] sons become blacksmiths and tanners, and shoemakers, and tailors, and hatters, and carpenters, and masons, and weavers; and thus, by degrees, a town arises: and now we see a little community perfect in itself, and capable of advancing in civilization were it to have intercourse with none other in the world. [The Past, The Present, and The Future, 284]

If, now, we place ourselves on the hill-top, we may look down into other valleys like the first. In each the work of cultivation has commenced on the hill-side: and in each we see the eyes of its inhabitants turned downwards towards the rich lands that occupy the centre of the little settlement. In each we see the attention of all turned inwards towards their homes, and their common home. In each we see the growth of wealth marked by the extension of cultivation upwards, and in each we see the gradual advance of roads towards the hill, or mountain, top: and among all the communities of all these little valleys, we see a tendency towards the establishment of communication with each other, for purposes of trade, and for facilitating operations of common interest.

With the establishment of intercourse among these little communities, the tendency to union, so well begun in each, is soon to spread. Each grows in wealth and population, and intercourse becomes more frequent; and next we find them all combining for the making of roads, or canals, the founding of colleges, and other works calculated to promote the common good. The union becomes more complete: and rules are adopted for the determination of the relations of the several communities, and of those of the members of each, with each other: and thus by degrees a government is formed. General laws now embrace the whole of the various societies constituting this new pyramid, which now surmounts the whole.

With each step in their progress of wealth and population, there is in each little community an increasing number of persons possessing each his own land, and his own house, upon which he concentrates his exertions for his own physical improvement; and his own wife, and his own children, in whom centre his hopes of happiness: and for the promotion of whose ease, and comfort, and enjoyment, he is at all times anxious to exert his physical and intellectual faculties. The machine is simple. It moves of itself, for each man moves his share. The work is done, yet it is difficult to see by whom. The labour is light, for it is done by many. The strength is great: for it has the form which all matter tends to take, and which is, consequently, the most natural. Its power of resistance is great. Its power of motion is small, and hence its tendency to peace.

Such is concentration...[which] tends to promote a love of home and of quiet happiness, and a desire for union; facilitating the growth of wealth and the preparation of the great machine of production, and enabling man to acquire a love of books and a habit of independent thought and action. Here each man minds his own business, and superintends the application of the proceeds of his own labour. [The Past, The Present and The Future, 286-290.]

(HH) OPPOSING THE ECONOMIC PRINCIPLES OF RICARDO AND MALTHUS, CAREY OFFERS THE EXAMPLE OF DEMOCRATIC, PROSPEROUS NEW ENGLAND——THE WORLD OF EMERSON AND THOREAU.

The United States, happily for themselves, have had few great men. The number varies, however, as we pass from old Massachusetts where the powers of the earth are most fully developed, towards Florida and Arkansas, where the richest soils are still covered with forests: or are a mass of swamps. The good ship Mayflower brought with her, happily, no great men, and no little men. All were equal, and all willing so to continue. From that time to the present, that State, and those of New England generally, have had no great men to manage their affairs, the consequence of which is that they require little or no management. They have had no great bankers, but banking is there more extensive and more perfect than elsewhere in the world: no great merchants, but the most perfect merchants in the world: no great ship-owners, but the best ships: no great mechanics, but the most perfect machinery: no great manufacturers, yet they send their products to the British possessions, and pay duty while those of Britain are free: no railroad kings, yet they have made more railroads than any similar number of people in the world: no great schools or teachers, but the best schools and the best educated people in the world: no army, no navy, no great lawyers or conveyancers, yet in no country is the secure enjoyment of the rights of person and property so complete.

As we pass from New England, south and west, population and wealth diminish, and men cultivate

poorer soils: great men increase in number, and the village politician becomes more distinguished; while the little become less.

Men are thus great, or little, precisely in the ratio of the greatness or littleness of those by whom they are surrounded: and the true test of a nation is to be found not in the size of their great, but in that of their little, men. Where all are informed, distinction in letters is difficult. Where all are religiously disposed, few can claim canonization. Where all exercise power over themselves, few can interfere with the happiness or property of others....

Greatness and goodness rarely travel in company, for where great men exist, the little men are weak, and their masters are profligate....

The PAST says to the sovereign of the PRESENT: If you would reign over a great nation: avoid war, and labour to promote the growth of wealth.

To the representatives of the land: If you would have your properties increase in value: avoid wars and labour to promote the growth of population and wealth.

To the people: if you would acquire the power to think and act for yourselves: to determine how you will employ your faculties of body and of mind, and what shall be the disposition of the proceeds: labour to prevent war, and waste. [The Past, The Present, and The Future, 239-241, 246]

In Massachusetts, the oldest of the States, this exemplification is by far the most complete. Concentration of man, of wealth and power, and of the human affections, exists to a degree unequalled in the world: and hence the small amount of business that devolves upon the public servants. Wealth tends to stay at home, and to be invested where it is produced; and hence the rapid advance in prosperity. Passing south and west, we find diminishing concentration: diminishing power in the people to assert their right to manage their own affairs in their own way: and increasing power in their deputies to compel them to manage those affairs in the way dictated by others. In no part of the world, however, do the people do so much for themselves, and in no part is it so well and so cheaply done, as in the United States at large. [The Past, The Present, and The Future, p. 296]

(II) CAREY'S CHART SHOWING MAN'S CENTRALITY AND THE ORGANIC GROWTH FROM INERT MATTER TO MAN'S INSPIRATIONAL AND INTUITIONAL LIFE. CAREY'S INDEBTEDNESS TO BACON INDICATED.

[Principles, I, 21 + plate]

§ 3. "The distributions and partitions of knowledge," says Lord Bacon in his *Novum Organum*, "are not like several lines that meet in one angle, and *touch but in a point*; but are like branches of a tree that meet in a stem, which hath a dimension and quantity of entireness and continuance before it comes to discontinuance and break itself into arms and boughs; therefore," as he continues, "it is good before we enter into the former distribution, to create and constitute one universal science by the name of Philosophia Prima, or Summary Philosophy, as the main or common way, before we come where the ways part and divide themselves."

Concerned as he was with the order and division of the sciences, and pledged as he was in the introduction to his work to furnish it, he failed to do so, "the first part of the Introduction which comprehends the division of the sciences" being, says his editor, "wanting." A study, so far as the idea of the text appeared to the latter to require elucidation, rather than an attempt to supply the deficiency, is submitted in its stead.

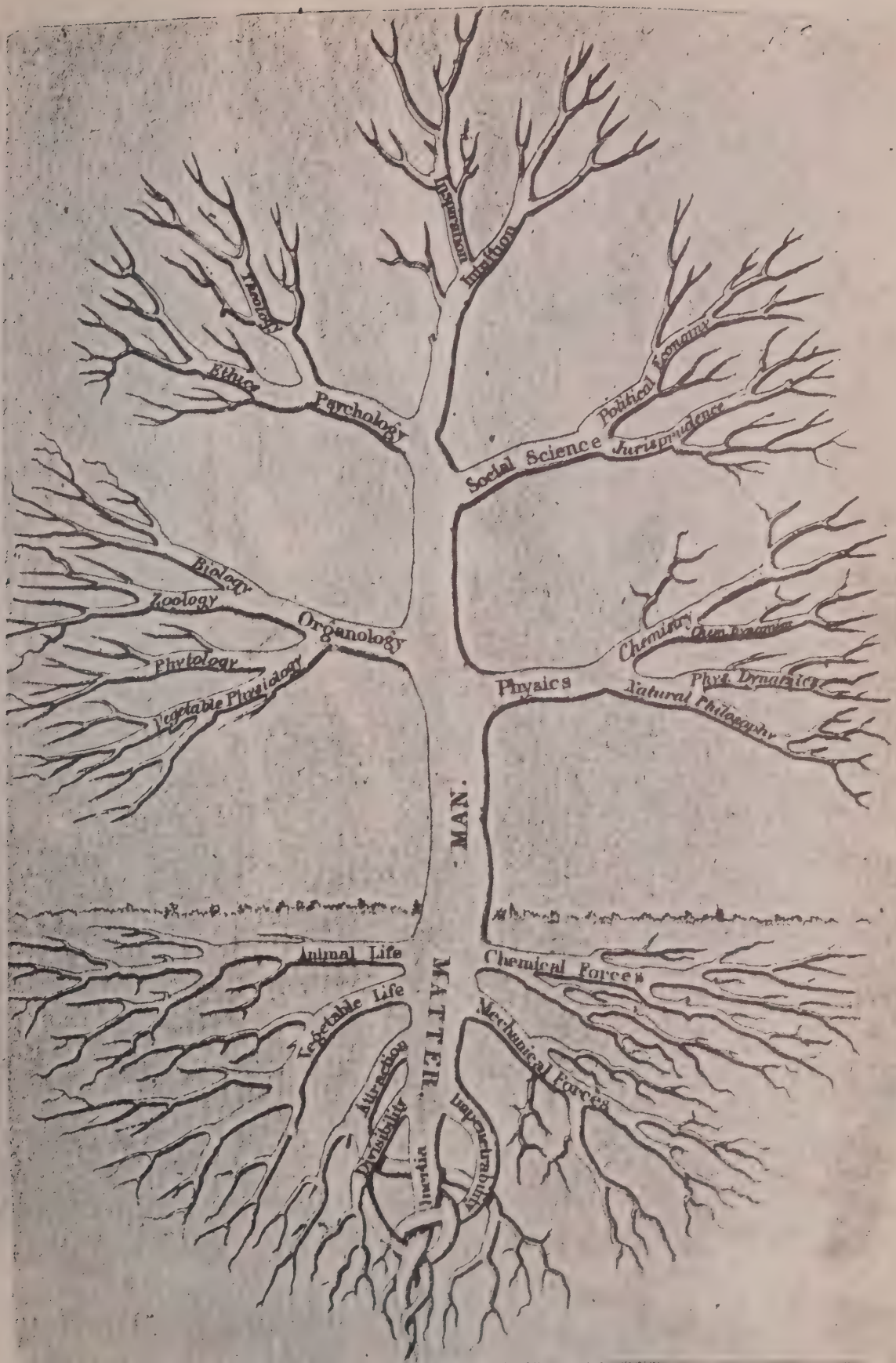
The several *branches* of natural science are commonly spoken of, but the figure has a larger parallelism with the subject, a tree having not only branches but also roots. These latter are properly underground branches, constituting the structural support, and furnishing the vital subsistence of the tree, which grows from its roots and with them. Its stem, branches, flowers, and fruits, being converted aliment supplied by and through the roots, the allusions of the figure are in good keeping with the natural history of the subject intended to be illustrated.

The central or taproot, as the reader sees, represents matter, with its essential properties of inertia, impenetrability, divisibility, and attraction. The lateral ones stand, on one side, for mechanical and chemical forces, and on the other, for vegetable and animal ones—and from these substantive roots of being rises the stem man,

(JJ) UNDER MATERIALISM, THE VALUE OF MAN SHRINKS. WHEN SOLDIERS AND MERCHANTS ARE PRE-EMINENT, THE AGE IS BARBARIC.

In the early periods of society, robbery and murder were deified under the names of Odin, and of Mars. Alexander and Caesar, Tamerlane and Nadir Shah, Drake and Cavendish, Wallenstein and Napoleon, were great, because of the number of murders they had committed, and of towns and cities they had ruined. The "merchant-princes" of Venice, and of Genoa, were great, because of the great fortunes they had realized from buying and selling slaves and other merchandise--doing nothing themselves but stand between the people who produced and those who consumed--thus adding largely to the value of the commodities passing through their hands, at the cost of all who found themselves forced to contribute to the growth of their enormous fortunes.

In this condition of society, the only qualities that command respect among men are brute force and craft--the one properly represented by Ajax, while the other is personified in the


Inspiration
Intuition
Theology
Ethics
Psychology
Social Science
Political Economy
Jurisprudence
Biology
Zoology
Organology
Phytology
Vegetable Physiology
Chemistry
Physics
Phys. Dynamics
Natural Philosophy
MAN.
Animal Life
Vegetable Life
MATTER.
Chemical Forces
Mechanical Forces
Attraction
Divisibility
Impenetrability

wise Ulysses. The morals of war and of trade are the same. The warrior rejoices in deceiving his antagonist, all being fair in war; while the trader acquires the respect of his friends by help of a large fortune, acquired, perhaps, by supplying the poor negroes of Africa with guns that exploded at the first attempt to fire them--or cloth that fell to pieces on the first attempt to wash it. In both, the end is seen to sanctify the means--the only test of right being found in success or failure. Pre-eminence of soldiers and traders may, therefore, be regarded as an evidence of barbarism. [Principles of Social Science, I, 216-217]

(KK) EVERY MAN HAS HIS IMPORTANCE AND USE. HE SHOULD STAY AT HOME AND CONTINUE DEVELOPING HIS GARDEN PLOT. RUNNING AWAY FROM OPPORTUNITY DESCRIBED. UNWISE MEN LIKE THE SON OF CYNDDYLAN FORSAKE THEIR PATRIMONY.

The man who raises food on his own land, is building up the machine for doing so to more advantage in the following year. His neighbor, to whom it is given, on condition of sitting still, loses a year's work on his machine, and all he has gained has been the pleasure of idling away his time. If he has employed himself and his horses and wagon in bringing it home, the same number of days that would have been required for raising it, he has misemployed his time, for the farm is unimproved. He has wasted labor and manure. As nobody, however, gives, it is obvious that the man who has a farm, and obtains his food elsewhere, must pay for raising it, and also for transporting it; that although he may have obtained as good wages in some other pursuit, his farm, instead of being improved by a year's cultivation, is deteriorated by a year's neglect; and that he is a poorer man than he would have been had he raised his own food. [Principles of Social Science, I, 188]

Why is it that men should fly from western New York, where railroads run through rich lands, covered with dense forests: through swamps that need drainage alone to give to cultivation the richest soils in the world: to seek the West, where they must cultivate poor soils distant from the market, and yielding but ten bushels of wheat to the acre, and that small yield, too, annually decreasing because of the necessity for starving the great machine, by wasting on the road the manure yielded by the horses or oxen employed in the work of transportation: while the wheat itself is consumed abroad, leaving nothing whatever to return to the land? Why is it that throughout that rich country, with its canals and railroads, its towns and its telegraphs, population diminishes, and land concentrates itself in fewer hands: always the signs of diminishing wealth?

Why is it that men fly the fertile valleys and rich slopes of northern New York, near neighbours to both the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain, where steamboats abound: to seek the shores of Lake Superior, there to obtain from the poorer soils that always must be first cultivated, a reward of little more than five times the seed? Why is it that rich meadow-lands on the Schuylkill remain unimproved, while men seek Oregon and California? Why is it that vast forests still cover fine meadow-lands on the Susquehanna, capable of yielding crops whose tons would number more than the bushels obtained from the wheat lands of Ohio: furnishing manure in tons for fertilizing the poor soils of the hills, on which now stand farm-houses in the midst of farms that have been in cultivation for half a century? Why do men seek Iowa, to raise from an acre thirty bushels of Indian corn, and before it can reach market must be converted into pork...? Why is it that men are everywhere seen flying from their fellow men: from those destined by the Deity to be their helpmates: from parents and relations: from old houses, and old churches, and old school-houses: old comforts, and old feelings: and from all the conveniences and advantages that tend so largely to promote their happiness and their respectability, and to increase their powers of exertion: to seek in Texas and Iowa, Oregon and California, new homes and new relations, amidst woods that they cannot fell, and swamps that they cannot drain, and upon the poor soils that yield, invariably, the smallest return to labour?

These things would seem almost impossible: yet if we turn to India, we may see the poor Hindoo cultivating the poorest soils, and then labouring, almost in vain, to drive through the rich black clay that lies between him and his market, the half-starved cattle that bear his miserable crop. Here we have the same state of things; and both here and there it may be traced to the same cause: necessity. In neither can men exercise power over the rich soils, because in neither have men power over themselves; and until they shall have it, they must continue to fly from rich soils capable of yielding tons, by aid of whose manure poor soils might be enriched, to poor soils becoming daily poorer, because to them even the manure yielded by their own little produce cannot be returned. They borrow from the earth, and they do not repay: and therefore it is that they find an empty exchequer. [The Past, The Present, and The Future, 431-432]

(LL) MORAL EVIDENCE AGAINST THE ECONOMIC THEORIES OF RICARDO AND MALTHUS: (1) MAN ADVANCES THROUGH PEACE, NOT WAR. (2) STATUS OF WOMAN IMPROVES UNDER AN INCREASE OF POPULATION AND WEALTH, AND VICE VERSA. (3) INCREASE OF POPULATION MAKES FOR BETTER FAMILY LIFE AND PROSPERITY.

Perpetual peace abroad and at home has given to the United States constantly increasing wealth, and every man has been thereby enabled to feel that he may marry without hesitation. All, therefore, do marry; and hence the rapid increase in population: and hence the general morality. Bastardy is rare. If we seek to find it, it must be among the people who cultivate the poorer soils. Thirty years since, it abounded among the Germans of Pennsylvania, who raised small crops from the heavy clay; and then women laboured in the fields: but it has gradually diminished as population and wealth have grown, and as they have been enabled to combine the inferior lime with the superior clay, and have thus obtained a better soil. Receding gradually, it may yet be found in the counties more distant from the city, where a scattered population still obtain small crops from poor soils.

The marriage tie is held sacred, and all because each man has, or can have, his own home, within which he is sole master: except so far as he defers its management to its mistress, whose control, within doors, is most complete; but there she stops. Everywhere is manifested towards the sex: old and young: rich and poor: high and low: a degree of deference elsewhere unthought of. They travel, unprotected, for thousands of miles, fearing no intrusion: and encountering none of those discomforts to which they are exposed in every part of Europe. With marriage, the task of providing for the family is assumed by the husband; the woman then is left to the performance of the duties of the household, and the care of her children: and everywhere the labour incident to the performance of those duties is lightened by improved machinery. In no part of the Union, however, is she seen to the same advantage as in Massachusetts, where man derives from the cultivation of a naturally sterile soil returns to labour unknown to those who cultivate the prairies of the West: and where may be seen, congregating in thousands, female operatives among whom bastardy is unknown. The greatest of all the moral phenomena of the world is to be found in the city of Lowell, and the enlightened traveller will find in its examination abundant compensation for a failure of his visit to Niagara. [The Past, The Present, and The Future, 270-272]

The savage derives his subsistence from the poorest soils. He roams abroad, and shoots the deer: but leaves to his unhappy helpmate the task of carrying it home on her shoulders, and that of preparing it for his consumption. He helps himself, and when there is sufficient for both, she may eat. When it is otherwise, she may starve. She is his slave, ever ready to prostitute herself to the stranger for a mouthful of food, a bead, or a nail.

The man who cultivates the rich soils of the earth sees in woman the source of his greatest happiness. The companion of his hours of enjoyment, he turns instinctively to her for solace in the hours of affliction. He labours, that she may rest. He economizes, that she may enjoy the comforts and luxuries of life: while she regards him as the chosen partner of her existence, and the father of her children; and, as such, entitled to exclusive possession of her affections. [The Past, The Present, and The Future, 262]

Population and wealth increase most rapidly where women are most chaste, and where they are most chaste they are most valued: whereas, where neither population nor wealth is permitted to increase, woman is, and must ever be, a slave and a prostitute; and man a barbarian, cultivating the poorest soils. [The Past, The Present, and The Future, 272-273]

The PAST says to the parent of the PRESENT: "If you desire to do justice to all your children: strive for the maintenance of peace. With peace come wealth and the cultivation of the more fertile soils: and with them comes the division of land, by aid of which your sons and daughters will be enabled to marry and settle near you, and you will be surrounded by happy families of children and grandchildren." [The Past, The Present, and The Future, 283]

(MM) CAREY CONDEMNS THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BOTH RICARDO AND MALTHUS:

Mr. Malthus recommends "moral restraint." Where shall it be found? Certainly not among the Esquimaux, where every woman is ready to prostitute herself for a nail, or a bead,--nor among the savages of the Rocky Mountains, or those of the islands of the Pacific,--nor any where, where population does not grow.... In all countries population increases nearly in the ratio of morality; but where marriage is deemed a luxury [as in primitive conditions], bastards will abound, and foundling hospitals will be needed. The remedy of Mr. Malthus would thus appear to produce the disease for the cure of which it was intended, and to stimulate, instead of repressing, population.

Population asks only to be let alone, and it will take care of itself. Without its growth the power of union cannot arise, nor the love of harmony and of peace, essential to the promotion of the growth of wealth and to the cultivation of the best soils, without which the return to labour cannot be large. With its growth production increases, and the labourer is enabled to take as his reward a larger proportion, thus producing a tendency to equality of condition.

The people have everywhere loved peace, for such were its fruits. Their masters have everywhere loved war, because it tended to the maintenance of inequality; yet if they had been governed by the sense of an enlightened self-interest, they would have seen that the injury to themselves was as great as was that experienced by the labourers and mechanics by whom they were surrounded.

The PAST says to the sovereigns of the PRESENT [against Malthus]: "Avoid war! It diminishes population and wealth, and union, and it tends to reduce nations into tribes. Its apparent grandeur is real littleness. It destroys the power of self-protection, in which consists real greatness."

To the representatives of land it says: "Avoid war! It destroys population and wealth, and the value of land is dependent upon the growth of both." [The Past, The Present, and The Future, 92-93]

"Order" being..."Heaven's first law," it is difficult to comprehend how such an one as that announced by Mr. Ricardo could follow in its train--and the mere fact that it would be productive of such disorder, would seem to be a sufficient reason for doubting its truth, if not, even, for causing it to be instantly rejected. So, too, with that of Mr. Malthus, which leads inevitably to the subjection of the many to the will of the few--to centralization and slavery. No such law can, or could, exist. The Creator established none in virtue of which matter was required to take upon itself its highest form, that of man, in a ratio more rapid than that in which it tended to take the lower ones, those of potatoes and turnips, herrings and oysters, required for the sustenance of man. The great Architect of the universe was no blunderer, such as modern political economy would make him. All wise, he was not required to institute different sets of laws for the government of the same matter. All just, he was incapable of instituting any that could be adduced in justification of tyranny and oppression. All merciful, he could make none that would afford a warrant for want of mercy among men towards their fellow-men, such as is now daily exhibited in politico-economical books of high authority.

The law [of agricultural industry] is different [from that supposed by contemporary British economists], and produces totally different results. The suppositious one leads to the glorification of trade--that pursuit of man which tends least to the development of the human intellect, and most to the hardening of the heart towards the sufferings of his fellow-men; while the real one finds its highest point in the development of that commerce of man with his fellow-man which tends most to his advancement as a moral and intellectual being--and most to the establishment of the feeling of responsibility to his Creator for the use he makes of the faculties with which he has been endowed, and of the wealth he is permitted to obtain. The one is unchristian in all its parts, while the other in its every line is in strict accordance with the great law of Christianity, teaching that we should do to others as we would that they should do unto us--and with the feeling that prompts the prayer--

"That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

[Principles of Social Science, I, 232-233]

(NN) CAREY'S OPTIMISM REGARDING MAN'S FUTURE.

Social science treats of man in his efforts for the maintenance and improvement of his condition, and may now be defined to be the science of the laws which govern man in his efforts to secure for himself the highest individuality, and the greatest power of association with his fellow-men. [Principles of Social Science, I, 63]

Wealth is power. The people of the United States have the wealth. That wealth has given them power, dispersed as they were, to do much. Concentration will give them greater wealth, and greater power. Their twenty-one millions produce at this moment a greater quantity of commodities than the people of England, while they build twice as many houses; make twice as many roads; apply thrice the labour to the improvement of land; build four times as many school-houses and churches; and print ten times as many newspapers. The machinery of production is greater than that of England, and all they now want is better machinery of exchange. Let the farmers and planters have this, and population will increase with greater rapidity than ever, for young men will stay at home and marry instead of going to the west; and tens of thousands of mechanics, and of coal and iron miners, will seek the United States; while labourers will come by hundreds of thousands, and every man will furnish a mouth to be fed, instead of, as now, furnishing hands to produce food.

Westward, the star of empire wends its way. From the west to the east civilization has gone, and so it has yet to go: from the base of the Alleghenies to the feet of the Himalaya. The measure is one of peaceful and quiet, but determined, and it should be of united, action. It is one that interests

Every man that wishes to cultivate rich lands instead of poor ones:
Every man that would raise tons instead of bushels:

Every father that would wish to see his sons, and his sons' sons settle round him:
Every mother that wishes to see her daughters married:
Every son that would have a wife and a home of his own:
Every daughter that would have a husband:
Every journeyman that would be an employer:
Every labourer that would have a farm and a home, or shop, of his own:
Every property-holder that desires higher rents:
Every man that hates crime and loves virtue:
Every man that loves literature and art:
Every man that loves freedom:
Every man that loves the people [not the economists!] of England: or of France:
Every man that loves Ireland:
Every man that feels for India:
Every man that loves his old fatherland, Germany:
Every man that loves free trade:
Every man that loves peace:
Every man that loves his fellow man:
Every man that loves his Creator:
Every man that desires that the great law of Christ, "Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you," should become universally operative. [The Past, The Present, and The Future, 444-447]

VIII. CONCLUSION.

Emerson found in Carey's economic and social theories the best contemporary American speculation on the plane of the Understanding——a useful body of opinion applicable to the realm of Fate or Necessity. Though Carey was incapable (largely because of the limitations of his three-dimensional field) of transcending time and space and seeing with the eye of Reason (that is, witnessing from the pole of complete freedom), he manifested a positive quality and an optimism about man which the poet thought significant and put to constructive use in his verse and in his lecture on "The Farmer." Almost assuming that his reader would be familiar with Carey's theories, Emerson in the "Second Merlin Song" pointed beyond them to a more complex experience than Carey could envisage and to a more complex demand upon human nature than Carey made——to a life in the two realms of Freedom and Necessity——to a life in the dimensions of the Forever as well as the Now. The subject with which Emerson deals in the "Second Merlin Song," of course, does not permit full development of the Ideal Pole, but I find it implicit in his lines when I come to them after reading Carey's pages.

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1 See "The Significance of Emerson's Second Merlin Song," E S Q, No. 2 (I Quarter, 1956), pp. 2-7; also "A Further Note on Emerson's 'Second Merlin Song,'" E S Q, No. 6 (I Quarter, 1957), pp. 10-11.
2 See Carl F. Strauch, "Emerson's Sacred Science," P M L A, LXXIII, no. 3 (June, 1958), pp. 237-250.
3 Letter in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.
4 See Works, VII, 135-154.
5 See Samuel Smiles, The Life of George Stephenson, Railway Engineer, (3rd ed.), London, 1857, pp. 488-490.
6 See Broadus Mitchel, "Henry Charles Carey," D A B, VII, 487-489.

LIST OF EMERSON'S FAVORITE STORIES By THE EDITOR

[I am grateful to Edward W. Forbes, Esq., President of the Ralph Waldo Emerson Memorial Association, for permission to edit Emerson's list of his favorite stories from MS. WA (ca. 1866-1867), pp. 210-222. (It is temporarily catalogued as Houghton 118.)]

My Stories

[1] For story of the unquenchable lamp found in sepulchres in time of Paul III. see Evelyn Diary, I. p. 147.

[2] See Guthrie's account of naphtha springs in Persia, apud CL, p. 30.

[3] Poikilos, SO, 209.

[4] G. W. Tyler, BO, 79. [See 65 below.]

[5] Tissenet, DO, 46.

[6] Railway speed, CL, 191.

[7] Parrot, CL, 48, 182; AC, 107, 184.

[8] Monkeys throwing stones, NO, 256.

[9] George Sullivan, CL, 182.

[10] L. [Lidian?] and the Express man. First of April, BL, 173.

[11] The Solanum family, BL, 173.

[12] Story of Mr. Osborn, HO, 49.

[13] Story of the Coote in Miss Cobb's "Ride to Balbec," see AC, 70.

[14] George Minot's leg, AC, 107.

[15] Southey's Commonplaces, AC, 108, 107, 106.

[16] Everett and the Ledger, AC, 228.

[17] Governor Reynolds, NO, 46, 109.

[18] Boys watching for sleighride, AC, 263.

[19] Climate of Sahara, AC, 282.

[20] St. Anthony and the Fishes, Addison's Italy.

[21] Growth of Chicago, SO, 36.

[22] And William B. Ogden's narrative, SO, 40.

[23] Omniscient Jackson, BO, 75.

[24] Story of Datto the porter, IO, 34.

[25] Indelible Indian tint, IO, 40.

[26] Mr. Whittemore and the paddy, IO, 44.

[27] Lord Nelson, IO, 71.

[28] Prince Sibahu, IO, 119.

[29] George Minott's direction to the traveller, IO, 125.

[30] The Poet reads to his friends, IO, 176.

[31] William Emerson of Bangor, IO, 183; O, 345.

[32] James Furness, IO, 249.

[33] Webster and Goodrich, NO, 123.

[34] Webster and the Court, NO, 110.

[35] How dare I meet him, lest I should find he wears ear-rings, etc., VO, 45.

[36] Perhaps the landscape is peopled with a race of daemons moving at a faster rate etc., VO, 103.

[37] The dismal temperament, VO, 104.

[38] Wonders of Arnica, VO, 194.

[39] Snakes in the corps of engineers at Romanish, VO, 243.

[40] A village where all the population have the traits of the Mirabeaus, VO, 245.

[41] God the Father during fifteen centuries has no altar, VO, 245.

[42] Examples of desperate circumstances, V, 123, 96; VO, 243.

[43] Archery. Latimer learned to use the strength of his body. Henry VIII's law, CL, 34.

[44] The bird Mino. See CL, 49, and a description of one in Russell's Diary in India, vol. II.

[45] The morning-bath and its self-righteousness, CL, 176.

[46] Groom of Kalamazoo, CL, 195.

[47] Classification and collectors, CL, 214; BO, 110.

[48] Judge Prescott's repetition and Canning's rule, "Repeat or expatiate," BO, 86.

[49] The Monotone who had a shooting trap for his coffin, BO, 86.

[50] Dormitory to be founded by L. E., CO, 39.*

[51] Inaugural address to the coote, CO, 200.

[52] German skill in packing an evening party, CO, 254.

[53] Bonaparte's Proclamation at Cherasco. See V, 93.

[54] The making of the Bay State shawl, GO, 266.

[55] Laclos committed the grave fault of being profoundly conscious that his portrait was being taken, GO, 287.

[56] The plain was paved with quails, partridges, and Carthage hens, from the sea to Mt. Athos. Toussenel.

[57] Mrs. Raymond (at South Pond) woke her sister at midnight to tell her, "that her heart misgave her that arrers [?] were creeping into Ponds." See HO, 30. [See 73 below.]

[58] I was seasick, and vomited blood." [ ], 217.

[59] The English take a man by the arm, and shake it till it is dislocated; t'is the grand testimony of friendship, HO, 38.

[60] Bishop of Antrim's corpulency, HO, 43.

[61] "Tis a very good horse, that roan, but he's as old as the north star," [ ].

[62] Cassius Clay and Wendell Phillips, CL, 220.

[63] The new ambition of authors, to write books which none can understand, BL, 114.

* [? Lidian Emerson]. [See 72 below.]

[84] Old H. pawed away at little Clara's fine book-mark, worked by her on a ribbon with card. "Now," said he at last, "you'll think it strange, but I wouldn't give a 'Thank'ee' for ten thousand bales of them are book-marks."

[85] G. W. Tyler, BO, 79. [See also 4 above.]

[86] Dr. Bellows and his admirer, AC, 154.

[87] L. E's [? Lidian Emerson's] private earthquake, CL, 166.

[88] Calvert's story of Frye and Bryan at Paris, VO, 47.

[89] What Joseph Polis can do, VO, 154.

[70] Gurney and railways, VO, 201.

[71] Story of Malus and his horse, VO, 243.

[72] L.E's Dormitory, CO, 39; and Cook, CO, 200. [See 50 above.]

[73] Mrs. Raymond at Ponds, HO, 30. [See 57 above.]

[74] St. Anthony and the fishes, TU, 106. [See 20 above.]

[75] The Courthouse fire and the door, TU, 106.

[76] Wraxall's story of Prince Ferdinand, HO, 49.

[77] The Acton people, TU, 161.

[78] Dr. Patten's continuation of "In Adam's fall," [ ].

[79] M.M.E. and E.H. in Waterford woods, TU, 234.

[80] The Great Condé at St. Antoine, AZ, 166.

[81] Philadelphia Epitaph, AZ, 199.

[82] Dr. Parkman and Dr. Eliot, O, 354.

[83] How Queenie came it over Henry, O, 24.

[84] Miss Kneeland, LM, 93.

[85] Dr. Allyne's chalking the chaise, VS, 89.

[86] Bokum and the buffalo robe, H, 46.

[87] First of April and the locomotive, BL, 173.

[88] Millerite who "expected the Lord in 1843, or until he comes," R, 89.

[89] Irishman and Captain Barstow, GH, 105.

[90] Woodman's stories of canvas backs; and of sick woman, DO, 28.

[91] Van Helmont's two stories, AZ, 63, 264.

[92] The Duke's butler, RO, 118.

[93] LeClaire the half-breed, RO, 86.

[94] Mrs. Thoreau, GO, 279.

[95] Dr. Henry Ware, R, 140.

[96] The Christmas-tree, Z, 105.

[97] Miss Bridge, the Medium, GO, 15.

[98] Rev. Dr. Reed of Bridgewater, WAR, 25.

[99] Schelling's anachronism touching Boehmen and Spinoza, in a lecture at Berlin, VA, 290.

[100] Railroad speed, CL, 191.

[101] The sheriff in search of the cordial he once tasted, AC, 48.

[102] The angry man at Providence, R.I., FOR, 56.

[103] Gurowski and the peat-bog, GL, 74.

[104] Lord Dundonald and the shipwright, GL, 87.

[105] Bishop Clark's two vestry-men, GL, 150.

[106] Irishman and salmon fishing, WAR, 23.

[107] Carus and Humboldt's skull, OS, 11.

[108] Dr. Kirkland and Professor Brazer, GO, 291.

[109] Thaddeus Stevens and the Judge, RT, 201.

[110] Prayer-meeting and brother of General Grant, OS, 32.

[111] The obelisk at Rome and the sailor of Brodighera. See Memorials of Greenough, p. 98.

EMERSON'S ADDRESS AT THE CONCORD CENTENNIAL (APRIL 19, 1875)

By THE EDITOR

The following address by Ralph Waldo Emerson—not included in the collected Works—was printed in the Proceedings at the Centennial Celebration of Concord Fight, April 19, 1875, Concord (Published by the Town), 1876, pages 79-81—a volume containing a poem by James Russell Lowell, many other addresses, depositions and memorabilia. Emerson's remarks were reprinted in 1881 in George Willis Cooke's Ralph Waldo Emerson: His Life, Writings and Philosophy, pp. 182-183 (Boston, 1881; London, 1882). They deserve to be better known and ultimately to find a place in the authorized edition of his prose works. After a prayer by the Rev. Grindall Reynolds, the Chaplain of the day, Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, the President of the day, presented Emerson with the following brief introduction:

The President of the Day then said,—

In the presence of the President and Vice-President of the United States, attended by the Cabinet, in the presence of the Governor, the Executive Council, and the Legislature of Massachusetts, in the presence of the Governor of each of the New England states, we have to-day dedicated a statue to the memory of the first soldiers of the Revolution upon the spot where the first order was given to the soldiers of the people to fire upon the soldiers of the king. In appropriate notice of that act, you will be addressed for a few moments by Mr. Emerson.

Mr. Emerson was received with great applause, after which he delivered the following : —

79

EXERCISES IN THE ORATION TENT.

ADDRESS.

Fellow-Citizens, — Ebenezer Hubbard, a farmer who inherited land in this village on which the British troops committed depredation, and who had a deep interest in the history of the raid, erected, many years ago, a flagstaff on his ground, and never neglected to hoist the stars and stripes on the Nineteenth of April, and the Fourth of July. It grieved him deeply that yonder monument, erected by the town in 1836, should have been built on the ground on which the enemy stood in the Concord Fight, instead of on that which the Americans occupied; and he bequeathed in his will one thousand dollars to the town of Concord, on condition that a monument should be erected on the identical ground occupied by our minute-men and militia on that day; and an additional sum of six hundred dollars, on the condition that the town should build a foot-bridge across the river, on the site where the old bridge stood in 1775. The late Mr. Stedman Buttrick having given the necessary piece of land on the other side of the river, the town accepted the legacy of Mr. Hubbard, built the bridge, and employed Daniel C. French to prepare a statue to be erected on the specified spot. Meanwhile the United States Congress gave to this town ten bronze cannon to furnish the artist with fit material to complete his work. The finished statue is before you: it was approved by the town, and to-day it speaks for itself. The sculptor has rightly conceived the proper emblems of the patriot farmer, who, at the morning alarm, left his plough to grasp his gun. He has built no dome over his work, believing that blue sky makes the best canopy. The statue is the first serious work of our young townsman, who is now in Italy to pursue his profession.

In the year 1775, we had many enemies and many friends in England; but our one benefactor was King George the Third. The time had arrived for the political severance of America, that it might play its part in the history of this globe; and the inscrutable Divine Providence gave an insane king to England. In the resistance of the colonies, he alone was immovable on the question of force. England was so dear to us, that the colonies could only be absolutely united by violence from England; and only one man could compel the resort to violence. So the king became insane. Parliament wavered; Lord North wavered; all the ministers wavered; but the king had the insanity of one idea. He was immovable, he insisted on the impossible: so the army was sent, America was instantly united, and the nation born. On the 19th of April, eight hundred soldiers with hostile purpose were sent hither from Boston: on their way, they made the previous attack on Lexington, then continued their march hither to search for and capture military stores. Three companies were left at this bridge, two of which were drawn back towards the hill close behind us. The number of our own militia companies is believed to have been from two hundred and fifty to three hundred men.

In some memorable events in history, Nature has seemed to sympathize with Man. We mark in the rude air and the still brown fields of this morning the slow departure of winter; but on the same day of the year 1775, a rare forwardness of the spring is recorded, marked by the fact that "the rye waved on the 19th of April." Shall we believe that the patriotism of the people was so hot, that it melted the snow?

We gladly see among us this morning the representatives of Acton, Bedford, Lincoln, and Carlisle, four towns once included in our town limits, whose citizens were mindful of their mother-town, and risked their lives for her on the memorable day we celebrate. Isaac Davis of Acton was the first martyr; Abner Hosmer of Acton, the next. In all noble action, we say 'tis only the first step that costs.

[On the next three pages we reproduce Emerson's famous letter to Walt Whitman, now in the collection of Charles E. Feinberg, Esq., 872 West Boston Blvd., Detroit 2, Michigan. Mr. Feinberg is a member of the Emerson Society.]

Who will carry out the rule of right must take his life in his hand.

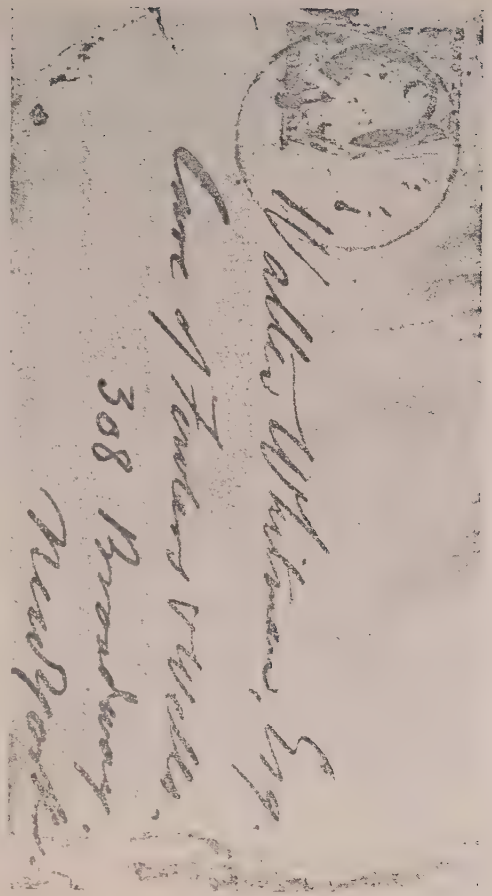
We have no need to magnify the facts. Only two of our men were killed at the bridge, and four others wounded. But here the British army was first fronted, and driven back; and if only two men, or only one man, had been slain, it was the first victory. The thunderbolt falls on an inch of ground; but the light of it fills the horizon. The British instantly retreated. We had no electric telegraph; but the news of this triumph of the farmers over the King's troops flew through the country, to New York, to Philadelphia, to Kentucky, to the Carolinas, with speed unknown before, and ripened the colonies to inevitable decision.

This sharp beginning of real war was followed, sixty days later, by the battle of Bunker Hill; then by General Washington's arrival in Cambridge, and the raising of his redoubts on Dorchester Heights. In ten months and twenty-five days from the death of Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer, one hundred and twenty vessels loaded with General Howe and his army (eight thousand men), with all their effects, sailed out of Boston Harbor never to return. It is a proud and tender story. I challenge any lover of Massachusetts to read the fifty-ninth chapter of Bancroft's History* without tears of joy.

At the conclusion of Mr. Emerson's address, the President of the Day said, —

"Fellow-Citizens, — We have the pleasure to-day, not announced beforehand, of the presence of this our Middlesex County poet, the poet of Cambridge and Concord; and I introduce to you, with great delight, James Russell Lowell."

* History of the United States, vol. viii. chap. lix.



Concord, Mass. 21 July 1855

Dear Sir,

I am not blind to the worth of the wonderful gift of "Leaves of Grass." I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit & wisdom that America has yet contributed. I am very

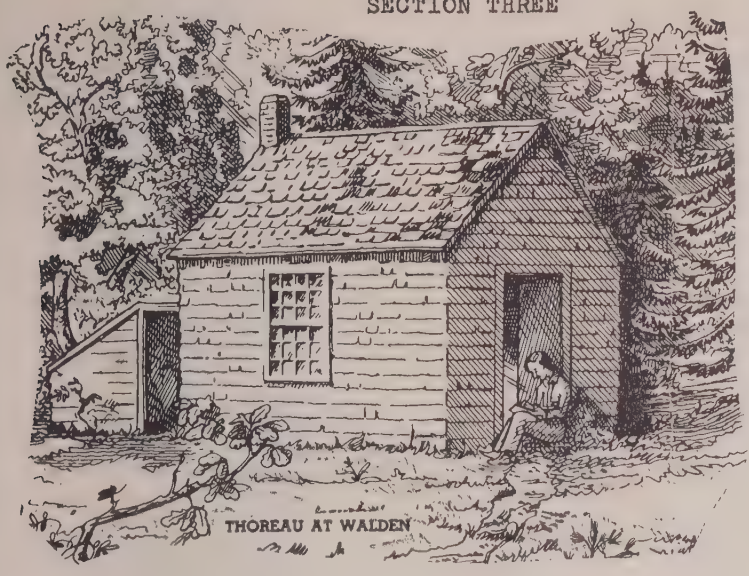
happy in reading it,
as great power makes us
happy. It meets the
demand I am always
making of what seemed
the sterile & stingy Nature,
as if too much handiwork
or too much bystyle
in the temperament
were making our
western wits fat & mean.
I give you joy of
your free brave
thought. I have great
joy in it. I find in
harsable times said
incomparably well, as
they must be. I find
the courage of treatment
which delights us,
& which large perception
only can inspire.
I greet you at the be-
ginning of a great
career, which yet

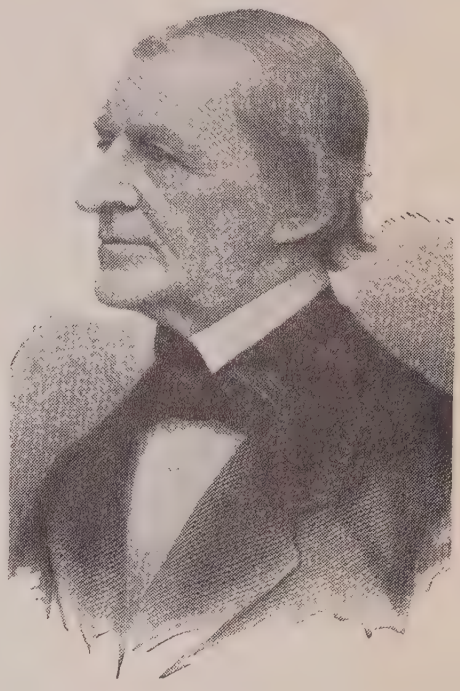
must have had a
long forerunner somewhere
for such a start. I
rubbed my eyes a little
to see if this sunbeam
were no illusion; but
the solid mass of the book
is a fact to stay.
It has the best merits,
namely, of fortifying
& encouraging.
I did not know
until I, last night, saw

the book advertised
in a newspaper,
that I could trust the
name as real &
available for a Post.
Office. I wish to be
my benefactor, & have
felt much like thinking
my tasks, & visiting Camden
to pay you my respects.
R. W. Emerson.

Mr Walter Whitman.

SECTION THREE





Y OF ILLINOIS
E A R Y
17 1961
ICAGO

The Walden Pond Hut, from a crude wood drawing from memory, published in the Concord Freeman

"But if this Country cannot be saved without giving up that Principle, I WAS ABOUT TO SAY I WOULD RATHER BE ASSASSINATED UPON THIS SPOT THAN TO SURRENDER IT."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

INDEPENDENCE HALL, Feb. 22, 1861.

AN EARLY ENGLISH REVIEW OF BRYANT'S POEMS

By THE EDITOR

William Cullen Bryant's popularity in Great Britain began with the New York and London edition of 1832, edited by Washington Irving. Almost immediately after its appearance, The Penny Magazine began inserting specimen lyrics in its columns, and on June 30, 1832 (in Volume I, pp. 134-135), published the following sympathetic review, hoping to "counteract the mischievous effects of those caricatures of American life and manners with which some authors have of late amused the spleen and prejudice of the British public."

POEMS. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. London, Andrews, 1832.

Our reasons for noticing and recommending this volume to our readers are manifold. It is beautiful in itself; it is written by an American; it is one of the best specimens we have seen of the poetical genius of our transatlantic brethren; it is edited by Washington Irving, the most accomplished prose writer of America; and is by him dedicated or rather addressed to Samuel Rogers, the author of the 'Pleasures of Memory,' and who, at an advanced period of life, preserves all the generous glow of youth for letters and for arts, and for every thing connected with the intellectual improvement of mankind.

The exhibition of actual specimens of American taste and literature will tend to counteract the mischievous effects of those caricatures of American life and manners with which some authors have of late amused the spleen and prejudice of the British public. It is important to remove the illusion produced by writers of talent, who, professing to delineate national peculiarities truly, exaggerate and misrepresent them: regardless, and perhaps unconscious, that by using ridicule and sarcasm on such subjects they are renewing antipathies which never had a rational existence, and which years of friendly intercourse had almost annihilated; and are detaching from us the sympathies of those who by descent, community of free institutions (though differently modified), and identity of language, must naturally be well disposed towards us.

"During an intimacy of some years' standing," says Washington Irving to Samuel Rogers, "I have uniformly remarked a liberal interest on your part in the rising character and fortunes of my country, and a kind disposition to promote the success of American talent, whether engaged in literature or the arts. I am induced, therefore, as a tribute of gratitude, as well as a general testimonial of respect and friendship, to lay before you the present volume, in which, for the first time, are collected together the fugitive productions of one of our living poets, whose writings are deservedly popular throughout the United States."

This is all as it should be, in relation both to Mr. Rogers and his friend. And we confess we augur most favourably of the taste of a country, *throughout* which, poetry so refined in sentiment, and so pure in execution and ornament, as that contained in the volume before us, enjoys popularity.

We began by recommending Mr. Bryant's Poems. A perusal of the following specimen, as well as of one or two that we have lately printed separately, will justify our so doing, and there are many pieces in the volume of equal originality and beauty. A warm admiration of the works of nature, strong religious feeling towards the great Author of these works, a singular happiness of description, and a power of clothing his descriptions "with moral associations that make them speak to the heart," "an independent spirit, and the buoyant aspirations incident to a youthful, a free, and a rising country*," are among the charming characteristics of this American poet. We will only add, that the whole, while written in a style elegant enough to please the most fastidious, is simple and intelligible enough for the commonest reader.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou thy plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou 'rt gone—the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

---

* Washington Irving's dedicatory Letter to Rogers.

A FOOTNOTE FOR BURNS' [92] "THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT"

By THE EDITOR

The following appeared in the widely distributed Penny Magazine of London, volume I, pages 238-239 (September 15, 1832). It rounds out the memorable picture of Scottish life preserved in the poem by Robert Burns, who, during Thoreau's Harvard years, at least, was Henry's favorite poet.

SCOTTISH HUSBANDMEN OF THE LAST CENTURY.

THE patriarchal simplicity of manners which, about the middle of last century, so especially characterised the Scottish husbandmen of the Lowlands, was calculated, in a high degree, to foster deep affections, and a sober but manly earnestness both of principle and deportment; and it may be fairly stated as one of the happy privileges of the Scottish church, that so large a number of its ministers have sprung from this virtuous and valuable order of men. The following brief description of the mode of life and household discipline of a Scottish farmer of former days, is a sketch, by an eye-witness, from early recollections of scenes long gone by:—

> " When old simplicity was yet in prime;
> For now among our glens the faithful fail,
> Forgetful of their sires in olden time:
> That grey-haired race is gone, of look sublime,
> Calm in demeanour, courteous, and sincere,
> Yet stern when duty called them, as their clime,
> When it flings off the autumnal foliage sere,
> And shakes the shuddering woods with solemn voice severe."

The habitation of a Scottish husbandman in the southern counties, sixty or seventy years ago, was generally a plain, substantial stone building, holding a middle rank between the residences of the inferior gentry and the humble cottages of the labouring peasantry. The farm-house, with the small windows of its second story often projecting through the thatched roof, occupied, for the most part, the one side of a quadrangle, in which the young cattle were folded; the other three sides being enclosed and sheltered by the barns, stables, and other farm offices. A kitchen-garden stocked with the common potherbs then in use, and sometimes with a few fruit-trees, extended on one side, sheltered perhaps by a hedge of boortree or elder, and often skirted by a few aged forest trees; while the low, thatched dwellings of the hinds and cotters stood at a little distance, each with its small cabbage-garden, or *kail-yard*, behind, and its stack of peat, or turf fuel, in front.

An upland farm, of the common average size, extending to three, four, or five hundred acres, partly arable and partly pastoral, usually employed three or four ploughs; and the master's household, exclusive of his own family, consisted of six or seven unmarried servants, male and female. The married servants—namely, a head shepherd, and a *hind* or two (as the married ploughmen were termed)—occupied cottages apart; as likewise did the *cotters*, who were rather a sort of farm-retainers than servants, being bound only to give the master, in lieu of rent, their services in hay-time and harvest, and at other stated periods. The whole, however, especially in remote situations, formed a sort of little independent community in themselves, deriving their subsistence almost exclusively from the produce of the farm. The master's household alone usually amounted to fifteen or twenty souls; and the whole population of the farm, or *onstead*, to double or treble that number,—a number considerably greater, perhaps, than will now be commonly found on a farm of the same extent,—but maintained with much frugality, and always industriously occupied, though not oppressed with labour.

Little of the jealous distinction of ranks which now subsists between the farming class and their hired servants, was then known. The connexion between master and servant had less of a commercial, and more of a patriarchal character. Every household formed but one society. The masters (at that time generally a sober, virtuous, and religious class) extended a parental care over their servants, and the servants cherished a filial affection for their masters. They sat together, they ate together, they often wrought together; and after the labours of the day were finished, they assembled together around the blazing fire in the "farmer's ha'," conversing over the occurrences of the day, the floating rumours of the country, or "auld warld stories;" and not unfrequently religious subjects were introduced, or the memory of godly men, and of those who, in evil times, had battled or suffered for the right, was affectionately commemorated. This familiar intercourse was equally decorous as it was kindly,—for decent order and due subordination were strictly maintained. It was the great concern of masters and mistresses, when new servants were required, to obtain such as were of sober and religious habits: if one of a different character got in, his dismissal, at the first term, was certain. Servants in those days never thought of changing masters, unless something occurred which rendered the change indispensable.

At ordinary meals, the master (or *good-man*, as he was termed) took his seat at the head of the large hall table, the mistress sitting on his right hand, the children on his left, the men-servants next in station, and the maid-servants at the bottom,—one of the latter serving. The use of tea was then unknown, except in the houses of the gentry. Porridge was the constant dish at breakfast and supper; at dinner broth and meat, milk, cheese, and butter. Twice in the year, exclusive of extraordinary occasions, there was a farm festival, in which every inhabitant of the place partook; namely, the *kirn* or harvest-home, at the close of autumn, and the celebration of the new year. On these occasions, an abundant feast of baked and boiled cheered the heart of the humblest labourer on the land, and was closed with decent hilarity by a cheerful beaker or two of home-brewed ale.

But the religious order of the family was the distinguishing trait. The whole household assembled in the hall (or kitchen) in the morning, before breakfast, for family worship, and in the evening before supper. The good-man, of course, led their devotions, every one having

his Bible in his hand. This was the stated course even in seed-time and harvest; between five and six in the morning was the hour of prayer in these busy seasons.

On Sabbath all went to church, however great the distance, except one person, in turn, to take care of the house or younger children, and others to tend the cattle. After a late dinner, on their return, the family assembled around the master, who first catechised the children and then the servants. Each was required to tell what he remembered of the religious services in which they had joined; each repeated a portion of the shorter catechism; and all were then examined on heads of divinity, from the mouth of the master. Throughout the whole of the Sabbath, all worldly concerns except such as necessity or mercy required to be attended to, were strictly laid aside; and nothing was allowed to enter into conversation save subjects of religion.

These homely details may perhaps seem, at first sight, calculated to corroborate, in some respects, the exaggerated notions which prevail in England, respecting the religious austerity of the old Presbyterians; and readers, looking exclusively to the strictness of their discipline, their alleged "proscription of all amusements," the limited education, the want of books, and, above all, the want of refinement which, according to our modern notions, might be expected to be the necessary result of familiar association with menial servants,—may possibly picture to themselves a state of society altogether clownish, melancholy, and monotonous. Yet this would be a very false estimate of the real character and condition of the old Scottish tenantry.

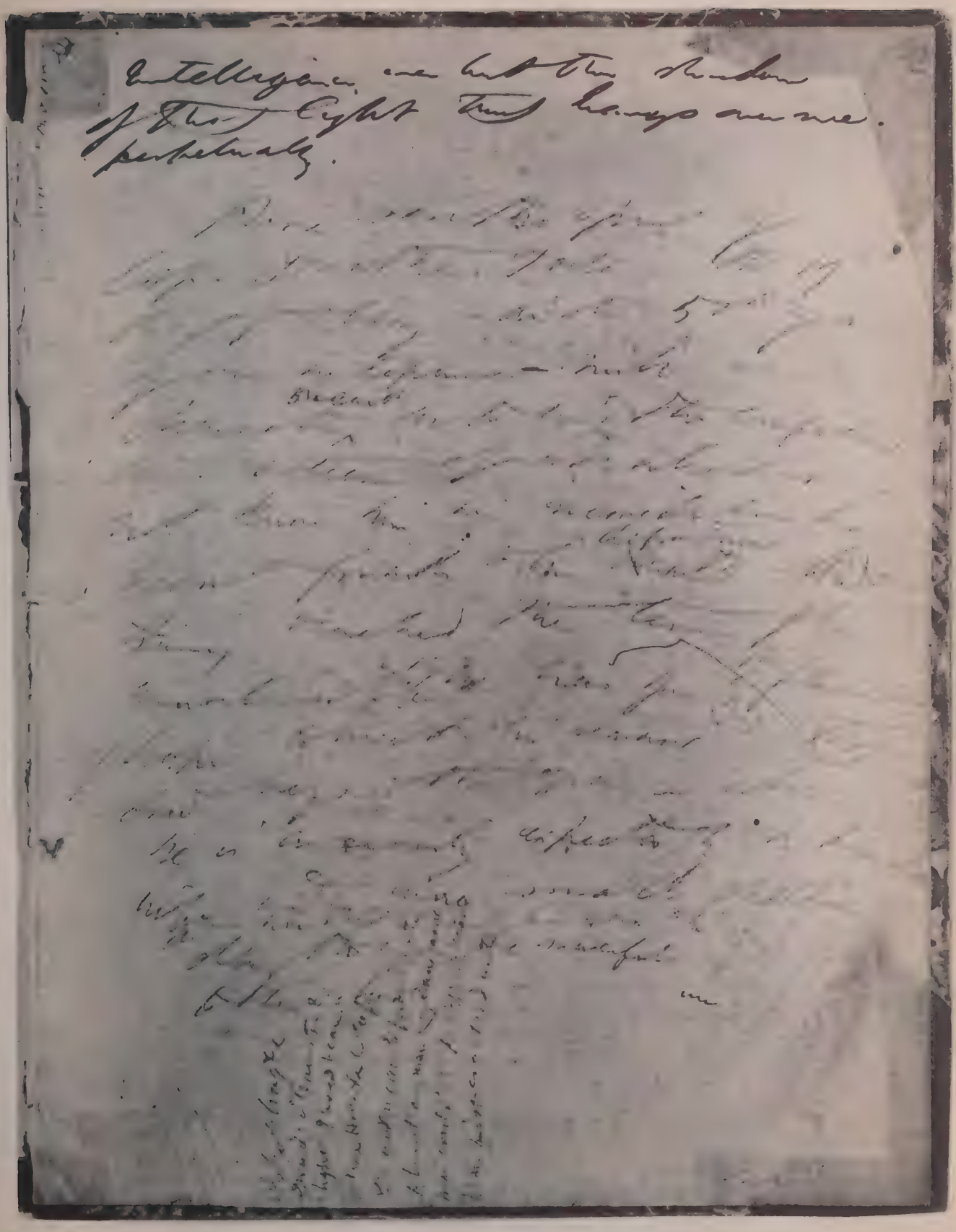
The life of the husbandman and his dependents, in those days, was so far from being unenlivened by mirth and enjoyment, that there was in truth much more real enjoyment than is now often to be witnessed. They had more *leisure* to be merry than their descendants, and there was, in reality, no proscription of *innocent* amusements. Spring and autumn were the only seasons that required *very* arduous labour in the old system of husbandry; and then those seasons came round with an air of more festivity, had more of a heart-stirring aspect about them, and their toils were encountered with a more grateful alacrity than in our days:—at least so it appears to one who looks back upon them. At other seasons of the year the labours were comparatively light. The *winning* of peats and hay, ewe-milking, sheep-shearing, the dairy, and the tending of the flocks and herds, chiefly occupied the jocund days of summer. In winter their leisure was still greater, and their enjoyments not less diversified. Field-sports were eagerly followed in the intervals of labour, or when frost and snow had stopped the progress of the plough; nor were the peasantry then restrained from such hardy amusements by the enforcement of demoralizing game-laws. At other times, the grave good-man would toss down to his sons and servant-lads the foot-ball or the *kittical*, and bid them take a bout to warm their youthful blood. And in the long winter evenings, when seated around the fire, harmless mirth and jocularity pleasantly alternated with more grave and instructive conversation; nor did any puritanical sourness forbid the recitation of the old romantic border ballads and legends, or the singing of the sweet pastoral songs, of which both the poetry and the music were, like the broom and birch of the braes around them, the spontaneous and unsophisticated growth of their own beautiful country. And thus, with very few books of mere amusement, and without any games of chance, or stimulating liquors, our simple ancestors managed to beguile their hours of leisure and relaxation cheerfully and innocently; and, on the whole perhaps, quite as rationally, if not quite so elegantly, as their more bustling and ambitious offspring. Amidst the manifold improvements of more recent times, (the value of which, in many respects, we are far from denying,) it may yet be considered very questionable, whether *all* that has been abandoned of former manners has been equally well replaced, and whether even our progress in refinement has not been but too dearly purchased by the sacrifice of qualities still more valuable.

*** The preceding article is extracted from a 'Memoir of the Rev. Dr. Waugh,' and has been furnished to us, with some alterations, by the writer, himself the son of a Scottish farmer.

AN EPITAPH ON THE COVER OF A THOREAU JOURNAL

BY KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

Thoreau's interest in epitaphs and obituaries was largely antiquarian,[1] as evidenced in the lines to Tahattawan, written while on a vacation from Harvard College in late December, 1836.[2] I have indicated elsewhere that his first published exercise appeared in the Freeman's Gazette, Saturday, November 25, 1837—[3] an unsigned death notice concerning the eighty-six-year-old Anna Jones, whose memories of her father and of the beginning of the Revolutionary War Thoreau copied into one of his early commonplace books.[4] Epitaphs continued to interest him in 1840 and 1841 while he was compiling the so-called "Lost Journal," in which he wrote:[5] "Our true epitaphs are those which the sun and wind write upon the atmosphere around our graves so conclusively that the traveler does not draw near to read the lie on our tombstones.... Will our spirits ascend pure and fragrant



from our tainted carcasses?" While on Staten Island in the autumn of 1843, (on Sunday, October 22) he composed for what is now Huntington manuscript HM 13182[6] a number of humorous epitaphs which were later revised for A Week[7] and still later published by Sanborn in The First and Last Journeys of Thoreau.[8] His commentary in A Week is significant:[9]

> A monument should at least be "star-y-pointing,"[10] to indicate whither the spirit is gone, and not prostrate, like the body it has deserted. There have been some nations who could do nothing but construct tombs, and these are the only traces which they have left. They are the heathen. But why these stones, so upright and emphatic, like exclamation-points? What was there so remarkable that lived? Why should the monument be so much more enduring than the fame which it is designed to perpetuate,—a stone to a bone? "Here lies,"——"Here lies;"——why do they not sometimes write, There rises? Is it a monument to the body only that is intended? "Having reached the term of his natural life;"——would it not be truer to say, Having reached the term of his unnatural life? The rarest quality in an epitaph is truth....

In chapter XIV ("Former Inhabitants") in Walden, Thoreau speaks of a familiar local epitaph on Scipio Brister or Brister Freeman.

His attempt to write an inscription for a tombstone in accordance with the recipe set forth above appears on the inside of the back cover of a pair now in the Pierpont Morgan Library (MA 1823), permission to edit which I hereby gratefully acknowledge. It is an exercise, I believe, honoring no actual person, for I have checked without successful or even approximate identification the collections of New England historical societies and the excellent series of published vital statistics of Massachusetts towns from their settlement to 1850. The final touches—about the disconsolate wife and nine small children in heaven and about the worms—help establish the semi-humorous tone of the piece:[11]

> Here rose the spirit of Cap. Jonathan Toota[12] the 19th day of May and the 50th year of our independence—— Such was his character on earth as to win the confidence and esteem of all who did not know him and reconcile even his nearest friends to his ~~death~~ departure Having reached the term of his unnatural life he has gone in the fullness of hope to meet his reward in that land beyond the grave—— where he is anxiously expected by a disconsolate wife and nine small children And now that his soul has gone to him who gave it, may the worms be merciful to his body.[13]

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1 See Thoreau's Writings (Walden ed.), I, 178-179: "At any rate, nothing but great antiquity can make graveyards interesting to me. I have no friends there. It may be that I am not competent to write the poetry of the grave." The writers of the Seventeenth Century introduced him to the graveyard genre. See The Transcendentalists and Minerva, I, 283, 302 et passim.

2 See "Thoreau's Early Compositions in the Ancient Languages," E S Q, No. 8 (III Quarter, 1957), pp. 20-29.

3 See "Thoreau's Three Months Out of Harvard and his First Publication," E S Q, No. 5 (IV Quarter, 1956), pp. 2-12.

4 See the manuscript in the Henry E. Huntington Library (HM 945).

5 See Thoreau, Consciousness in Concord, ed. Perry Miller, Boston, 1958, p. 189.

6 Folios 28-29. I have been granted permission to edit this entire manuscript.

7 See Thoreau's Writings (ed. cit.), I, 177-178.

8 (2 vols.), Boston (Bibliophile Society), 1905, I, pp. 81-82. 9 Thoreau's Writings, I, 177-178.

10 See John Milton, "An Epitaph," line 4 and Kate Louise Roberts' Hoyt's New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations, New York and London, [1940], p. 701.

11 The inside of the front cover has already been edited by James Lyndon Shanley, The Making of "Walden," Chicago, [1957], page 101. 12 Other possible readings: "Toole" or "Toote."

13 In ink at the top of the notebook cover appears: "Intelligence was but the shadow of that light that hangs over me perpetually." In pencil at the bottom: [Notes for Walden]

I shall brag &c
Divinity in teamster &c
Light I hoed beans in
Nice . . . & Leaf
Do not mean to prescribe rules
Almost any man may earn money
Man could'nt . . . house
Man first cracked nuts

Autumn
Friendship
Joind silence & music
Concord & Merrimack
Hindoo Laws

NEW EMERSON LETTERS IN SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

BY KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

Of the four Emerson letters to be edited here for the first time, the first and second are in the Archives of Harvard University, Widener Library, Cambridge 38. The fourth and fifth are in the collection of Charles E. Feinberg, Esq., 872 W. Boston Blvd., Detroit 2, Michigan, a member of the Emerson Society. The four are presented to our readers with the permission of the owners and of Edward W. Forbes, Esq., President of the Ralph Waldo Emerson Memorial Association.

I

Letter to the Corporation of Harvard University from Concord, Mass., May 9, 1857. Found in College Papers, 2nd series, vol. XXIV.

Concord, May 9, 1857.

Gentlemen,

I learn with pleasure that Rev. Martin W. Willis of Nashua is a candidate for a Master's degree in Harvard University. I think that if the diploma honors the man, it will also in this instance honor the College. I have known the history of Mr Willis, from his early youth, when he was an excellent son, and very fond of books,—with some knowledge of his successive homes & labors,—from all which a good report has come to me, up to his present responsible position in Nashua. I have seen some printed sermons & other matter from his pen: And I draw from what I have heard & seen a belief that Mr Willis has earned by his own diligence in good letters & arts, at least an equal title to honors from the University to that which is derived from completing within its walls the Course of studies.

Respectfully,

R. W. Emerson

To the Corporation of Harvard University.

II

Letter to Cornelius Conway Felton at Harvard University from Emerson at Concord, Mass., January 16, 1860. The closing phrase and signature with four lines of text on the reverse side are missing. The manuscript will be found in the Felton Papers in the Archives: UA I.15. 890.2.

Concord, 16 Jan^{y} 1860

My dear sir,

Thanks for the Poems, & the Academy Paper. I am very glad these fine poems are on the way to your classes. Twenty years ago, when I first saw them through the thick medium of a German Translation, I thought them admirable, and augured well of the people who could sing so well. Margaret Fuller, who I think first brought them to me, translated a good many of them in a paper which she wrote for the "Dial." Goethe had already put a few specimens with Charon, & Olympus & Kissanos, into his poems. But from that day to this, I had never happened to hear them cited, or, I think alluded to . . . . . .

. . . . . .

ourselves. Mr Child, I see, has printed "Constantine & Arete" into his Ballads. I wish you may put in act your good meaning, & give the whole collection of Fauriel, & I hope there are good ones of later date??

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

Professor Felton

[Mr. Child is probably Francis James Child. Emerson found "Der Olympos, der Kissanos" and "Charon" on pages 229-232 in volume III of his edition of Goethe's Werke, Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1827, under the section entitled "Neugrieschisch-epirotische Heldenlieder."]

III

The envelope of the following letter is addressed to Professor W. W. Goodwin, Cambridge, Mass.^{tts}. The manuscript concerns the promised Plutarch's Morals. Translated from the Greek by Several Hands. Corrected and revised by William W. Goodwin, Ph.D., professor of Greek Literature in Harvard University. With an Introduction by Ralph Waldo Emerson. (5 vols.) Boston, 1870. Emerson's "Introduction" occupies pages ix-xxiv of volume one.

Concord, February 25 1870

My dear sir,

I received your note touching Plu-

tarch many days ago & when I had no leisure to write. I had just before happened to meet Mr Bartlett who had spoken to me of the approaching publication I am heartily glad that the book is to come at last & I infer from what you say that you have at last gone more thoroughly with the work than you at one time intended. The importance of a thoroughly careful revision is I think that it will compel attention & make this forgotten book to be read. For the Preface which you and Mr Bartlett ask of me, though I had forgotten any promise of such a thing, it looks like an agreeable thing to do, & after I shall have read my College lectures, which I believe will take all the month of May, I may find myself in great good will for it. Still if you have come to know any dear lover of Plutarch as your studies must have drawn such to you, it were better to use him, than wait for any contingency

With all kind regards,

R. W. Emerson

Professor Goodwin.

IV

The following is an important business letter, throwing light on Emerson's relations with his printers and publishers. Rusk (Letters, VI, 281) mentions only the unsatisfactory listing in an auction record.

Concord
August 13, 1875

Gentlemen,

I received today your cheque for $287.$\frac{50}{100}$, and enclose an order to Messrs Welch, Bigelow, & Co. for 500 copies "Prose Works;" and 150 copies "May Day."

I am constantly at work on the new book, & hope to send you soon a fair portion of it. I may wish to change the the [sic] name of the book, as it will not cover any large portion of the contents. I mean to send you soon the rest of "Poetry & Criticism," with some corrections of the printed portion; & later, Essays on Inspiration; Immortality; Resources; Social Aims, & others, —but we will not announce them yet. I shall certainly wish to secure the interests of Mr Conway & Mr Alexander Ireland of Manchester, who defended me from Hotten at some serious cost I believe to themselves.

With kind regards,

R. W. Emerson

J. R. Osgood, & Co.

THOREAU'S LETTERS *

By KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

This is the first collected edition of Thoreau's letters to appear in more than fifty years, and it is the first complete edition to appear at any time. This full edition includes not only every available letter written *by* Thoreau, in an accurate and unabridged text, but also every known letter written *to* him.

As a whole, the book forms a kind of biography, a life in letters, of one of America's classic authors. Thoreau is, of course, one of the masters of American prose, and his letters have been recognized as a valued part of his work since the early partial edition of them edited by Emerson was published in 1865. Through the many hitherto uncollected or unpublished letters in this book, new light is shed on Thoreau in college, at Walden, in love, struggling to establish himself as a man of letters, surveying, lecturing, moralizing, asserting his independence. The editors have provided a description of the circumstances under which Thoreau received the letters from others.

Previously unpublished material includes correspondence with Isaiah T. Williams, Thoreau's early disciple; with Louis Agassiz; with his cousins in Maine; with Ellery Channing, the Alcotts, Horace Greeley, Thomas Higginson, and Jones Very.

The foregoing publisher's announcement is well within bounds. We have before us, in one thick but compact and manageable volume, the

* The Correspondence of Henry David Thoreau, ed. Walter Harding and Carl Bode, N.Y. (New York University Press), 1958. Pp. xxi + 665. $12.50.

best available texts of Thoreau's letters, new and old, many of which, in nineteenth-century editions, were garbled, misread or deliberately altered. Because his correspondence is considerably less extensive than Emerson's, the editors have included all known letters TO him as well, thereby giving us a valuable record analogous to the epistolary fruition of the Carlyle-Emerson friendship. Professor Bode has already placed scholars in heavy debt for his highly useful edition of Thoreau's Collected Poems. Professor Harding has served a long and distinguished apprenticeship for this book. He made Thoreau's correspondence the subject of his doctoral dissertation. In 1955, he and Dr. Bode issued a valuable check-list which invited large additions. For many years, he maintained a lively bibliographical column in the Thoreau Society Bulletin, which is the clearinghouse for scholarly endeavor in this field. He has written hundreds of letters to his own wide acquaintance and indefatigably compared jots and tittles in extant manuscripts. The volume before us, therefore, is a labor of love which no student of the American Renaissance can dare ignore—with its dependable new chronology, its index and its interspersed wisdom. Just as the publication of Emerson's letters in 1939 caused the sun to rise on Emerson research, so will Thoreau's Correspondence bring dozens of new studies into circulation. Space prevents mentioning all the virtues of this volume. The format is excellent; editorial notes have been kept to a minimum and have been so placed that one may read Thoreau uninterruptedly; the margins are wide enough for marginalia—this last an indispensable requirement for any adequate edition of Thoreau scripture; and the cost is unbelievably low. The book is within the price range of every library in the land.

THE RECENT SALE OF THOREAU MANUSCRIPTS

By THE EDITOR

On last April 29-30, Parke Bernet Galleries, Inc., of 980 Madison Avenue, New York, offered at auction, among other important manuscripts, the Thoreau holdings of Warren H. Colson, Esq., of Proctorsville, Vermont. (It was also he who sold the "Lost Journal" to the Pierpont Morgan Library three years ago.) The Thoreau items described in Sale No. 1825 are so important to scholarship that we reproduce them from the printed catalogue and call upon our members to help us locate present owners. To date we know only that item 425 is owned by Charles E. Feinberg, Esq., 872 W. Boston Blvd., Detroit 2, Michigan, like Mr. Colson a member of the Emerson Society.

An Important and Unusual Collection of
Manuscripts and Autograph Letters of
HENRY D. THOREAU
[NUMBERS 399 TO 430 INCLUSIVE]

A COLLEGIATE DISSERTATION ON CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

399. THOREAU, HENRY DAVID. AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT signed, "*Thoreau.*" Entitled: "*The comparative moral policy of severe and mild forms of punishments.*" 3¼ pp., 4to, [Cambridge, Mass.] Sept. 1835. About 600 words written in ink. (*New England Collector*)

A FINE AND CAREFULLY WRITTEN FORENSIC THEME BY THOREAU TO MAKE THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME. This interesting piece was written at Harvard College during Thoreau's eighteenth year, when a junior there. F. B. Sanborn, in his "*Life of Henry David Thoreau,*" quotes the entire paper. This appears on pp. 79-82, in the edition issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in 1917.

The writing is of particular interest as it is clear and legible, as opposed to much of his later penmanship. Says Sanborn, in his remarks relating to the text of this essay: ". . . His first forensic which has been preserved here follows (dated at Cambridge, September 2, 1835). It is marked "No. 2." but its precursor seems to have perished." As we examine the last line of the manuscript we see the following: "No 2. Sept. 1835." We cannot say whether this meant the second forensic or the date, the second of September. Mr. Sanborn is not quite clear on this point.

Describing the essay as thoughtful and mature, Sanborn writes of it as follows: "(This is the most noticeable for thought and maturity, of all these youthful essays, though there is an inequality between its different parts natural enough in a youth of eighteen. Very noteworthy is his firm and concise grasp of the correct principle of Penalty, which was about that time getting started by Edward Livingston in America, and by Captain Maconochie in Australasia. It was soon to be brilliantly and practically illustrated by Thoreau's younger contemporary, who long outlived him—Z. R. Brockway of the Elmira Reformatory Prison . . .)"

Thoreau's theme sentence begins the essay: "*The end of all punishment is the welfare of the state . . .*" Farther on, observing the effects of severity, Thoreau writes: "*Does the rigor of the punishment increase the dread operating upon the mind to dissuade us from the act? It certainly does if it be unavoidable. But where death is a general punishment, though some advantage may seem to arise from the severity, yet this will invariably be more counterbalanced by the uncertainty attending the execution of the law . . .*"

In another paragraph Thoreau continues his argument: "*. . . wherever those crimes*

The comparative moral policy of severe and mild punishments.

The end of all punishment, the welfare of the state, the good of community at large, not the suffering of any individual. It matters not to the lawgiver what a man deserves, for to say nothing of the impossibility of settling that point, it would be absurd to pass laws against forbidden by a want of charity, and many other faults of the same nature, also a man ought to be frightened into a virtuous life, though there is a great measure of virtue which we leave this to a higher tribunal. So far only as public interest is concerned, is punishment justifiable — if we even see this bound are our conduct becomes criminal. Let us observe in the first place the effects of severity.

As the ends of the punishment is to create the deepest possible impression on the mind to dissuade others from the act. It certainly does if it be unavoidable. But where death is a severe punishment, though some advantage may accrue to society from the severity, yet this will invariably be more than counterbalanced by the uncertainty attending the execution of the laws. We find that in England, for

[NUMBER 399]

which are made capital form a numerous class, and petty thefts and forgeries are raised to a level with murder, burglary and the like, the law seems to defeat its own ends. The injured, influenced perhaps by compassion, forbear to prosecute, and thus are numerous frauds allowed to escape with impunity, for want of a penalty proportionate to the offence . . ."

Thoreau winds up his argument saying "*It would seem then, that the welfare of society calls for a certain degree of severity; but this degree bears some proportion to the offence. If this distinction is lost sight of, punishment becomes unjust as well as useless . . .*".

Sanborn tells us that "Thoreau lived in Concord Village in the near vicinity of the county jail, and could see the malefactors every few months brought there to be tried for their offences, or punished under sentence, and occasionally executed for the higher crimes."

We also learn from Sanborn that "Up to this time (1835) no distinct tendency toward literature was noticeable in young Henry Thoreau. His father and grandfather had been mercantile or mechanical in their way of life . . . Henry's maternal grandfather, Asa Dunbar, had indeed been college educated, and had been a clergyman for a dozen years; and afterward (for political reasons, perhaps) a practising lawyer in New Hampshire, with a turn for oratory in both professions. It was from this side evidently, that literary inheritance came; but Thoreau's style seems to have been affected by that French elegance to which his Norman descent entitled him . . ."

[See illustration on the preceding page]

AN UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT JOURNAL BY THE GREAT AMERICAN NATURALIST, POET, PHILOSOPHER, TRANSCENDENTALIST ON DIVERS TOPICS, MAINLY THE WOODS OF MAINE

400. THOREAU, HENRY D. MANUSCRIPT JOURNAL IN HOLOGRAPH. 249 pp., 4to, Leather-backed, marbled boards; binding loose. With an A.L.s. by Francis H. Allen of the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., relating to this Journal. [*Infra.*] (*New England Collector*) 1846

NOTES ON LIFE IN THE PRIMEVAL FORESTS COVER A GOODLY PORTION OF THIS MANUSCRIPT JOURNAL. OTHER TOPICS EMBRACE RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY, AND POETICAL UTTERANCES.

THE RARITY OF THIS JOURNAL hardly requires comment. Before proceeding to impart a comprehensive idea of its contents, we believe we should give its physical description first, as there are certain discrepancies from the original description in the Wakeman sale held in April, 1924, where it was purchased by the present owner.

First there are 249 pp. as against the 275 called for in the Wakeman catalogue, this number including two blank pages. The pages, numbered in pencil, show that several are missing, therefore for purposes of exact presentation, we give the numeration as it appears: 1-8; 13-20; 25-34; [37-196]; here a stub from a torn-out leaf is evident; 199-246; here another stub from a torn-out leaf can be seen; 249-250; 251-252. This latter leaf has been mostly torn away; 253-254. This latter leaf has been cut, as though with a razor or sharp knife, but the text is intact; 255-256. Portion of this leaf cut away; [262-]275.

We have renumbered the pages lightly in pencil in successive numerical order so that references may be made to them for descriptive purposes.

For our clients who do not have access to the Wakeman catalogue, the description therein reads as follows: "No. 992. AN ORIGINAL UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT VOLUME OF THOREAU'S JOURNAL. Original manuscript Journal. Closely written, in ink, on 275 pages, with corrections and cancellations. Consisting of about FORTY-TWO THOUSAND, THREE HUNDRED WORDS. 4to, boards, calf back. 1846. UNPUBLISHED. THE FIRST LEAF IS DATED "WALDEN, APRIL 17, 1846." THIS JOURNAL BELONGS BETWEEN VOLS. 1 AND 2 OF THE PUBLISHED JOURNAL, which was issued by Houghton, Mifflin Co.

CONTAINS THE ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST TRIP TO THE MAINE WOODS. Laid in, is an Autograph Letter Signed, from Francis H. Allen of Houghton, Mifflin Company, 2 pp., Mar. 13, 1912, addressed to Mr. Wakeman, relative to this Manuscript Journal, in which he states: "It is evidently one of the original Journals and it belongs between Vol. I and Vol. II of our set. I see it has the account of his first trip to the Maine Woods." Towards the end of the volume six leaves have been cut out, and towards the front of the volume one leaf has been torn out, evidently having contained notes which Thoreau, on second thought, felt he had no use for.

THE PITH OF THE JOURNAL

Besides an exciting account of his life in the Maine woods and his adventures through virgin terrain by canoe and on foot, Thoreau has set down varied and sundry thoughts on other topics and other subjects not germane to his woodland treks.

As the journal opens the first page displays the place and date "*Walden, April* 17, 1846." Thus the time of the first notes is established. The mind of the philosopher-naturalist assumes the rôle of Naturalist-scholar as he writes in the fashion of the humanist: "*Even nations are ennobled by affording protection to the weaker races of animals. When I read of some custom by which an ancient people recognized the migration of birds and beasts in any vicinity of theirs they seem not more savage but more god-like. The Greeks were not above this humane intercourse with nature. They were as happy as children on the arrival of the swallow in the spring and the passage of cranes from the source of the Nile.*

"*They took note of, and delight in, such trifling events like Indians. Anacreon sings*

" '*Behold how the crane travels*
Behold how the duck dives.' "

"*The partridge & the quail, the swan and the stork were also mentioned by the poets with distinction. According to Hore 'The children in Rhodes greeted the latter (i.e. the swallow) as herald of the spring in a little song. Troops of them carrying about a swallow . . . sang this from door to door and collected provisions in return.*'

"*I give my own translation as most literal:*

" '*The swallow has come*
The swallow has come
Bringing beautiful hours
Beautiful seasons
White on the belly
Black on the back
Wilt thou bring forth figs
From thy far house
And a cup of wine
And a canister of cheese
And Wheaten bread? The swallow
Does not reject even . . .
The yolk of eggs. Shall we go away or should we
receive something?

If indeed thou wilt give anything—but if not
we will carry away either the door, or will not
leave the lintel Or the wife sitting within.
She is little, easily we shall bear her off. But
if you wilt bring anything then bring something ample.
Open open the door to the swallow . . . we are
not old men, but children.'"

Conjuring up these thoughts in a Grecian vein, Thoreau continues: "*The Greeks were strict worshippers of beauty . . . It is hard to be lovers of beauty without being sentimental . . .*"

HOMER LIKENS THE TROJANS TO THE NOISY CRANE

"*In the beginning of the 3rd book of the Iliad sings Homer:*

"'*But when they were arrayed each under his leader*
The Trojans rushed with a clang & shout like birds;
As when there is a clangor of cranes in the heavens
Who avoid winter & unspeakable rain (storm)
They fly with clangor toward the streams or Ocean.'"

THOREAU OPINES ON THE HUSBANDRY OF ANCIENT GREECE VERSUS NINETEENTH CENTURY NEW ENGLAND

"*Husbandry was anciently a sacred art but pursued with heedlessness and haste by us. To have large farms and large crops is our object . . . According to the early laws of Greece, the ploughing ox was held sacred, & was entitled when past service, to range the pactures in freedom & repose. It was forbidden, by the decrees of Triptolemus* to put to death this faithful ally of the labors of the husbandman who shared the toils of ploughing and threshing. Whenever, therefore, an ox was slaughtered, he must first be consecrated or devoted as a sacrifice . . . by the sprinkling of the sacrificial barley, this was a precaution against the barbarous practice of eating raw flesh . . .*"

Again turning a few pages of the journal, we read the following note on page 28: "*At the approach of evening I hear the note of the tree toad and the Veery wood thrush and sometimes late in the night some small bird in the forest, the pine warbler? our sparrow? sings aloud a distinct and pleasant strain as if awakened by its dreams. What should impel it to such an expression of its happiness . . .*"

On page 32 we find Thoreau bemoaning the frost that killed his beans, tomatoes, squash, corn, and potatoes.

On pages 32 and 33 are interesting descriptions of unusual fish that Thoreau caught.

LITTLE GEMS OF THOUGHT ON ORIENTAL RELIGIOUS AND SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY

In this journal of diversified topics, we find several pag s devoted to oriental religious themes and philosophic observations. Brahma and Yogi are scrutinized by Thoreau in these closely written pages. "*. . . The elevation of thought & the power of abstraction & concentration attained by the Hindoo philosophers is the subject of the following sensible remarks by Warren Hastings prefixed to Wilkins' translation of the translations of the Bhagvat Gata** an episode called the Mahabharat, an voluminous ancient poem.*

"*After describing an instance, which he witnessed of the spiritual discipline which distinguishes the religion of the Brahmans from every other he says 'But if we are told that there have been men, who were successively, for ages past, in the daily habit of abstracted contemplation, begun in the earliest period of youth, and continued in many to the maturity of age, each adding some portion of knowledge to the store accumulated by his predecessors, it is not assuming too much to conclude that as the mind ever gathers strength like the body by exercise, so in such an exercise it may in each have acquired the faculty to which they aspired, and that their collective studies may have lead them to the discovery of new tracts & combination of sentiment totally different from the doctrines with which the learned of other nations are acquainted . . .*"

THOREAU EN ROUTE TO THE MAINE WOODS

As the absorbing pages are turned, we come to page 87 and find Thoreau in Bangor in a buggy ready for adventure. Later as he nears the Indian Islands in his bateau, he describes the rude structures he sees and writes about the discovery of an ancient spear "*...taking one of 2 canoes which we found drawn up on the shore on the Lincoln side we paddled across to what seemed their landing on the island side where we found more canoes and a curious fish spear made of wood lying on the shore—such as they might have used before the white man came. They afterward told us that it was a salmon spear...*"

LIFE IN THE PRIMEVAL FOREST AS A POET-NATURALIST, FLUENT WITH HIS PEN, ENCOUNTERS IT

Deep in the Maine woods, Thoreau writes on p. 108: "*....After dinner we strolled down to the 'point' the junction of the two rivers said to be the scene of an ancient battle between the Eastern Ind[ians] & the Mohawk and a place still much used by Ind[ians] bound up or down the river for camping...*"

On pp. [156-57] Thoreau writes: "*...now stealthily lugging a dead tree from out the dark and...now stirring up the embers with his fork or tiptoing about to observe the stars watched by half the prostrate party in silent wakefulness while each supposed his neighbor sound asleep...Thus aroused I too brought fresh fuel to the fire and rambled along the sandy shore in the moonlight hoping to meet a moose come down to drink or else a wolf. The little rill tinkled the louder and peopled all the wilderness...and the glassy smoothness of the sleeping lake...The dark & fantastic rocks rising here and there from its surface made a scene not easily described. It has such a smack of mildness about it as I had never tasted before...*"

LATIN CROSSES IN THE WOODED FASTNESSES

Page 168 discloses the finding of missionary crosses where the Catholic fathers had passed through. "*...Thus had this lake shore its antiquity and ruins allready. McC* [Uncle George, his guide] *said that large wooden crosses made of oak, still sound, were sometimes found in this wilderness which were set up by the first Catholic missionaries who came through to the Kennebeck...*"

On page 228 Thoreau sets down a quotation from Thomas Heywood.

THE ARAB VS. THE AMERICAN ABORIGINE

"*The Arab is still subject to a rude remnant of laws—the American is proudly independent—in his own land. He is not connected by his origin with the great civilized nations; the names of his ancestors are not to be found in the annals of empires; the contemporaries of his ancestors are ancient oaks that are still standing. Monuments of nature and not of history, the tombs of his fathers rise unheeded among unknown forests. In a word, with the American, everything proclaims the savage, who has not yet arrived at a state of civilization; in the Arab everything indicates the civilized man who has returned to the savage state...*"

This fascinating journal terminates with mention of Staten Island, New Jersey, and Long Island.

[See illustration]

THOREAU MANUSCRIPT CONTAINING APPROXIMATELY TWENTY-EIGHT THOUSAND WORDS

401. THOREAU, HENRY D. MANUSCRIPT NOTE BOOK, containing Transcripts and Extracts of Poems By Early English Poets, Translations of Portions of two French Works with his notes on the same, etc. Closely written, in ink, ON ABOUT 225 PAGES and consisting of approximately TWENTY-EIGHT THOUSAND AND TWO HUNDRED WORDS. 4to, half roan. (*New England Collector*)

THOREAU'S AUTOGRAPH SIGNATURE, in ink, on the fly-leaf, reading,—"*Henry D. Thoreau.*" The first 51 pages have been very clearly written, and the flourishes, which he used at an early age, are very prominent.

ONE OF THE MOST EXTENSIVE EARLY MANUSCRIPTS EVER OFFERED FOR SALE. It is undated but in all probability WAS WRITTEN IN THE LATTER THIRTIES OR EARLY FORTIES.

ENTIRELY IN THE AUTOGRAPH OF THOREAU, containing as it does Literary transcripts, or extracts, of poems or from works, by English or French authors or translators. Among the contents may be mentioned:

TRANSCRIPTS AND EXTRACTS: These extracts and transcripts from poems are about 75 in number, and in each case Thoreau gives the name of the author and work from which it was extracted.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH: Portion of "Confucius et Mencius . . . Traduit du Chinois. Par M. G. Pauthier." Written on 23 pages. Thoreau has translated many paragraphs, and interspersed are notes by Thoreau on the same; Portion of "Harivanda ou Historie de la Famille de Hari . . . par M. A. Langlois." Written on 11 pages, interspersed with notes.

TRANSCRIPTS OF TRANSLATIONS OF INDIAN WORKS: Portion of Sacontala, or the Fatal Ring. An Indian Drama. Translated by Sir W. Jones. Written on 4pp.; Portion of "The Sankhya Kavika. . . . Translated by Horace H. Wilson." Written on 18 pages. This transcription opens with a full-page comment by Thoreau, and four pages at the end of the Transcript relate to the work; Portion of "The Vishnu Panana. A System of Hindu Mythology. . . . Translated by H. H. Wilson." Written on 30 pages; Portion of "Translation of Several Principal Books, Passages and Texts of the Veds. By Rajah Rummshun." Written on 11 pages.

POEM WRITTEN BY THOREAU AT THE AGE OF TWENTY

402. THOREAU, HENRY D. ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT POEM—"*Life is a Summer's Day.*" Unsigned. Dated, "July 2nd, 37." Eleven three-line stanzas, written in ink, on both sides of 4to sheet. With alterations and Corrections in the autograph of the author. (*New England Collector*)

SPLENDID EARLY MANUSCRIPT.

This poem is (in all probability) unpublished other than the 3 following lines in 1924. It was written when he was twenty, the year he graduated from Harvard. The first stanza reads—

"Life is a summer's day,
When as it were for ay,
We sport and play."

403. THOREAU, HENRY D. ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT POEM—"*Inspiration.*" Unsigned. No date. Twenty-one 4 line stanzas, written in ink on both sides of four 4to sheets. With alterations and corrections in the autograph of the author. (*New England Collector*)

BEAUTIFUL EARLY MANUSCRIPT believed to be unpublished, other than the 4 lines below, printed in 1924.

Among the eloquent stanzas of this magnificent poem, is the one quoted below as follows,—

"Such is the Music—the heavenly maid,
The star that guides our mortal course,
Which shows where life's true kernel's laid,
Its wheats' fine flower, and its undying force."

[NUMBER 400]

WRITTEN BEFORE THOREAU WENT TO LIVE WITH EMERSON

404. THOREAU, HENRY D. ORIGINAL INCOMPLETE AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT POEM—*"The Freshet."* Unsigned. No date. Four six-line stanzas and two lines of the fifth, written in ink on one side of 4to sheet. With alterations and corrections in pencil in the autograph of the author. (*New England Collector*)

A pencilled memorandum on the back of the manuscript of "The Freshet" is dated 1841. This is a personal memorandum concerning his board: "*Dec.* 8 *owe Father for board up to* Dec. 21st, 41.73, etc., ending with "*Settled up to March* 22'd 1841," proving Thoreau to have written this poem before he went to live with Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The first stanza of this poem has never been published other than the 6 lines here first printed in 1924. It seems like a breath of Springtime, and reads as follows,—

"'Tis now the twenty third of March,
And this warm sun takes out the starch
Of Winter's pinafore. Methinks
The very pasture gladly drinks
Of health to Spring, and while it sips
It quaintly smacks a myriad lips."

ORIGINAL MSS.—PARTLY UNPUBLISHED

405. THOREAU, HENRY D. ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT POEM—*"The Soul's Season"*. Unsigned. No date. Nine four-line stanzas, written in ink. on both sides of one 4to sheet. With alterations and corrections in the autograph of the autohr. (*New England Collector*)

FINE EARLY MANUSCRIPT 4 stanzas of Which Are believed to be Unpublished. The Soul of the poet sings in the following stanza,—

"Sometimes a late Autumnal thought
Has crossed my mind in green July,
And in its early freshness brought
Late ripened fruits and an autumnal sky."

FINE EARLY AUTOGRAPH MSS.—UNPUBLISHED

406. THOREAU, HENRY D. ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT POEM—*"Whether we've far withdrawn."* Unsigned. No date. Consists of seventy-five lines, written in ink, on three 4to sheets. With alterations and corrections in the autograph of the author. (*New England Collector*)

BEAUTIFUL EARLY MANUSCRIPT-UNPUBLISHED other than the 6 lines here first printed in 1924. Probably written on the death of his sister Helen, in 1849. The opening lines of this lovely Reverie read,—

"Whether we've far withdrawn
Or come more near,
Equally the outward form
Doth no more appear."

One must not forget the dreamer's wistfulness expressed in the last two lines,

"Forgive me all that I have spoken
Forgive the silence I have broken."

FINE EARLY MSS.—WITH NOTE BY THOREAU REGARDING SAME

407. THOREAU, HENRY D. ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT POEM—"*I seek the Present Time.*" Unsigned. No date. Consisting of seventy-five lines, with five-line Autograph Statement by Thoreau, unsigned at heading, written in ink on three 4to sheets. With alterations and corrections in the autograph of the author. (*New England Collector*)

BEAUTIFUL EARLY MANUSCRIPT.

The Autograph Inscription mentioned above, gives a personal touch to the poem, adding greatly to its charm and reads as follows, "*When I was fairly established in my house I hummed to myself rhymes, without invoking any Muse that is in regular standing.*" A few lines of these "rhymes" read,—

"I seek the Present Time,
No other clime.
Life in to-day,
Not to sail another way.
To Paris or to Rome,
Or farther still from home."

BEAUTIFUL THOREAU MSS.—PART BEING UNPUBLISHED

408. THOREAU, HENRY D. ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH POEM—"*The Fall of the Leaf*". Unsigned. No date. Forty-two 4-line stanzas, written in ink on both sides of six 4to sheets. Twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh stanzas written on portion of sheet. With alterations and corrections in the autograph of the author. Portion of the last leaf is torn away, but we believe that the portion missing is blank and the poem is complete. (*New England Collector*)

BEAUTIFUL EARLY MANUSCRIPTS. Probably Unpublished other than the 4 lines here first printed in 1924. Many will agree with Henry Thoreau in the following sentiment expressed in this stanza,—

"So have I seen one yellow leaf
Amid the glory leaves of June,
Which pensive hung, though not with grief,
Like some fair flower, it had changed so soon."

AN EARLY MSS. POEM: PARTLY PUBLISHED

409. THOREAU, HENRY D. ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT POEM—"*The Fall of the Leaf.*" Unsigned. No date. Twenty-one 4-line stanzas, written in ink, on both sides of four 4to sheets. With alterations and corrections in the autograph of the author. (*New England Collector*)

FINE EARLY MANUSCRIPT.

The year's exquisite Valedictory to summer. The first stanza first printed in 1924 reading,—

"The evening of the year, draws on,
The fields a late aspect wear,
Since summer's garishness is gone
Some grains of night tincture the noontide air."

ORIGINAL UNPUBLISHED MSS. POEM—FINE SPECIMEN

410. THOREAU, HENRY D. ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT POEM—"*Cock-crowing.*" Unsigned. No date. Fifteen four-line stanzas, written in ink on three 4to sheets. With alterations in the autograph of the author. (*New England Collector*)

A TRULY ROYAL TRIBUTE TO HIS MAJESTY OF THE BARN-YARD, CHANTICLEER.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, other than the opening stanza first printed in 1924 of which reads,—

"When in my bed at early dawn
I hear the cocks proclaim the day,
Though the moon shines serenely on,
As if her course she could not stay."

PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL MSS. FOR "CHESUNCOOK"

411. THOREAU, HENRY D. Page of Original Autograph Manuscript his article,—"*Chesuncook.*" Consists of about One Hundred and Fifty-Nine Words, written in ink on one side of a 4to leaf; the name "Thoreau," in an unknown hand, written in the left-hand margin. Enclosed in a light green cloth folder, lettered in gilt. (*New England Collector*)

A SPLENDID LEAF OF MANUSCRIPT. This leaf begins with the end of a sentence which reads "*will rather preserve its life than destroy it,*" and ends with a portion of a sentence "*I have been into the*"

Laid in is a Memorandum in the autograph of Mr. Wakeman referring to this leaf of manuscript, and which reads,—"*A page of the article "Chesuncook" which Thoreau sent to the Atlantic. Lowell who was then the editor, fearing it would offend some of its pious readers suppressed the following—(and it is only about a pine tree) 'It is as immortal as I am, and perchance will get to as high a heaven, there to tower above me still.' This so offended Thoreau that he recalled the balance of the paper and it remained unpublished until the appearance of 'The Maine Woods' after his death. The suppressed sentence was a continuation of the last paragraph of this manuscript. See Maine Woods, p.* 125."

THOREAU TO HIS SISTER, HELEN

412. THOREAU, HENRY D. A.L.s., "yr. aff. brother, H. D. Thoreau." 3 pp., 4to, Concord, June 13, 1840. To his sister Helen. With addressed portion on last page. (*New England Collector*)

A VERY FINE LENGTHY LETTER TO HIS SISTER HELEN, While She Was At School At Roxbury. The letter is written in a somewhat grave tone, and reads in part,—*That letter to John, for which you had an opportunity doubtless to substitute a more perfect communication, fell, as was natural, into the hands of his 'transcendental brother,' who is proxy in such cases, having been commissioned to acknowledge and*

receipt all bills that may be presented. But what's in a name? Perhaps it does not matter whether it be John or Henry. Nor will those same six months have to be altered. I fear to suit his case as well. But methinks they have not passed entirely without intercourse, provided we have been sincere though humble worshippers of the same virtue in the mean time. . . . Thus much, as least, or kindred temperament of mind and body—and long family-arity—have done for us, that we already find ourselves standing on a solid and natural footing with respect to one another and shall not have to waste time in the so often unavailing endeavor to arrive fairly at this simple ground. . . ."

The addressed portion of the letter is on the last page, which is the verso of the first leaf, and there is a tear into the leaf and a small piece is missing, deleting the letter "d" in word "presented."

MOST INTERESTING LETTER FROM THOREAU TO HIS MOTHER

413. THOREAU, HENRY D. A.L.s., "*Henry D. Thoreau.*" 4 pp., 4to. Castleton, Staten Island, May 11th, 1843. TO MRS. CYNTHIA THOREAU (HIS MOTHER). With addressed portion on last sheet. A tiny portion of one margin missing affecting portions of 2 words. (*New England Collector*)

SPLENDID LETTER, showing Thoreau's preference for a hermitage, also giving a graphic description of the position of Staten Island. The letter reads in part, -"*Dear Mother and Friends at home, We arrived here safely at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, having had as good a passage as usual, though we ran aground and were detained a couple of hours . . . At length we curtseyed up to the wharf just the other side of their Castle Garden. I believe my vacant look, absolutely inaccessible to question did at length satisfy an army of starving cabmen. . . .*

"*I am 7½ miles from New York, and as it would take a day at least have not been there yet. I have already run over no small part of the Island, the highest hill and some way along the shore. From the hill directly behind the house I can see New York—Brooklyn—Long Island—The Narrows, through (which) vessels bound to and from all ports of the world swiftly pass . . . it will be long before I can make nature look as innocently and grand and inspiring as in Concord. . . .*"

THOREAU TO HIS MOTHER

414. THOREAU, HENRY D. A.L.s. "*Yr. affects. son Henry D. Thoreau.*" 3 pp., 4to, Staten Island, August 6th, 1843. To Mrs. Cynthia Thoreau. With addressed portion on last sheet. (*New England Collector*)

A CHARMING LETTER, having probably delighted his mother, from her dreamer son, with mention of William Emerson, the eminent mathematician, reading in part,—"*As Mr. William Emerson is going to Concord on Tuesday I must not omit sending a line by him—though I had something more weighty for so direct a post. . . . I should have liked to be in Walden woods with you, but not with the railroad. I think of you all very often and wonder if you are still separated from me only by so many miles of earth, or so many miles of memory. This life we live is a strange dream, and I don't believe at all any account men give of it. . . .*"

415. THOREAU, HENRY D. A.L.s., "*Henry D. Thoreau.*" 1 p., 4to, Concord, "2 pm. Ap. 3d./52." TO T. W. HIGGINSON. With address on last sheet, and "Care of DR. W. CHANNING" in left corner. (*New England Collector*)

Letter showing Thoreau's natural aversion to public appearances, reading,—"*I certainly do not feel prepared to offer myself as a lecturer to the Boston public, and hardly know whether more to dread a small audience or a large one. Nevertheles, I will repress this squeamishness, and propose no alterations in your arrangementss I shall be glad to accept of your invitation to tea....*"

Accompanying the above is an AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED, "*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*" 2pp. 12mo. 29 Buckingham St. Cambridge, February 18, 1917. To Mr. Foley. Mr. Foley's letter to Mr. Wakeman is also laid in.

Col. Higginson's letter is of biographical interest in its relation to the one written by Thoreau, and reads in part,—"[It was] *his first appearance before a Boston audience and held in a small cheap room in Tremont Row. It was in a very sudden and severe snowstorm & there were not ten people there, except that it was a reading room of some kind and... young clerks and apprentices were... reading newspapers. Mr. Alcott tried to get them to the other end of the room, saying...this is his book which he is reading; this is his life. We ought all to be interested in a man's life, ought we not? But they generally clung to their evening's paper. ...*"

EXCEPTIONALLY FINE LETTER, VOICING HIS PHILOSOPHY

416. THOREAU, HENRY D. A.L.s., "*H. D. Thoreau.*" 6 pp., 4to, Concord, April 10, 1853. To H. G. O. Blake. With addressed portion on last sheet. (*New England Collector*)

A SUPERB LETTER, SHOWING THOREAU'S WONDERFUL MIND AND SERIOUS TREND OF THOUGHT, —reading in part,—

"*I do not know why we should be styled Misters or Masters, we come so near to being anything or nothing, not wholly sorry to be mastered by the least phenomenon. It seems to me that we are the mere creatures of thought—one of the lowest forms of intellectual life—we men, as the sun fish is of animal life...*

"*It is better to have your head in the clouds, and know where you are, if indeed you cannot get above them, than to breath clearer atmosphere below them and think you are in paradise....*"

FINE LETTER IN WHICH THOREAU EXPOUNDS SOME OF HIS THEORIES

417. THOREAU, HENRY D. A.L.s., "*H. D. Thoreau.*" 8 pp., 4to, Concord, December 19th,/'53. To H. G. O. Blake. (*New England Collector*)

EXCEEDINGLY FINE LETTER OF GREAT INTEREST, in which Thoreau delves most profoundly upon the subject work, also mentioning the Life of Hayden. The letter reads in part,— "*It is the art of mankind to polish the world, and every one who works is scrubbing in some part. If the mark is high & far, you must not only aim aright but heave the bow with all your might. You must qualify yourself to use a bow which no humbler archer can bend.*

"*Work—work—work... flexibility is not known for one of its qualities.*"

Evidently Thoreau was interrupted, the letter continues, dated Dec. 22nd—

"*Pray read the life of Hayden the painter—if you have not. It is a small revelation for these latter—a great satisfaction to know that he has lived though he is now dead. Have you met with the letter of a Turkish Cadi at the end of 'Archives of Babylon?'* "

418. THOREAU, HENRY D. A.L.s., 2 pp., 8vo. Concord, April 13, 1855. Addressed to "Mr. Editor". (*Graham*)

A SPLENDID LETTER explaining several passages in his writings:

"...I see that I was not careful enough to preserve the past tense. I suppose that your objection will be avoided by writing the passage this,—'Not one of those moderate Calvanist, said to be common in the writers day, who, by giving up or explaining away the peculiar doctrines of the party, became, like a porcupine disarmed of its quills, but a consistent Calvanist...' By 'Scripture' I mean the bible. I suspected that the line was derived from Elliot's Indian bible. It will be better if it is printed 'the Scripture'...".

419. THOREAU, HENRY D. A.L.s., 1 p., 8vo, Concord, August 3, 1855. To "Messrs Dix & Edwards", (*Graham*)

Written to his publishers acknowledging payment for an article which appeared in the August number of "Purnam's Monthly".

420. THOREAU, HENRY D. A.L.s., 1 p., 8vo. Concord, August 8, 1855. Addressed to "Mr. Editor". (*Graham*)

A HIGHLY INTERESTING LETTER ON HIS "CAPE COD", TO THE EDITOR OF PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

"Will you allow me to trouble you once more about my Cape Cod paper. I would like to substitute the accompanying sheets for about ten pages of my MS, in the Chapter called 'The Beach Again,'..."

421. THOREAU, HENRY D. A.L.s., *"Henry D. Thoreau."* 1 p., 8vo, Concord, June 1st, 1857. To [Mr. Frost] "Librarian of Harvard University." (*New England Collector*)

Returning three volumes of "The Relations of the Jesuits."

FINE LETTER TO HIS FRIEND H. G. O. BLAKE

422. THOREAU, HENRY D. A.L.s., *"H. D. T."* 4 pp., 4to, Concord, August 18th, 1857. To H. G. O. Blake. With addressed portion on last page. Letter tipped to guard in folder. (*New England Collector*)

Characteristic letter, with a tendency, as in all his letters to Blake to sermonize to much extent, nevertheless very fine, concerning his impression of the Indian character, reading in part,— *. . . I have made a short excursion into the new world in which the Indian dwells, or is. He begins where we leave off. It is worth the while to detect new faculties in man—he is so much the more divine,—and anything that fairly excites our admiration expands us. The Indian who can find his way so wonderfully in the woods possesses so much intelligence which the white* [does not] *and it increased my own capacity, as well as faith, to observe it.*

WITH REFERENCE TO EMERSON

423. THOREAU, HENRY D. A.L.s., "H. D. T." 4 pp., 4to, Concord, September 26th, 1859. To H. G. O. Blake. Letter tipped to guard in folder. (*New England Collector*)

EXCEEDINGLY FINE LETTER TO BLAKE, who became Thoreau's literary executor after the death of Sophia his sister, also mentions the lameness of Ralph Waldo Emerson. It reads in part,—*"But what a battle a man must fight everywhere to maintain his army of thoughts, and march with them in orderly array through the always hostile country.*

How many enemies there to sane thinking. Every soldier has succumbed to them before he enlists for those other battles. Men may sit in chambers, seemingly safe and sound, & yet despair and turn out at last only hollowness & dust within. . . . Think of a poor fellow . . . only a sword-belt, and no such staff of athletic thoughts! his brain rattling as he walks, and talks!—These are your praetorian guard. . . . Emerson has been seriously lame for 2 or three months past—Sprained his foot and does not yet get better. It has been a bad business for him. . . ."

SPLENDID LETTER RELATING TO JOHN BROWN'S ARREST AT HARPER'S FERRY

424. THOREAU, HENRY D. A.L.s., "*Henry D. Thoreau.*" 2 pp., 8vo, October 31st, ['59]. To H. G. O. Blake. (*New England Collector*)

FINE SPECIMEN AND A LETTER OF THE GREATEST INTEREST, to Mr. Blake, who was Thoreau's literary executor, written after the arrest of John Brown and accompanied by a letter in the Autograph of Col. Higginson (who is mentioned by Thoreau in the letter) stating that he was in N.H. at the time bringing down Mrs. Brown—He also describes Mr. Blake.

"Thoreau lectured on Brown the night before (Oct. 30th) in Concord and the next day (the date of this letter) in Boston in the Tremont Temple—and also on the Wednesday following at Worcester as he proposes in this letter to Mr. Blake." See Jones—Unpublished Letters of H.D. and Sophie E. Thoreau.—p. 45.

PROBABLY THE MOST VALUABLE SET OF "THE DIAL" IN EXISTENCE—THOREAU'S COPY WITH LETTERS AND MSS. INSERTED BY HIM

425. THOREAU, HENRY D. The Dial. A Magazine for Literature, Philosophy and Religion. Vols. 1 to 4 complete. [All Issued.] 4 vols, 8vo, half roan. Boston, 1841-1844. (*New England Collector*)

THOREAU'S COPY OF "THE DIAL" WITH HIS AUTOGRAPH SIGNATURE, IN INK, ON THE FLY-LEAF OF EACH VOLUME. WITH AUTOGRAPH LETTERS AND MANUSCRIPTS INSERTED.

Accompanying these volumes are three octavo sheets containing notes, in the autograph of Mr. Wakeman, pertaining to this copy of "The Dial." The note on the first sheet reads,—"*Thoreau's copy of "The Dial" came to me from Mr. Sanborn to whom it was given by Sophia Thoreau. Thoreau's autograph appears in all four volumes, and it seems that Miss Thoreau was directed by her brother to give it to Mr. Sanborn as he has written under Thoreau's signature in volume Two, as follows,—'to F.B. Sanborn by the hands of Sophia E. Thoreau.' These volumes are probably next to the Journals the most precious personal relics of Thoreau that remain. Many, pages bear his handwriting. He has supplied the author's names to the greater number of the articles and poems which appear either anonymously, or signed only with initials. He has also corrected his own poems, and annotated his articles; and in the latter, has often indicated their source from The Journals.*"

INSERTED IN VOLUME 1 IS A MANUSCRIPT, BY THOREAU, CONSISTING OF SIX SHORT POEMS, WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES OF A FOLIO SHEET, ENTITLED "Prayer," "Mission," "Delay," "Omnipotence," "Inspiration," and "The Vireo." "The Vireo" appears in Vol.3, page 26, in "Natural History of Massachusetts." The "Prayer" appears in Vol. 3, page 79. Laid in, in Vol. 2 is a bill for Volume 2 of "The Dial" made out to a Miss P. Ward, in the autograph of Miss E.P. Peabody with a note at bottom of bill asking Miss Ward to pay the bill to Mr. Emerson who would give her a receipt. Emerson has receipted the bill, as follows,—"*Received payment for E.P. Peabody. R. Waldo Emerson.*" The printed heading of the bill indicates the change of publishers from Jordan & Co. to E.P. Peabody.

Laid in, in Vol.3 is an AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED, with initials, 1p. 12mo. Concord 14 April [1843] FROM RALPH WALDO EMERSON to Miss E.P. Peabody, the publisher of "The Dial" relating to No. 12 of "The Dial." This letter is laid in opposite No.12, page 147, and is written in the second person.

Laid in, in Vol.4, opposite the poem "Ode to Beauty" by Emerson, page 257, IS AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER SIGNED, 2pp. folio, September 25, 1873, FROM MARGARET FULLER TO HENRY THOREAU, relating to the poem "Ode of Beauty"

THE IMPORTANCE OF "THE DIAL" IN THE ANNALS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE IS NOT LIKELY TO BE OVER-ESTIMATED AND FULL SETS OF THE ORIGINAL ISSUES ARE ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO MAKE UP.

According to Mr. Cooke, Emerson was the author of eighty articles, Thoreau of thirty, and Lowell of five, besides many by Margaret Fuller, the Ripleys, W.E. Channing, Theodore Parker, A.B. Alcott and others.

WITH AUTOGRAPH LETTERS BY THOREAU AND EMERSON, A ONE PAGE MANUSCRIPT BY THOREAU AS WELL AS OTHER PERTINENT AND IMPORTANT MATERIAL

426. THOREAU, HENRY D. F. B. SANBORN. The Personality of Thoreau. 8vo, full brown crushed levant morocco, handsomely gilt tooled with gilt fillets enclosing gilt fillet framework with large gilt corner ornaments, richly gilt paneled back; inner levant borders, gilt; doublures and end-leaves of green watered silk, gilt top uncut, by RIVIERE. (*New England Collector*)

Boston: Goodspeed, 1901

FIRST EDITION. ONE OF 500 COPIES ON LARGE PAPER. EXTRA-ILLUSTRATED by the insertion of portraits, views, and autograph material relating to Thoreau. Includes the following: THOREAU, HENRY D. A.L.s. "*Henry D. Thoreau.*" 2 pp., 8vo, Concord, Mar. 28, 1857. To Daniel Ricketson. About 145 words.

In which Thoreau mentions his English friend Cholmondeley and proposes a visit to the sea-shore. He writes: "*... I should like to see your early birds, etc. Your historical papers have all come safely to hand & I thank you for them. I see that they will be indispensable memoires pour servir ... Have you read Churchs' History of Philips' War and looked up the localities? It should make part of a chapter. ...*" A pencil note on the first page says "*Not Pub.*"

THOREAU, HENRY D. A.L.s. "*Henry D. Thoreau*" written in pencil. 1 p., oblong narrow 8vo, n.p., n.d. About 60 words. To F. B. Sanborn. Requests Mr. Sanborn to return a rare book to the library at Cambridge because he could not trust the expressmen with it.

CHANNING, WILLIAM ELLERY. Portrait in sepia upon which is pasted his autograph signature.

THOREAU, JOHN. Autograph receipt s. by John Thoreau, father of Henry.

EMERSON, RALPH W. A.L.s. "*R. W. Emerson.*" 2 pp., 8vo, Concord, May 12, 1852. About 75 words to R. M. Watson.

A FINE LETTER MENTIONING THOREAU AND CHANNING. "*... I shall have to sit firm a little while in my seat here at home, before I go abroad again; and examine my material before I undertake a Sunday lecture.*"

[THOREAU, HENRY D.] A.Ms. 1 p., 4to, about 70 words.

Begins: "*If we contemplate serious walking, it is necessary that we walk alone, by night at least, if not by day for the time is precious and there is no companion who can sympathise with the present mood. ... I am sure that if I call for a companion, I have relinquished as my design some closeness of communion with Nature. The walk will merely be more commonplace. The inclination for society indicates a distance from nature ...*"

On one half of the verso is the date *"Concord, Oct.* 12 '53" and a note regarding a commercial matter.

GREELEY, HORACE. A.L.s. *"Horace Greeley."* 2 pp., 4to, New York, May 17, 1848. About 385 words written to Thoreau.

AN IMPORTANT LETTER REGARDING PAYMENT BY GRAHAM OF PHILADELPHIA FOR THOREAU'S "MAINE WOODS." Greeley encountered difficulty in obtaining payment for Thoreau's work, but finally succeeded. Reads in part: "*... I have made Graham pay you* $75. *but I only send you* $50 *because having got so much for Carlyle, I am ashamed to take your Maine Woods for* $25.00. *On the contrary I shall stand even with you in money, but in debt to you for whatever I may obtain for the Maine article ...*"

Greeley goes on to exhort his correspondent to shorten his articles for the magazine saying: "*... Thoreau if you will only write one or two articles when in the spirit about half the 'length of this, I can sell it readily and advantageously. The length of your papers is the only impediment to their appreciation by the magazines...*"

GREELEY, HORACE. A.L.s. *"Horace Greeley."* 3 pp., 12mo, New York, March 6, 1854. About 160 words to Thoreau.

On literary matters. Greeley urges Thoreau to send him material for sale. "*... Thoreau, I want you to do something on my urgency. I want you to collect and arrange your Miscellanies and send them to me. Put in 'Kotohdin', 'Carlyle', 'A Winter Road' and 'Canada' etc. and I will try to find a publisher who will buy them out of his own wish and (I hope) to your ultimate profit. If you have anything new to put with them, very well, but let me have about a 12mo volume whenever you can get it ready ...*".

HOAR, ELIZABETH. A.L.s. *"E. Hoar."* 2 p., 12mo, Boston, May 2, 1843. To Henry D. Thoreau. A charming letter of friendship.

ALCOTT, A. BRONSON. Photographic portrait with his autograph below it.

The remaining material includes portraits of Whitman, Emerson, Thoreau and John Brown. The autograph material includes letters by Mary Emerson and Parker Pillsbury.

427. THOREAU, HENRY D. One dozen lead pencils made by Thoreau, each stamped "J. Thoreau & Co". Tied together with the original printed label as they were offered for sale, reading: "Refined Lead Pencils. Best Quality, manufactured by J. Thoreau & Co., Concord, Mass.". *(New England Collector)*

"As we have already seen, pencil-making was the regular employment of the Thoreau family, and Henry, like his father, had acquired much skill in this handicraft, to which, for a time at any rate, he applied himself, with great diligence... The story goes that when he had entirely mastered the secrets of the trade, had obtained certificates from the recognised connoisseurs in Boston of the excellence of his workmanship, and was being congratulated by his friends on having now secured his way to fortune:—he suddenly declared his intention not to do again what he done once." True or not, the anecdote is happily characteristic of Thoreau's whimsical manner of express his most serious convictions".—H. S. Salt in *Life of Henry David Thoreau.*

428. THOREAU, HENRY D. Cardboard box, covered with green paper, and orange colored paper around edges, with printed label on cover reading "J. Thoreau & Co's, Best Quality Lead Pencils, for Drawing or Writing, and all the Purposes Required of a Good Pencil. Concord, Mass.", within a decorated border. This container was used in packaging a gross of pencils. *(New England Collector)*

429. THOREAU'S COPY. L. D. CHAPIN. Hand Book of Plants & Fruits or the Vegetable Kingdom. *Text illustrations.* 2 vols. in one, 12 mo, cloth. *(New England Collector)* New York, 1843

WITH THOREAU'S AUTOGRAPH SIGNATURE, IN INK, on the inside front cover. Recorded in "Thoreau's Library" by Walter Harding, Virginia, 1957.

430. THOREAU, HENRY D. Eighth Annual Report of the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture. Together with Reports of Committees appointed to visit the County Societies, with an Appendix containing an Abstract of the Finances of the County Societies, for 1860. 8vo, cloth. Boston, 1861 *(New England Collector)*

Contains an article "Succession of Forest Trees," by Henry D. Thoreau.

The Emerson Centennial at Concord.

The detailed program of the Memorial School to be held at Concord and Boston this summer, under the auspices of the Free Religious Association of America, of which Emerson was one of the founders and vice-presidents, is as follows:

The school will open on Monday, July 13, and continue three weeks. There will be thirty lectures, covering the various aspects of Emerson's life and work. The morning lectures will be given in Concord at 10 o'clock in the Town Hall, where Emerson himself lectured so many times; and the evening lectures in Boston at 7.45 o'clock in Huntington Hall, Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Two afternoons will be devoted to Memories of Emerson, by men and women who were personal friends of the great thinker; and there will be throughout the period of the school special Sunday services, with sermons or addresses by eminent lovers of Emerson.

The time for the commemoration has been fixed so as best to accommodate the great number of teachers and students from all parts of the country who will come to Boston early in July to attend the convention of the National Educational Association.

Address, for any required information, the Secretary of the Committee, David Greene Haskins, Jr., 5 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass., of whom tickets may be ordered by mail; price for both series, $5, or, for one only, $3, or, for single lectures, 35 cents.

MORNING LECTURES IN CONCORD

July.

13. Rev. Charles Gordon Ames, "The Sources of Emerson."
14. Rev. Charles F. Dole, "Emerson the Puritan."
15. Joel Benton, "Emerson with Nature."
16. Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, "The American Woman's Debt to Emerson."
17. Prof. Kuno Francke, "Emerson's Debt to Germany and Germany's Debt to Emerson."
20. Edwin D. Mead, "Emerson's Message in Education."
21. Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, "Emerson and Carlyle."
22. Dr. Edward W. Emerson, "The Religion of Emerson."
23. Prof. Charles F. Richardson, "Emerson's Place in American Literature."
24. Percival Chubb, "Emerson's Spiritual Leadership in England."
27. Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, "Emerson and Oriental Thought."
28. Charles Malloy, "The Sphinx."
29. Rev. John W. Chadwick, "The Simpler Emerson."
30. Moorfield Storey, "Emerson and the Civil War."
31. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, "A Century from the Birth of Emerson."

EVENING LECTURES IN BOSTON

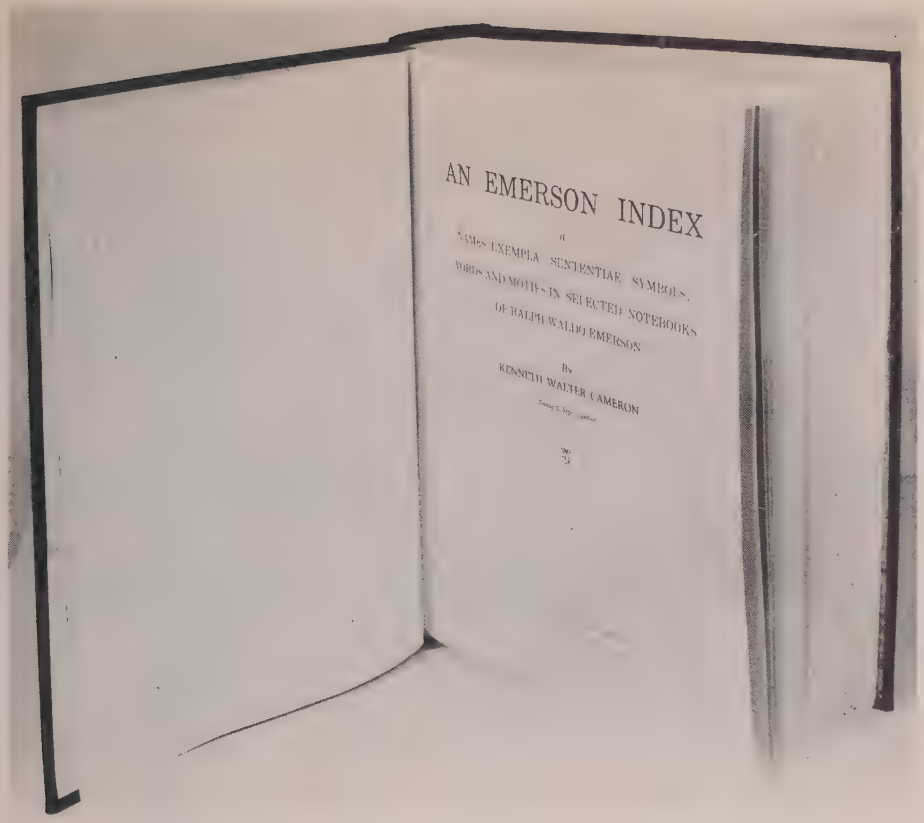
13. Pres. Jacob Gould Schurman, "The Philosophy of Emerson."
14. Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, "The Poetry of Emerson."
15. Frank B. Sanborn, "Emerson and the Concord School of Philosophy."
16. George Willis Cooke, "Emerson and the Transcendental Movement."
17. Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, "Emerson and Harvard."
20. William R. Thayer, "Emerson's Gospel of Individualism."
21. Dr. Francis E. Abbot, "Emerson the Anti-imperialist or Prophet of the Natural Rights of Man."
22. Rev. R. Heber Newton, "Emerson the Man."
23. Henry D. Lloyd, "Emerson's Wit and Humor."
24. William M. Salter, "Emerson's Aim and Method in Social Reform."
27. Rabbi Charles Fleischer, "Emerson, the Seer of Democracy."
28. Rev. Benjamin F. Trueblood, "Emerson and the Inner Light."
29. William Lloyd Garrison, "Emerson and the Anti-Slavery Movement."
30. Prof. A. E. Dolbear, "Emerson's Thought in Relation to Modern Science."
31. Rev. Edward Everett Hale, "Emerson's Gospel for his Own Time and for Ours."

A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work, and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise, shall give him no peace.

R. W. EMERSON.

RECALLING THE EMERSON CENTENNIAL——FIFTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

[Reprinted from the "Emerson Centennial Number" of The Ethical Record (published bi-monthly by the Society for Ethical Culture of New York), IV, no. 5 (July, 1903), page 191. This interesting number, filled with articles on R.W.E., was supplied by Charles E. Feinberg, Esq., Detroit 2, Michigan.]



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AN EMERSON INDEX

OR

NAMES, EXEMPLA, SENTENTIAE, SYMBOLS, WORDS AND MOTIFS IN SELECTED NOTEBOOKS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON

By

KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

Trinity College, Hartford

TRANSCENDENTAL BOOKS
HARTFORD 1
1958

Introduction

The extensive index offered in this volume to students, researchers and reference librarians is based principally upon (1) selected materials from the unpublished portions of Emerson's journals through 1837; (2) his unpublished (perhaps unpublishable) manuscript blotting books, collectanea and encyclopedias, into which he lavishly poured his "lustres" up through 1850; (3) certain business and professional records containing important bibliographical references or data for chronology; and (4) two large indexes of topics, people and anecdotes which Emerson himself compiled for the composition of his lectures and books in the 1840's. As a young scholar I considered these materials important in identifying quotations and tracking down sources in the published works, and the passage of time has justified that confidence. Though I never intended to publish the index when I put it into final form twelve years ago, it has been so helpful to me in my own researches of the past decade that I have felt an increasing obligation to make it available to others now at work in enterprises recently undertaken in the American Renaissance.

Though the pagination throughout refers specifically to three, thick, closely typed and heavily annotated bound volumes located at the moment in my study—manuscripts ultimately to become the property of the Ralph Waldo Emerson Memorial Association—the introductory "key" will help anyone find specific references in the manuscripts and typescripts carefully protected in the Houghton Library and under the control of the Association. But the index has an independent value. It may be cited as evidence for the existence of motifs and resources in a particular period of Emerson's life, and it can suggest hundreds of areas for fruitful investigation.

I am indebted to Edward W. Forbes, Esq., Emerson's grandson and President of the Ralph Waldo Emerson Memorial Association, for permission to publish this index. During a quarter of a century he has assisted scholars in the use of the family papers, and my personal debt to him has been great. I hope that some of those who derive benefit from the use of this reference work will themselves feel obligated to give us good indexes in their published volumes, thereby bearing a share of the research burden, so that we may all the sooner enjoy the full harvest of Emerson's life, thought, and impact on our society.

KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

September 1, 1958.

THE TRANSCENDENTAL *Workbook*

By

KENNETH WALTER CAMERON

INTENDED FOR

Students, Researchers, Scholars and Directors of Dissertations in

AMERICAN LITERATURE
TRANSCENDENTALISM
HISTORY OF IDEALISM
ENGLISH ROMANTICISM

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